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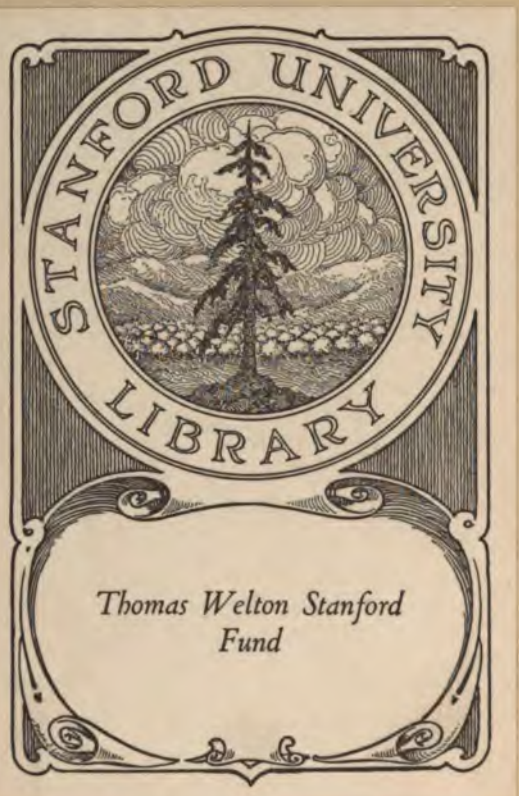
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MORE FAMOUS HOUSES OF
BATH & DISTRICT

Frontispiece SYDNEY GARDENS, VAUXHALL

Frontispiece SYDNEY GARDENS, VAUXHALL

MORE FAMOUS HOUSES OF BATH & DISTRICT

BEING THE SECOND SERIES OF THAT WORK

BY

J. F. MEEHAN

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

EGERTON CASTLE, M.A., F.S.A.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

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INTRODUCTION

THERE are certain broad types in the physiognomy of towns, even as in that of men. On individuals the habit of life and the influence of profession impress a special stamp which is perhaps more noticeable at first sight than personality itself—the soldier, the sailor, the divine, the man of law, the artist, without, of course, losing any of his individuality, bears for the observer a set of characteristics which marks his genus at a glance, quite irrespectively of dress or surroundings. In the case of towns—of ancient towns, especially—something very similar is perceptible, even under the swathing garb of modern life conditions.

Thus we still know the distinctly maritime—albeit their harbours are abandoned or even filled up; the mercantile, even if trade has long fled from them to new centres. The hall mark of their real creators remains long discernible. Some are to this day redolent of Mediævalism; others of an artistic and luxurious Renascence; others again have retained that peculiar flavour, compounded of so many distinctive elements, which we associate with the Georgian era. Among the latter, pre-eminently the best example, stands Bath, "a little Cittie, yet one of ye most ancientest in England," with a long history both Roman and Mediæval, but still more essentially typical of that consciousness of growing wealth and secure power which belongs to our England of the eighteenth century—the England of Walpole and of Pitt.

Other types, of course, are numerous—the various kinds of mushroom-like growths of brick and mortar, unknown to the maps of a century ago, towns made up of villas and winter gardens, or wharves and factories; or again, among those of more "ancient ancestry," towns placidly agricultural or sedately ecclesiastic; towns military and ever bustling; towns that are as tranquil harbours for the hulks of exhausted humanity. You can name whole groups belonging to any such categories; but Bath, on the whole, is unique of her kind.

Even as we couple the physiognomy of men with definite types of life history, we are prone to people certain cities, in our conception of their past, with a certain predominant class of dwellers. We may associate them with established wealth and exclusiveness, or with the feverish energy of striving; with industry, all absorbing; or yet again with the reposeful dignity of a seat of learning. If upon the old pavements of Bristol, for instance, narrow streets and gabled half-timbered buildings almost inevitably recall the Merchant Adventurer, in Bath, with her rich but somewhat cold Parades and Crescents, her formal squares and wide pavements, the first image evoked before the mind's eye is perhaps that of the Chesterfieldian wit: both the types are as extinct as the Dodo, but the places still speak for them.

Now Bath is, of all English towns, the one we invest pre-eminently with literary associations. And these associations are all of the past: nearly all of the eighteenth century. London, of course, possesses the same, and in a higher degree; but there they are naturally swamped by the overwhelming tide of life; there these figures of our literary memory are but part of a mighty and confusing crowd. In Bath we

see them, so to speak, upon a small but well-lighted stage.

How Bath came to occupy this unique position, how she came, in a short time, to assert her predominance over other and older "Spaws" such as Epsom or Tunbridge Wells, and to retain it for so long, is a subject too wide to be more than merely touched here. It is one, moreover, which has been dealt with by many writers—and by none more exhaustively, with more admirable discrimination and elegance, than by M. Barbeau.[1] *Briefly, we may take it that this notable standing was originally owed to the fact that four Queens at least journeyed thither with hope, and sojourned there with belief in the virtues of its waters. (For do we not find in the city's annals the names of James I.'s consort, Anne of Denmark, of Catharine of Braganza, of Mary of Modena, of good Queen Anne herself?) Once acquired, we know that this fashionable distinction was consolidated by the life-work of Mr. Nash—that most wearisome but singularly beneficent fop—and an ineffaceable stamp of elegance left upon Bath. For if, from the days of the Restoration to those of the Regency—that is, for about a century and a half—the* Queen of the West *was a recognised rendezvous for polite society, it was in that "far Georgian Day" that she came to the summit of her glory. And, like an old coquette, she cannot forget it: for those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, to the end she will present herself in powder and patches, shaking dainty ruffles over jewelled snuff-boxes; and around her will be echoes of the rap of high heels and the tramp of sedan-bearers.*

Her fame was bound to draw from all parts of

[1] "Life and Letters at Bath in the Eighteenth Century," with a Preface by Austin Dobson. London: Heinemann; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1904.

England, even from the Metropolis, flocks of the gentry, health or pleasure seeking, and not averse to meeting the nobility with greater freedom than at home; of the richer bourgeoisie, *eager to rub shoulders with the quality; of artists, actors, men of letters—clients, in short, of every kind in the wake of possible patrons; and, inevitably also, of gamblers and adventurers of either sex, all intent on victims so conveniently gathered for operation.*

In a place where pleasure was the main business of life, intrigue, as a natural consequence, was the order of every day. No wonder, therefore, that "the Bath" and its perpetual comedy should have proved a favourite field for playwright and novelist. Hence the town and a multitude of her buildings, public and private, are immortalised by an endless chain of literary allusions. The connection may be with actual historical events and with personages really known to Biography, or with the imaginary characters of romance and stage plays; but, after all, in memories and associations of this kind there is little difference in interest between History and Fiction. To collect these would be to fill several goodly volumes. They range from Restoration chronicles, the diaries and memoirs of Grammont, Pepys, Defoe, through Georgian letters and romances, through the writings of Walpole and Chesterfield, of Pope and Johnson, of Goldsmith, Fielding and Smollett, of Sheridan, of D'Arblay and Austen, and a hundred others perhaps, more or less known at this time of day, down to those immortally entertaining Bath chapters of the Pickwick Papers *which are almost as familiar to all of us as personal experiences.*

There is an enormous number of houses in Bath or the neighbourhood where commemorating tablets might (and indeed ought to) be placed, recording the

sojourn of celebrities in every conceivable path of distinction, social or intellectual—princes, statesmen and soldiers, beaux and wits and "Queens of the Bath," artists, writers and actors, philanthropists and divines. Now, in Mr. Meehan's list of Famous Houses of Bath and their Occupants, *the entries already number upwards of three hundred. If, in addition, the recorded abodes of the unforgettable characters in fiction were to be similarly pointed out, Bath would be truly labelled like a museum!*

Many of the buildings are almost unchanged; others have lapsed from their proper estate and have to be discovered amid the poor surroundings where they now seem to hide. Some again, of course, have unfortunately been effaced, and the only available memorials of their appearance are rare prints or still rarer drawings. A debt of gratitude is therefore undoubtedly owed to Mr. Meehan, who has collected and made available, in this volume and in its valuable forerunner, materials, both artistic and antiquarian, which are simply invaluable to all lovers of Bath, to all those who are interested in her wide associations.

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MORE FAMOUS HOUSES OF BATH & DISTRICT

THE CORONATION OF KING EDGAR, "THE PEACEABLE," AT BATH, A.D. 973

THE coronation of King Edgar, or Eadgar, in the year 973, in the ancient abbey of Bath —not, of course, the present building, but one which stood on or about the same site—is the first recorded instance of a coronation of an English king in which the archbishop of the "Northumbrians" took part, and this is certainly not without its significance. It is also the first coronation of which we have anything like a minute description.

Edgar, the king of the English, was born in 944. He was probably brought up at the court of his uncle Eadred. On the accession of his brother Eadwig, Edgar resided at his court. He was chosen king before the close of 957 by the insurgents of the north, and the kingdom being divided, he ruled over the land north of the Thames. On the death of his brother, the unhappy Prince Eadwig, in October 959, Edgar, who was then sixteen, succeeded to the kingdom of the West Saxons, as well as of the Mercians and Northumbrians.

He was especially fortunate in that he reaped the fruits of the labours of his predecessors, and was favoured by the tranquillity existing in the northern kingdoms. His reign was of considerable historical importance. It was a period of national consolidation, peace, and orderly government. Much of the prosperity of Edgar's reign is attributed to Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, who employed the influence he had acquired for the benefit of the State and the interest of the Church. He served the king well and faithfully.

It is popularly stated that Edgar during his reign effected the extirpation of wolves in England. But this can only be partly true, as these animals were found in the island at a much later period. Edgar's efforts had a good deal to do with the destruction of the pest, but did not stamp it out entirely. On this head it is recorded that in 968 Edgar made an expedition into Wales because the prince of the North Welsh withheld the tribute that had been paid to the English king since the time of Ethelstan; and William of Malmesbury, in continuing the story, says he laid on the rebellious prince a tribute of three hundred wolves' heads for four years, which was paid for three years, but was then discontinued, because no more wolves were left to be killed. In a truly liberal spirit Edgar provided for the peace of the northern portion of his kingdom by giving the government of certain portions to the Earl of Oslac and Kenneth of Scotland. The policy of Edgar, the Pacific, as he was called, resulted in a greater extension of the Anglo-Saxon dominion than had obtained under the rule of any of his predecessors. Peace, it was said, had been prophesied of him by Dunstan, and peace certainly prevailed. Having settled the northern portion of his kingdom, he carefully forbore interfering with the customs and internal affairs of the Danish district. A system of local self-government was granted the Danes, as a

THE CORONATION OF KING EDGAR

From a China Medallion in the possession of H.M. THE QUEEN

reward "for the fidelity which ye have shown me." The two peoples lived practically on terms of equality, each under its own laws, though the difference between the two systems was very trifling. High office, both in Church and State, was open to the settlers of the north, and in many other ways Edgar was successfully training the Danes as good and peaceful subjects. The "loyalists" disliked this policy, and expressed their feelings strongly. In song the populace were told that the king "loved foreign vices and heathen manners," and he was accused of bringing "outlandish" men into the land. But the king's policy was eminently successful, and the Danes lived peacefully under his supremacy.

Edgar was "at length" solemnly crowned, in his twenty-ninth year. The ceremony took place in the Abbey Church, Bath, on Whitsunday, 11th May 973, by the Archbishops Dunstan and Oswald, in the presence of a vast assembly of the "witan." Why this ceremony had not taken place earlier is a matter of uncertainty. The king entered the church wearing his crown, and laid it aside as he knelt before the altar. Dunstan then began the "Te Deum." At the conclusion of the hymn the bishop raised the king from his knees, and at Dunstan's dictation he took a threefold oath—that the Church of God and all Christian people should enjoy true peace for ever, that he would forbid all wrong and all robbery to all degrees, and that he would command justice and mercy in all judgments. Then the consecration prayers were said, the archbishops anointed him, the antiphon, "Zadok the priest," was sung, and all joined in the shout, "Let the king live for ever."

Dunstan next invested him with the ring and sword, placed the crown on his head, and the sceptre and rod in his hands, and both the archbishops enthroned him.

The splendour and solemnity of the ceremony evidently took strong hold on the imagination of the people.

"There was bliss mickle
On that happy day
Caused to all,"—

says a poem in commemoration of the event, preserved in the Saxon chronicle.

"Of priests a heap,
Of monks much crowd,
I understand."

It was a glorious day. From Bath he proceeded on his annual sea-voyage round the island, and on his arrival at Chester eight kings awaited him to do him homage, and all swore "to be faithful to him and to be his fellow-workers by sea and land." They included the kings of the Scots, of Cumberland, of the Isles, and five Welsh princes.

A splendid procession by water introduced the ceremony. Edgar assumed his seat at the stern of the royal barge, and his tributaries taking the oars, rowed the monarch to the monastery of St. John the Baptist, where they offered up their orisons, the bishops and noblemen following in their state barges, and returning the acclamations of the populace who lined the shores. They returned in the same order to the palace. Edgar concealing not his exultation, exclaimed to the nobles present that his successors might now truly glory in the title of King of England, when they could command the obedience of so many kings.

Even the Danes of Ireland were friendly, and acknowledged the power, if not the supremacy, of the English king, for coins of Edgar were minted at Dublin.

Two years after the coronation at Bath, Edgar died, or, in the language of the Saxon poet, ended

his "earthly joys, chose him another light, beauteous and winsome, and left this frail, this barren life."

He was a zealous patron of the monks, and at Bath is credited with having removed the secular canons that were here prior to his coronation, and to have instituted in their stead the monks of the Benedictine Order. Tradition tells many a tale of Edgar's gifts to the Church and city. Leland, who was here about 1540, says Edgar "bare a gret zeale to the Towne, and gave very great Fraunchises and Privileges onto it," and the people, in gratitude for Edgar's munificence, "pray in al their Ceremonies for the Soule of King Eadgar. And at Whitsunday-tyde, at the wych tyme men say that Edgar there was croun'd, ther is a king electid at Bath every Yere of the Tounesmen in the joyfulle remembraunce of King Edgar and the Privileges gyven to the Toun by hym. This King is festid and his Adherentes by the richest Menne of the Toun." The excellence of his government justifies all the monastic writers say of him as a ruler. Glastonbury was especially favoured among the monasteries that enjoyed his many gifts. Though young, his rule was vigorous and successful. The tendency of the period was towards provincial rather than national administration. Nothing was done to weaken the power of the provincial rulers or local courts.

All unnecessary interference was avoided, and, in every way possible, local machinery was strengthened for the general good of the nation. In order to rid the coasts of the northern pirates, he organised a system of naval defence. He formed three fleets of twelve thousand vessels each, and every year after the Easter festival he sailed with each of these fleets, in turn, along the whole coast.

Within the land, to use the chronicler's words, "the folks' peace bettered the most of the kings that

were before him." He went through all the provinces and made inquisition as to how the great men administered the laws, and whether the poor were oppressed by the mighty.

The characteristic of Edgar's reign, which impressed the men of his time most forcibly, was the peace he gave to his people. "God him granted that he dwelt in peace," and the evil days that followed his death made men dwell on this so that he came to be called "Edgar the Peaceful King." He died on 8th July 975 in his thirty-second year, and was buried at Glastonbury.

In 1052 his body was translated to a shrine above the altar of the Abbey Church, and even at that time he was reverenced as a saint at Glastonbury, and is said to have worked miracles.

Note.—In commemoration of the coronation of Edgar, and for favours bestowed by him on the town and monastery, a statue of that king was erected over the north front of the mediæval town-hall. The remains of this statue may still be seen in a niche over No. 8 Bath Street.

THE BISHOP'S PALACE AT WELLS

THE ancient Bishop's Palace at Wells stands within what is considered to be the largest moat in existence in England.

The episcopal Palace, which stands at a short distance south of the Cathedral, has the appearance of an old baronial castle. It is a large irregular structure, surrounded not only by a lofty embattled wall, but also by a broad moat, full of water, the grand entrance being by a bridge on the north side. The entire extent of the enclosed space is about seven acres.

Gisa, who was Bishop of Wells from 1061 to 1088, built the Canons of Wells a cloister, refectory, and dormitory, and compelled them to live in common instead of in their own houses, as had previously been the custom. But the succeeding Bishop, John De Villulâ, after but a short duration of their existence, demolished them, and in their stead erected for himself a house upon the site. There is no mention of an earlier building for the Bishop to live in at Wells, though there must have been such.

John de Villulâ, who was Bishop of Bath, and lived at Bath, probably only used his Wells house as a manor-house.

The principal block of the existing Palace is mainly of the thirteenth-century architecture, and was built by Bishop Joceline, who died in 1242. His contribution to the structure included the Chapel, a beautiful example of Early Decorated work. Other parts, notably the Great Hall, now in ruins, were erected by Bishop Burnell, 1275–1292. Burnell, during the

barons' war, was introduced to Prince Edward, afterwards Edward I., and becoming his chaplain and private secretary, suggested to him the counsels by which he overcame Simon de Montfort.

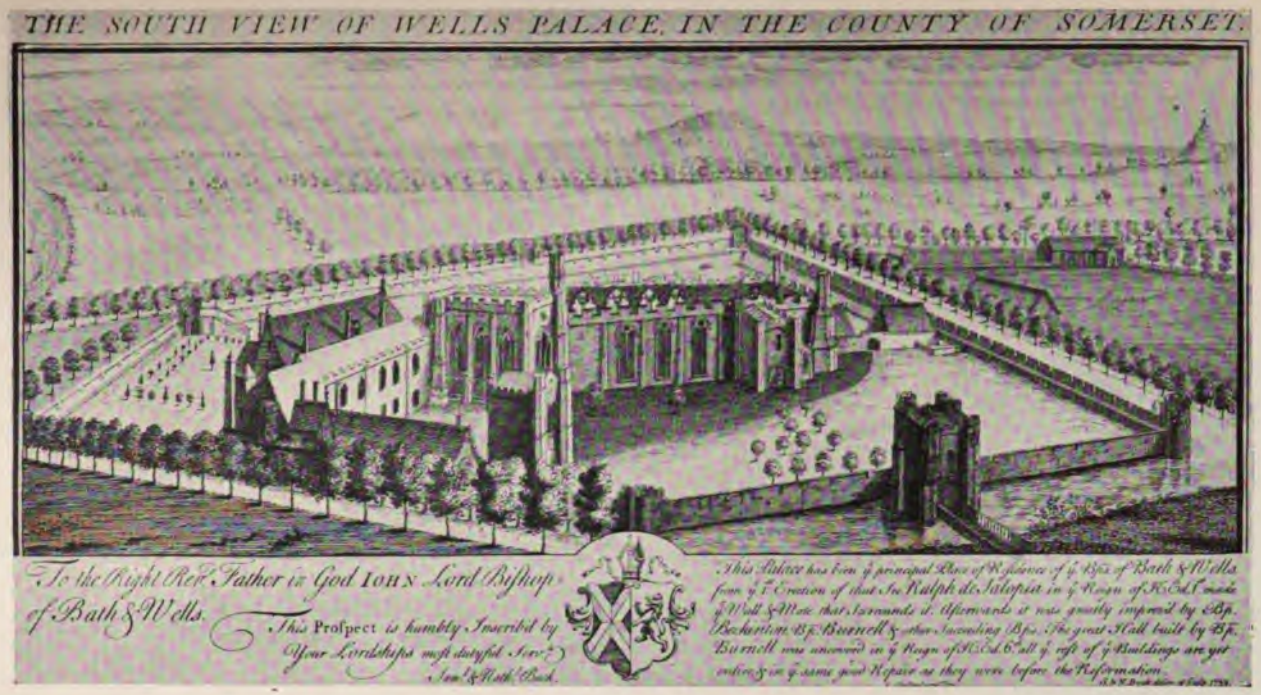
Bishop Ralph, of Shrewsbury, 1337–1340, added to the building, surrounding the Palace with a moat and high embattled wall and entrance Gate House, which still retains the slit for the portcullis and drawbridge chains. The moat was supplied with water from the St. Andrew's Well hard by.

Bishop Beckington, who was Bishop of Bath and Wells from 1443 to 1465, and a native of Beckington, near Frome, also repaired and beautified the Palace. Bishop Beckington, whom Thomas Fuller described as "a loyal subject, kind kinsman, and a good master," died in the Palace, and was buried in his own Cathedral. His shrine and canopy, at the back of the choir, constructed by himself, during late "restorations" were unwarrantably removed to the Chapel of St. Calixtus.

One of the gate-houses leading to the Cathedral, known as "Penniless Porch," was built by him. His rebus, with initials "T.B.," are carved in stone on the right-hand side of the gate facing the Cathedral, while his arms are on the west side, underneath that of Henry VI.

Bishop Barlow, in 1550, granted the Palace, with other Church property, to the Duke of Somerset. Upon his execution in 1552 the property lapsed to the Crown, but was subsequently returned to the Bishop in exchange for other property. Bishop Barlow has the credit of despoiling the Great Hall, and it is said that while Barlow was Bishop of St. David's he had also despoiled the Palace there. The lead and the timber were taken down, but the walls were left standing, as they are shown in Buck's drawing, reproduced with this article.

Sir John Gates, who purchased the Palace from


THE SOUTH VIEW OF WELLS PALACE, IN THE COUNTY OF SOMERSET.
To the Right Revd Father in God IOHN Lord Bishop of Bath & Wells.
This Prospect is humbly Inscribed by
Your Lordships most dutyful Servts
Jam.s & Nath.l Buck.
This Palace has been ye principal Place of Residence of ye Bps of Bath & Wells
from ye first Creation of that See Ralph de Salopia in ye Reign of K. Ed. I. made
ye Wall & Moat that Surrounds it. Afterwards it was greatly improved by Bp.
Beckington Bp. Burnell & other Succeeding Bps. The great Hall built by Bp.
Burnell was uncovered in ye Reign of K. Ed. 6th all ye rest of ye Buildings are yet
entire & in ye same good Repair as they were before the Reformation.

THE BISHOP'S PALACE AT WELLS

From an Old Print (1733)

Bishop Barlow for the sake of the material, it is some satisfaction to the antiquary to know, was beheaded in the following year.

A portion of the standing walls of the Hall were taken down by Bishop Law, for the purpose of making a more "picturesque" ruin. In the time of Cromwell, the Puritan Dr. Cornelius Burgess purchased from the Parliament, for a nominal price, the Palace, Deanery, and Chapter-House, together with other Church property in Wells. Burgess was appointed to "preach God's word in the late Cathedral Church of St. Andrew's, Wells." His sermons, however, were not apparently palatable to the good citizens of Wells, who showed their disapprobation by walking up and down the cloister during sermon time. At the Restoration he was compelled to give up his Church possessions, and he died in gaol, where the Corporation had immured him.

The devastations to the Palace generally were somewhat remedied by Bishop Piers, 1632–1670. But Bishop Bagot, who died in 1850, is credited with having made the greater restorations and alterations. Some of the work done by Bishop Bagot has been severely criticised by certain authorities, one going so far as to say that the "ignorant upholsterer from Bath," employed by him, "did much mischief." These alterations were supplemented by Lord Arthur Hervey, who converted the crypt into a dining-room, suitable in splendour to the wants and requirements of a bishop of such an important diocese as that of Bath and Wells. The flooring was paved, a new fireplace inserted, and other work done. Alterations were made which involved the building also of a new kitchen, and the consequent destruction of a portion of Bishop Ralph's wall.

Notwithstanding the destruction done by successive bishops, architects, and local decorators, there still

remains sufficient of its original unique character and beauty to deserve the admiration of the visitor who obtains a permit to view it.

The south side of the Palace enclosure forms a lovely garden, which in the summer months is a striking scene of loveliness. Lining the embattled wall, a terrace walk above the garden level affords some exquisite views of the Cathedral and the surrounding hills. Close by the south wall is a quaint little seventeenth-century grotto, or summer-house, picturesquely situated and adorned.

Tradition has it that this was the favourite out-of-door study of Bishop Ken.

MARSTON PARK AND THE BOYLE FAMILY—PART I

THE interest attaching to Marston, and to the personages who have had honourable connection with the place, is of more than an ordinary character.

Marston House is situate in the parish of Marston Bigot, about three miles south-west of Frome. Until recently it was the Somerset residence of the Earl of Cork and Orrery.

Richard Boyle, the first Earl of Cork, the distinguished Irish statesman, so frequently referred to as the "Great Earl," was born 13th October 1566, and died 15th September 1643. He was descended from an old Hereford family. The earliest member of which there is mention was Humphry de Binville, lord of the manor of Pixley Court, near Ledbury, who lived about the time of Edward the Confessor. According to the Earl's Memoirs, he arrived in Dublin in 1588 with £27, 3s. in money, a diamond ring, a bracelet of gold, a taffeta doublet, a pair of black-laced velvet breeches, a rapier and a dagger. He had studied law at the Middle Temple; but despairing, by reason of his scanty means, of being able to pursue his studies, he embarked for Ireland as an adventurer. Soon after his arrival he married a daughter of William Apsley, of Limerick. On her death, which occurred shortly afterwards, Boyle found himself possessed of an annual income of £500 and other money, with which he purchased estates in Munster. Among these may be included those belonging to Sir Walter Raleigh,

in the neighbourhood of Youghal, near the city of Cork. The service rendered by Boyle to the English Government in the South of Ireland brought him rapid promotion.

Having obtained, after suffering some persecutions from the local authorities, the favour and protection of Elizabeth, he amassed considerable wealth, received the honour of knighthood, was sworn of the Privy Council, and elevated to the Irish peerage in 1616 as Baron Boyle of Youghal, and in 1620 was created Viscount Dungarvan and Earl of Cork. He was a witness at Strafford's trial, and took an active part in the suppression of the Irish Rebellion of 1641. In that rebellion, his ready money being spent in the payment of his troops, he converted his plate into coin.

In 1603 he married his second wife, Catherine, daughter of Sir Geoffrey Fenton, Principal Secretary of State for Ireland. At her death she was buried in Dublin at St. Patrick's Cathedral, where a large and hideous monument, which is still in the same position, was erected to her memory by her husband.

In 1631 the Earl was made Lord High Treasurer of Ireland. His lordship, who left a narrative of his remarkable career, entitled "The True Remembrancer," had a numerous family, many of whom were gifted with exceptional talent, and either by their achievements or influential alliances conferred additional lustre on his name.

Of his seven sons, Richard was first Earl of Burlington; Roger, first Earl of Orrery; and Robert, the youngest, by his scientific achievements, became the most illustrious of the Boyles. Of his eight daughters, seven were married to noblemen.

The "Great Earl" lies interred in the chapel within the parish church of Youghal, where to him is erected a beautiful marble monument, with curiously engraven

ROBERT BOYLE, THE PHILOSOPHER

From an Old Print, after VIRTUE

thereon his figure at full length in armour, having on each side the effigies of his wives. Of his lordship Sir Richard Cox writes thus: "The noble Earl of Cork, Lord High Treasurer, was one of the most extraordinary persons either that or any other age hath produced, with respect to the great and just acquisition of estate that he made, and the public works that he began and finished . . . in Ireland, such as churches, almshouses, free schools, bridges, castles, and towns . . . insomuch that when Cromwell saw these prodigious improvements, which he little expected to find in Ireland, he declared that if there had been an Earl of Cork in every province it would have been impossible for the Irish to have raised a rebellion."

On the death of the "Great Earl" his second son, Richard, succeeded to the title. When twelve years of age he received the honour of knighthood, and in his twentieth year left Dublin to "set out on his travels," his father allowing him a thousand a year. At the Restoration he was able to assist Charles II. with large sums of money, for which he was, in 1663, raised to the dignity of Earl of Burlington, and became the first occupant of the old Burlington House, Piccadilly.

Of his two sons, the elder, Charles, Lord Clifford, died before him, and the second, Richard, was killed in a sea-fight in the Dutch war.

The succession to his titles and estates devolved, therefore, on his grandson, the issue of Charles.

The third son of the "Great Earl" was Roger, the first Earl of Orrery, from whom the present Earl of Cork is descended. He was born in 1621, and became a statesman, soldier, and dramatist. He took an active part in the suppression of the Irish Rebellion under his father, the first Earl of Cork.

When the Parliamentary Commission was exercising its authority in 1647, Roger Boyle, though a zealous

Royalist, continued to serve under them until the execution of Charles I.

Horrified at the execution, he quitted Ireland and lived in strict retirement at Marston till 1649. It having been discovered he was in communication with Charles II., he would have been sent to the Tower, but Cromwell offered him as an alternative a commission in Ireland. After the death of Cromwell and the retirement of his son, he was released from his allegiance to the Parliamentary party, and by skilful diplomacy brought over Ireland to the Royalist cause. He was created Earl of Orrery and a Lord Justice of Ireland by Charles II., and spent much of his time in literary pursuits.

The only son of the first Earl of Cork who was not a peer was the youngest, Robert Boyle, the celebrated philosopher and friend of Newton. He settled in England, and for forty years devoted himself to scientific research. He made important discoveries in statics, pneumatics, and hydrostatics, and was the first to apply the principles of chemistry to practical purposes, and so well demonstrated its usefulness that Newton from that time always employed chemical experiments to prove the correctness of his deductions.

Robert Boyle invented the Air Pump, and dispelled the unscientific notion that "nature abhors a vacuum," and by this instrument Newton was enabled to make several important discoveries. At Marston, until a recent sale of "household effects," was treasured one of the two original air pumps made by Boyle, the other being presented by him to the Royal Society. The results of some of his researches Boyle never divulged, notably the discovery of a fluid which would remove from a document all traces of writing.

He was several times offered a peerage, but always declined the honour. He died on the 30th December 1691 at the age of sixty-four.

Henry Boyle, Lord Carleton, the youngest son of Charles, Lord Clifford, and great-grandson of the "Great Earl" of Cork, was a distinguished member of the English House of Commons. He was instrumental in inducing Addison to commemorate the victory at the Battle of Blenheim in the poem entitled "The Campaign." He was a man who thoroughly understood the business of statecraft, and though not a great orator, was a careful and prudent speaker, who was said to have never injured a cause in which he was engaged.

Charles Boyle, fourth Earl of Orrery, and first Baron of Marston, was grandson of Roger Boyle, the first Earl of Orrery, and succeeded to the title on the death of his brother Lionel. He was born in 1676. He was an eminent scholar, and translated the Epistles of Phalaris, through which he became involved in the most famous literary controversy of the time with Richard Bentley, who denied their authenticity. In 1721 Orrery was confined in the Tower for six months as being implicated in Layer's Jacobite Plot. Besides other works, he wrote a comedy called "As you Find it." The astronomical instrument invented by Graham received from his patronage the name of an "Orrery." The original was one of the valuable exhibits formerly in the library at Marston.

John Boyle, the fifth Earl of Orrery, was the only son of Charles, the fourth Earl, whom he succeeded in 1731. On the death of his kinsman, Richard Boyle, the Earl of Cork and Burlington, he succeeded as fifth Earl of Cork, thus uniting the Orrery peerage to the older Cork peerage. John Boyle is principally remembered as the friend of Swift and Pope, and afterwards of Doctor Johnson. In the literary world his principal works were the translation of the letters of Pliny the Younger, and "Remarks on the Life and Writings of Jonathan Swift."

He died in 1762, and was succeeded by his son Edmund, the great-grandfather of the late Earl.

But perhaps of all the distinguished members of the Boyle family, the most distinguished in literary and artistic tastes was Richard Boyle, the third Earl of Burlington, and fourth Earl of Cork. He is celebrated for his architectural tastes and his friendship with artists and men of letters. His fortune was ample, and his spirit was open and generous. "Never," says Walpole, "was protection and great wealth more generously and more judiciously diffused than by this great person, who had every quality of a genius and an artist, except envy."

His earliest project, about 1716, was to alter and partly reconstruct Burlington House, Piccadilly, which had been built by his great-grandfather, the first Earl of Burlington.

He spent great sums in contributing to public works, and was known to prefer that the expense of their erection should fall on himself rather than his country should be deprived of beautiful edifices.

He designed and caused to be finished both in London and the provinces some fine buildings. Of the two Bath specimens of his work only one remains. General Wade's London house, designed by him, has so beautiful a front that Lord Chesterfield said: "As the General could not live in it at his ease, he had better take a home over against it and look at it." The noble architect's fame is best secured by Pope's epistle on "Taste."

Inigo Jones was the god of his idolatry.

He looked on St. Paul's when the last stone was laid, and thinking of the fallen portico of his master, exclaimed, "When the Jews saw the second temple, they reflected upon the beauty of the first and wept."

MARSTON PARK AND THE BOYLE FAMILY—PART II

THE Manor of Marston, anciently described as "Meristone," like most others in the kingdom, was the reward to a Norman chieftain for assistance in the invasion of England. William the Conqueror conferred it on Roger Arundel, as soon as he had torn the crown from Harold, by the battle of Hastings. It afterwards came into the family of De Wandestrie, a family seated from very ancient times at Wanstrow, six miles south of Frome, and from which they got their name. From the family of De Wandestrie the manor descended to the Bigots, or Bigods, a branch of the Earls of Norfolk, hereditary Earls Marshal of England. From the Bigots the manor received its additional name.

The Orchard family of Wanstrow possessed the domain in the reign of Henry V., and William, Lord Stourton, in the succeeding century, from whom, through some intermediate holders, it passed, about 1630, by purchase, to the Boyle family.

Marston House itself stands in a well-wooded park, of about 400 acres in extent, in which there is an artificial lake, and overlooks a fine vale of pasture land, about three miles broad. Beyond this vale the view is bounded by a range of lofty hills, extending from the grounds of Longleat on the left, to Alfred's Tower on the high ground of Stourton, on the right.

Marston House, as seen from Longleat, presents in the perspective a magnificent appearance. The

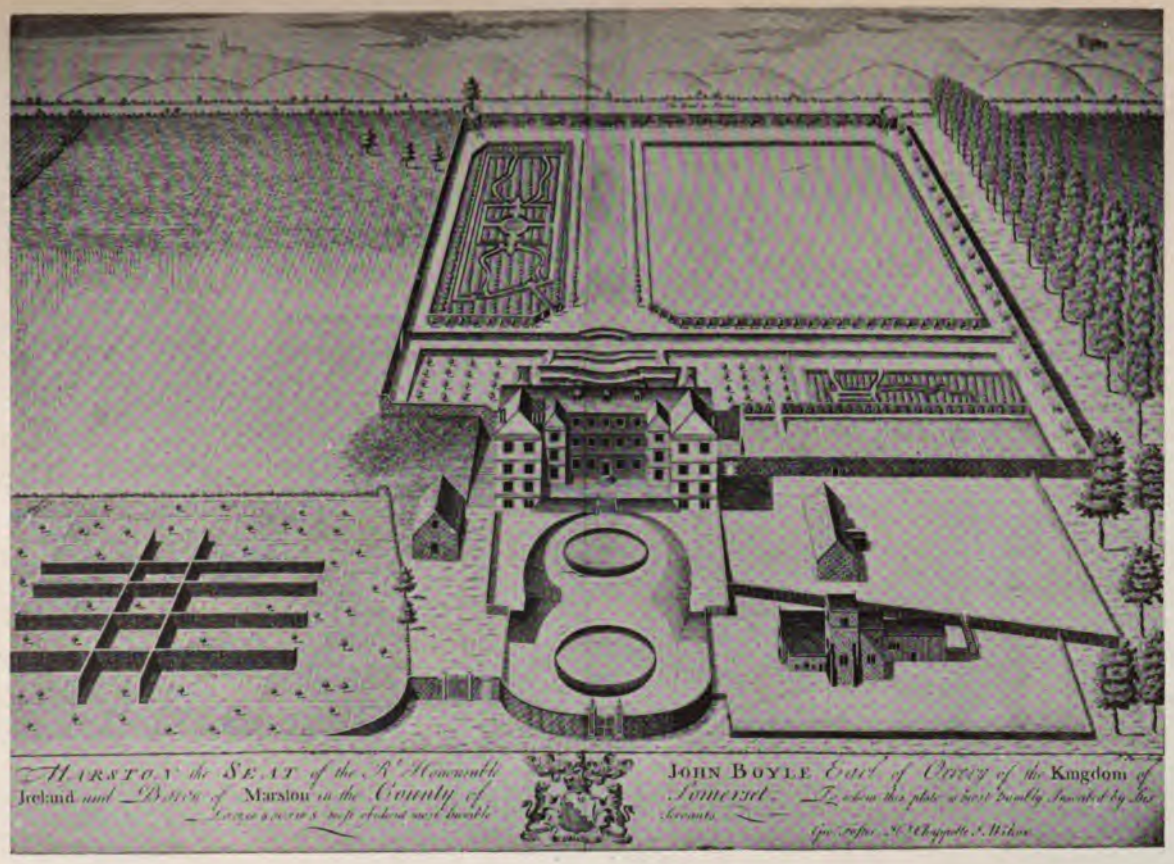
ancient mansion was for a long time known as Marston Moat, but no vestige of this now remains.

To the ancient structure has succeeded, though in a different situation, a stately Italian mansion, 365 feet long, built by Edmond, Earl of Cork and Orrery, who died in 1798. The judicious alterations and additions made by the late Earl not only improved the mansion without, but rendered it much more comfortable within. Near to the site of the ancient house is a field called "Conqueror's Mead"; the name is said to commemorate some ancient sanguinary battle, and in it is a barrow where the bodies of the slain are supposed to have been interred. The Marston gardens are well worthy a visit, having been under skilled management. The picturesque woodland scenery surrounding the house has been more than once the subject of poetical effusions, and in 1747 Dr. Bowden, inspired by the sylvan beauty he found here, said:—

> "These groves shall then BOYLES yet unborn inspire,
> And give to summer, shade—to winter, fire:
> Here the bright youths shall spend the learned hours
> In classic walks and philosophic bowers."

The late Earl did much to improve the appearance of the mansion of his ancestors, adorning it with taste and artistic conceptions. By him a new entrance hall, grand staircase, and additional rooms were erected.

The entrance hall, designed by Major C. E. Davis, of Bath, is a commanding and handsome stone structure of the classic order of architecture. Its exterior embellishments in stone carving, as well as the massive doorway, are imposing and elegant. The interior of the hall is grand and striking in effect, not only from its lofty and spacious dimensions, but also from the lantern light at the top, which is supported upon arches springing from stone columns.


MARSTON the SEAT of the R.t Honourable
Ireland and Baron of Marston in the County of
JOHN BOYLE Earl of Orrery of the Kingdom of
Somerset.

MARSTON HOUSE AND PARK

From a Rare Print by R. PARR

The keystone of each arch is surmounted by the coronet and monogram of the Cork family. The staircase is beautiful in design, the steps springing from each side of the hall, and ascending in an easy manner to the landings that lead to the various and extensive suites of rooms.

The stairs are of stone, the ends of which are artistically carved. The massive oak handrail is supported by cast-iron standards of chaste and elaborate design.

Some important additions have also been made to the west wing of the mansion, the library having been greatly improved, and a new billiard and ball-room built. The latter is a magnificent apartment, forty-four by thirty-two feet, and twenty-four feet in height, with a carved ceiling of rich design, lighted by three windows, each fifteen feet high.

The other rooms in the house are equally fine in construction, extensive and chaste in decoration. The library, until recently, was stocked with a magnificent collection of books and valuable manuscripts, including interesting autograph letters by Alexander Pope, who poetically acclaimed the artistic talents of an ancestor of the family. Here were also to be found equally interesting and valuable manuscripts and autograph letters by such celebrities as Dean Swift, the author of "Gulliver's Travels," Lord Bolingbroke, and the great Duke of Marlborough.

The original Prayer-Book of Charles I. was also here, with manuscript notes. On the walls were many valuable paintings by Hoppner, Rembrandt, Sir Peter Lely, Kneller, Murillo, Wotton, and Van Dyck, the paintings including portraits of the many celebrities among the distinguished ancestors of the Boyle family.

The Church of Marston Bigot formerly stood on the lawn, but was pulled down, and the present struc-

ture, dedicated to St. Leonard, was built a little farther away from the house. The new church, consecrated in September 1789, is romantically situated, and is a small, handsome building in the modern Norman style. It is approached from the village through a quaint lich-gate, and has at the west end a chancel, nave, and tower, with a peal of bells.

On the north side of the nave is an organ chamber, with organ, adjoining a small vestry. The monuments are very beautiful. Every window is of stained glass, and it is of interest that the designs were furnished by the talented artist "E.V.B.," another of the many distinguished members of the Boyle family.

The register dates from the year 1680, and the living was a rectory in the gift of Lord Cork.

At Marston House were preserved memorials of an interesting event experienced in the family. When Charles I. was decapitated, Roger, the first Earl of Orrery, disgusted with the severity of the Parliament, left his service in Ireland and retired to Marston, resolving to keep aloof from circumstances which involved the partizans of either side in danger and anxiety. Adjoining his mansion was the parish church, which his lordship regularly attended. One Sunday, on going thither, he was surprised to find that the licensed minister did not appear, and after waiting some time his arrival in vain, he had left his pew with an intention to return home, when one of his servants informed him that a person in the church had signified his readiness to ascend the pulpit, provided it were agreeable to his lordship. The exemplary nobleman immediately granted his request, when a respectable-looking man, in very plain attire, appeared in the rostrum, and delivered a discourse "at once sensible, learned and pious."

Equally surprised and delighted with the preacher, Lord Orrery begged his company to dinner, and at

table desired to be informed of his name and history; to which request the unknown answered in the following manner: "My lord, my name is Asberry. I am a clergyman of the Church of England, and a loyal subject of the King. I have lived three years in a poor cottage under your garden wall, within a few paces of your lordship's house. My son lives with me, and we dig and read by turns. I have a little money, and some few books, and I submit cheerfully to the will of Providence."

The Earl, struck with the practical philosophy and independent spirit of the old gentleman, immediately took him under his protection, procured him an allowance of thirty pounds per annum, without an obligation to take the Covenant, and bestowed upon him the little cottage in question for his residence as long as he lived. Here he passed his days in quiet and content, and died possessed, not of overflowing coffers, but of a property which we can agree, in the end, is likely to turn to much better account—a conscience void of offence.

The complete severance of the Boyle family from the Frome district of Somerset was effected in September 1905. By direction of the present Earl, in June 1905 Marston House with several farms adjoining were disposed of, and purchased, for about £30,000, by Mr. Hamilton Fletcher of Pyt House, Tisbury, who has since re-sold the estate to Major Christie. In the following September the furniture and effects of the mansion were also disposed of by public auction. With the exception of a selection of some of the more valuable furniture, which was reserved for sale in London, and the extensive library (sold in London in November 1905), this sale included the whole of the rare and valuable old English, French, and Italian decorative furniture, finely engraved Chippendale, and old oak chairs, china, and

other effects. Included in the lots were the several family portraits, two of the more important bringing respectively one hundred and ten and one hundred and five guineas, the total of the six days' sale realising between six and seven thousand guineas.

A BATH POLITICIAN: JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK—PART I

HOWEVER much some of us may disagree with some of the political tendencies of Roebuck's public life, I think we must all believe that not only in his earlier but in his later career he was governed by principles of integrity and patriotism.

Though in the later years of his life Roebuck did not hesitate to level, even at the head of Mr. Gladstone himself, invectives as to character, statesmanship, and even honesty, yet Mr. Gladstone was able, as the grave closed over him, to pay a tribute of respect to his honesty of purpose.

I do not pretend to give a history of Mr. Roebuck's life in the space allowed me here, but rather purpose dwelling upon that portion of his career that perhaps more particularly commends itself to us. I refer to that period in which he figured as "A Bath Politician."

Our interest may not be less lively, even though there are few still living who came in contact with Roebuck during his connection with the politics of Bath.

John Arthur Roebuck was born at Madras, on December 28, in the year 1802.

His father was the younger son of John Roebuck, the original founder of the Carron Iron Works, Scotland.

His mother was Zipporah Tickell, the daughter of Richard Tickell of Bath, which city has, therefore, a direct interest in his ancestry.

Richard Tickell was the husband of Mary Linley, whose sister married Sheridan, and Tickell's daughter by Mary Linley was the mother of Roebuck. Richard Tickell it was who built Beaulieu House, Newbridge Hill.

When Roebuck was five years old his father died while travelling through some deadly forests in the interior of India. His mother was consequently left with six children, and with very uncertain means. Upon her was placed the difficult task of educating them, and starting them in the world without assistance from her late husband's family or her own—a trying and dangerous position for one so young.

Being very beautiful, very clever, and fascinating, it is small wonder that her hand was sought by many, and that she soon married. Her second husband, a Mr. Simpson, was young, like herself, and handsome, but of no social position. He was held in great respect by the family for his uniform kindness and for other good qualities. He was a merchant, but, unfortunately, not a successful one, and from stress of circumstances the family emigrated to Canada in 1815. It is supposed that the time passed in America did much to mould the character of this ardent reformer, who, a few years later, was to make such a stir in the political world. Under his mother's cultured care he went through a thorough course of study. For many years it was his habit to go into her room before she was up and to lay upon her dressing-table a letter written upon any subject that suggested itself to his fancy. Her instruction to him was to "write anything, no matter what. Tell me what you have done during the day," she said, "what you have seen, what you have read. You may always find something—never mind how trivial. You will find, as time goes on, the task more easy; by-and-by it will become a pleasure." And so it did.

He was blessed early in life by coming into contact

JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK, M.P. FOR BATH

From a Painting in the possession of Mr. J. F. Meehan

with men of genius and learning. One such was Thomas Love Peacock, author of "Headlong Hall," "Crochet Castle," and other works. Peacock, who was an intimate friend of his mother, exercised a great influence upon Roebuck's after life.

In the year 1824, on his return to England, he brought with him a letter of introduction to Peacock, who was then at the India House, acting in the capacity, according to his own description, of a Political Examiner.

After a short conversation Peacock introduced him to a young friend of his in the House—none other than John Stuart Mill, who informed him he was one of a society that met once a week at the house of Mr. Bentham for the purposes of discussion. Here each member in turn read a paper, upon which a debate followed.

Roebuck was at that time utterly ignorant of Bentham, his tenets and philosophy.

Considering that he constantly came into contact with such "philosophical Radicals" as Mill, Bentham, Peacock, and Francis Place (the Radical politician of Charing Cross), to whom Holyoake makes interesting reference in his "Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life," there is little wonder that Roebuck subsequently blossomed forth as a Political Reformer. These congenial souls occasionally met at the house of George Grote, the historian.

On the outbreak of the French Revolution of 1830, after the news of the "three days of July," Roebuck, Mill, and others hastened to Paris, filled with enthusiasm and hope for France.

These enthusiasts mingled with the populace, and at popular gatherings sang, as loud as any, the revolutionary strains of "La Marseillaise." Following the revolution in France came the Reform Bill, and Roebuck and his compatriots threw themselves into

the agitation, and became as mad and ardent as youth, energy, and sincere belief in their opinions could make them. The Reform Bill became law, and Roebuck, having been very active in many of the proceedings which attended the passing of that measure, became known to many public men, and among others to Joseph Hume, who at that time was a man of mark and power.

Many of the new constituencies created by the Reform Bill had great confidence in Joseph Hume; and among others the city of Bath showed that confidence by asking him to select for them a man whom they might send as their representative to Parliament. He sent down three names, of which Roebuck's was one, and the choice of the Liberal majority fell upon him. A member of the Falconer family has related the following incident in connection with this selection of Roebuck from the three names submitted.

Miss Roebuck says: "My mother used to tell how one morning on entering the breakfast-room, her brother, Thomas Falconer, called out, 'Here, Henrietta, look at these letters; they are from candidates for Bath.' She took up the letters, looked at each; then, holding out one, said, 'This is the one to choose; the letter is well written, and in the hand of a gentleman.' It was signed 'J. A. Roebuck.' The day after my father and Mr. Hume arrived in Bath. They were brought in procession, with band playing and flags flying, to my grandfather's (the Rev. Thomas Falconer) house in the Circus."

On the way up the hill at the back of the Circus, Roebuck saw a young lady standing with other persons, looking over the garden wall at the crowd. Some one at Roebuck's elbow said, "That is Miss Falconer." By the time the procession reached No. 29, the lady was in the drawing-room, and there Roebuck and his future wife first met.

Roebuck, who was staying with Hume at the White Hart, made his first speech in Bath from a window of that establishment.

Roebuck found at Bath not only a seat in Parliament, but also a wife who was his loving helper and loyal champion through all the strain and stress of his long and combative life.

An anecdote has been related to me by an old Bath citizen that on one memorable occasion the political enthusiasm for Roebuck, and the cause he pleaded, was so great, that his supporters were not content to cheer their idol, but they must needs give his energetic helper, Miss Falconer, a wonderful reception. "Three cheers for Miss Falconer," they cried. "A speech, a speech," was the cry; and the loudest cry of all was "Miss Falconer *for ever!* Miss Falconer FOR EVER!" Miss Falconer gracefully rose and thanked them for their cheers, but trusted it would *not be* "Miss Falconer for ever." He was married to Miss Falconer on January 14, 1834, at Walcot Church.

In later years, in acknowledging a presentation made to him at Sheffield, "in recognition of his great national services, and of his work as a liberal, patriotic, and distinguished statesman," he said:—

"I ask myself what it is that has given me the present occasion of returning you my thanks. It is not talent, it is not name, it is not rank, it is not wealth. What is it, then? It is steadfastness in that course which I marked for myself in the beginning.

"I am proud to say that in the year 1832 I published a programme of the opinions I then held. . . To them I now adhere. It is my thorough and steadfast adherence to the opinions I then expressed that has won for me the approbation of my countrymen. . . .

"Going into Parliament unknown, unsupported, only recommended by that tried friend of the people,

Joseph Hume, I determined not to ally myself with either of the great parties that then divided the House of Commons and the kingdom. I was neither Whig nor Tory, and I went into the House of Commons determined to advocate that which I believed to be for the interests of the people, without regard to party considerations. To this rule I have adhered through life."

A BATH POLITICIAN: JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK—PART II

FASHIONABLE Bath was thrown into a state of indignation when, early in August 1832, rumours reached it that it was to be invaded by a pair of Radical firebrands. This indignation was changed to fury when it became known that Joseph Hume cherished the "inconceivable audacity," as it was described, to make Bath his own by forcing upon it John Arthur Roebuck. Rumour described him as a dangerous revolutionary, and he was credited with the championship of every hateful principle. Though the country generally was thrown into a ferment by the General Election under the new franchise, nowhere was there greater excitement and fiercer animosity than in Bath. It had been thought that the re-election of General Palmer, who as a moderate reformer had represented the city since 1808, was a matter of course.

With him was to be associated, as a colleague, Mr. H. W. Hobhouse, who, besides having local connections, was an estimable member of an influential Whig family. They were, therefore, excellent candidates from the "rest-and-be-thankful" point of view. The comfortable arrangement by which these two were to be returned unopposed was rudely disturbed by the action of the Radical party in the city.

The policy of the disturber of this arrangement was of no uncertain character. Though youthful in appearance, his opponents soon found they had to face a man of power and action.

He was an advocate of what was then a most

advanced creed. He advocated triennial Parliaments; vote by ballot; corporation reform; an elective magistracy; free trade; the abolition of the legal monopoly enjoyed by the Inns of Court; a national system of secular education; disestablishment of the Church, and devotion of its property to secular uses; repeal of the taxes on knowledge; cheaper and more efficient administration of justice; equitable adjustment of taxation —making it direct, and so graduated as to proportion the burden to the strength of the shoulders bearing it; the removal of all civil and religious disabilities; and the abolition of slavery. A truly revolutionary programme!

In advocating these reforms, Roebuck, "the man of the people," excited a wonderful amount of enthusiasm among the poor, and the furious and violent opposition of the capitalist and privileged classes.

During his absence from Bath, Roebuck was kept informed of the state of the political barometer by correspondence received from members of the Falconer family. There used to be an old saying current, that most people found that they had an old aunt in Bath; and Mr. Roebuck was no exception, for at this time Mrs. Roebuck, the widow of his uncle Benjamin, was living here at No. 10 Gay Street. It was at her house in Madras that the new candidate was born, and she naturally took an active interest in defending him from some of the abuse to which he was subjected. One of the absurd stories set afloat invented a grandfather for him in the person of the eccentric Roebuck, of Midford Castle, who was not only no relative, but no Roebuck at all, the name having been assumed.

After an exciting contest, the result of the polling was the return of General Palmer, with Mr. Roebuck as his colleague—Mr. Hobhouse being ninety-eight votes behind the Radical candidate. Soon after the election, Roebuck had the first of the many physical encounters

GEORGE NORMAN, THE "WHIG"

which marked his public career. This was with a Mr. R. Blake Foster, who, after offering himself as a Conservative candidate, prepared "not to act the part either of a bully or a revolutionist," had retired from the contest. Meeting Mr. Roebuck in the coffee-room of the Sydney Hotel, afterwards known as Sydney College, Mr. Foster was offensive and insulting. Mr. Roebuck demanded his card, and Mr. Foster demurring, the new Member promised, failing its production, to knock him down. Mr. Roebuck tendered his own card, and when Mr. Foster contemptuously tore it up, the plucky little man struck him in the face. There was no duel, and valorous threats of legal proceedings ended in empty talk.

An attempt was made to unseat Mr. Roebuck on petition, and though this had the united support of the Whig and Tory party in Bath, it failed in its object. With the extended franchise a political revolution had been wrought. New men and new aspirations had arisen. Roebuck was typical of all the hopes entertained by the reformers of the new era. Then, as now, seventy-four years later, Ireland was a prominent subject in the debates of the National Council. The harshness of Mr. Secretary Stanley's administration was keenly resented, and the encounters between O'Connell and Stanley were after Roebuck's own heart, and he plunged vigorously into the fray.

In words which might have been appropriately used fifty years later, he said :—

"The Irish Secretary would take away trial by jury, and suspend the *habeas corpus*. He (Mr. Roebuck) would recommend a thing hitherto untried—honest government. England had never established good government in Ireland. . . . Fears were not the arguments of statesmen, and the only remedy for grievances was to remedy them. . . . Government, it was said, must be feared before it was beloved. The proper

course for creating affection had not yet been tried. Let the plain and obvious mode of real conciliation be tried."

The session witnessed other great debates, in which Roebuck took prominent part. He advocated a thoroughly comprehensive scheme of education, and as for the "religious difficulty" he said:—

"I am a member of the Church of England, but I want none but Church of England men to support my Church. With regard to an Established Church, so long as a majority of the people of England wish for an Established Church, let there be one, but for myself, I see no necessity for it. . . . In no case whatever ought religion to form part of a national education."

After years of agitation for the repeal of the Newspaper Stamp Act, and when its repeal seemed more remote than ever, he started, with the aid of some enthusiastic reformers, a series of unstamped publications entitled "Pamphlets for the People." In order not to come under the cognisance of the law affecting periodical publications, they bore no date or number, each forming a separate work. They were edited by Roebuck, and the writer is the fortunate lucky possessor of the complete series of the original issue. One of the contributors was Thomas Falconer of Bath, Roebuck's brother-in-law.

In his earlier elections, Mr. Roebuck made it a point of honour never to canvass personally. He laid down other rules with regard to the relative position of representative and represented that might usefully be imitated and remembered at the present day. Thus, he was attacked for having refused to subscribe to the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society. His reply was given in a speech made in Bath, 7th January, 1834, at a meeting on Corporation Reform. He said: "A representative of the people should go to Parliament free and undefiled. If he puts his hands into his

pockets to purchase their suffrages, be assured that he will make them pay for it in return. I say, therefore, that, whatever societies I may think proper to subscribe to in my individual capacity, you have no right to expect me to do so as your representative."

The year 1835 saw another General Election, and Roebuck and his colleague, General Palmer, were again returned by a majority of nearly three hundred over a strong local Conservative candidate, Colonel Daubeny. In the new Parliament, Roebuck succeeded in obtaining a committee to inquire into the state of the education of the people. In this year he was chosen by the House of Assembly of Lower Canada as their Agent in England, and one of his first duties in this capacity was the presentation of a petition complaining of certain grievances. His speech on this occasion, in which the privilege of self-government was demanded, is a clear and interesting statement of the state of the Colony and its grievances at that time.

The poor and the oppressed—whether illiterate Irish petitioners, ill-used paupers, London cab-drivers, transported Dorsetshire labourers, or publishers, who had been imprisoned, and printers whose presses had been seized by the Stamp Office—found in John Arthur Roebuck a courageous champion. His attacks on the newspaper stamp were accompanied by his customary fulminations against the newspapers themselves. He said:—

"There never was a press so degraded, so thoroughly immoral, as the press of this country. . . . From the highest to the lowest, the most paltry corruption, the basest cowardice, and the blackest immorality were the governing principles of the newspaper press of this country."

At the close of the Parliamentary Session of 1835, the Radicals of Bath invited their members and various politicians of the same school to a dinner, and welcomed them by a great demonstration of strength. Mr.

William Hunt of No. 72, Pulteney Street, remembered by many as Alderman Hunt, presided. Colonel (afterwards General Sir) William Napier was present, and boldly indicted the House of Lords. Mr. Roebuck arraigned their lordships in equally forcible terms, and Mr. Hume, though less extreme, joined heartily in the censure. The Bath dinner attracted much attention throughout the country, and was looked upon as an index of national feeling.

Early in 1837 Roebuck and his colleague, General Palmer, were again entertained by the Reformers of the city at a banquet. Among others Sir William Molesworth was present, and the speeches were all strongly Radical and anti-Ministerial. After the loyal toasts, and preceding the Army and Navy, came the favourite toast of the Bath Radicals, "The People, the only Source of Political Power." Roebuck's extreme democratic utterances were earning for him the wrath of the Whigs as well as the intense hatred of the Tory party.

In July 1837 Roebuck and Palmer offered themselves for re-election as representatives for Bath in the first Parliament of Queen Victoria. They, however, suffered defeat at the hands of the Tory candidates, Lord Powerscourt and Mr. W. H. Ludlow Bruges, a Wiltshire squire. This contest is known in local annals as "The Drunken Election." Treating was rampant, and passions ran high. Mr. Roebuck stood at bay against his assailants, refusing to give or take quarter. His defeat he attributed to "Tory gold, Tory intimidation, and Whig duplicity. The Tory has been open in his endeavours," he said; "the Whig has been hidden and insidious."

About this time Roebuck took an active part in drawing up the people's "Charter." Associations were formed of "Chartists" throughout the country, and that for Bath held its regular meetings in a room in Trim Street.

A BATH POLITICIAN: JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK—PART III

EARLY in 1839, a service of plate was presented to Mr. Roebuck by his friends and admirers in the city.

The following year he was engaged on his "History of the Ten Years of a Whig Administration." In 1841, in company with Lord Duncan, he regained his seat in Parliament, their opponents being the old Members, Lord Powerscourt and Mr. Bruges. But he was soon at variance with the local Liberal Association, who looked with disfavour on certain of his Parliamentary proceedings.

Notwithstanding the dissatisfaction of the Whigs, he took an active part with his colleague, Lord Duncan, in a great Anti-Corn-Law demonstration held at the Guildhall, Bath, on January 27, 1843. Richard Cobden and Colonel Perronet Thompson were both present.

Roebuck's best speech made in Parliament was that on the first Afghan war, its causes and its consequences. In it he condemned the interference of England as being most unjust and impolitic. In the hot controversies surrounding the Factory and Educational Bills of 1843, Mr. Roebuck strenuously advocated the introduction of clauses preventing the employment of children of tender years. He unsuccessfully asked Parliament to affirm that in no place of education, maintained or enforced by the State, should any attempt be made to inculcate particular religious opinions. Friction with his committee in Bath was arising. An influential section of his constituency, led by the Rev.

Dr. Waddy, came into strong conflict with him, owing to his refusal to join in general condemnation of the Educational Bill of 1847.

The controversy upon this subject went far towards effecting a severance of Mr. Roebuck's connection with Bath.

In May 1847 Lord Duncan and Mr. Roebuck attended in Bath a preliminary meeting of their supporters to consider the situation. Dissolution was in the air, and the bolt might fall at any moment. The leading members of the local association who were most prominent in their criticism of Roebuck's Parliamentary policy, were the Rev. Jerom Murch, in later years known to most of us as Sir Jerom Murch, Mr. Willson Brown, a surgeon living at No. 26, Gay Street, and Mr. George Norman. In a letter to Mrs. Roebuck, dated from Bath, May 28, 1847, Roebuck described the situation: "On my arrival," he says, "I found affairs in pretty much the state I expected. The Ministry [that is, the Whig Ministry] are at the bottom of the row. Duncan and I arrived, and met the Liberal Association; both of us declared we would stand jointly. Hereupon, Murch began a laboured discourse against myself. He went over all the six years of the Parliament, and quoted from his notes all my evil deeds. . . . Willson Brown also began from notes, but he let the cat out. I had been a censor of the Whig administration, so he could not support me. So said Norman, who said he was always opposed to me."

The meeting, however, ultimately decided to support both candidates again. The contest at Bath was characterised by all the fierceness and acrimony that had attended Mr. Roebuck's previous electoral struggles. Feeling on both sides was at fever heat, and all manner of accusations were freely bandied about. The Tory candidate, Lord Ashley, and his supporters, were

REV. WILLIAM JAY

that I wish you to remember as the last words of a friend about to leave you, without consideration of personal regard, favour, or affection, but as the legacy of one who after fifteen years of faithful service has met with this strange reward. I wish to say something to you which you may remember, and something that you may apply. Now listen to the words which I utter. Why have I been defeated?"

Here there were shouts of "Bribery, bribery." Mr. Roebuck, however, declined to accept this reply to his question, and proceeded to answer it himself.

"Why, not by bribery," he continued, "but by bigotry. Things have occurred within the last few years affecting the religious prejudices of certain particular communities. Of these certain persons have sent me letters of approval and satisfaction and grateful thanks, and amongst them was the head and pastor of the Unitarians of this town, Mr. Murch. Not long since that gentleman sent me letters of approval and thanks for all that I had done in that remarkable case—the Dissenters' Chapel Bill."

Great excitement here prevailed among the crowd; but it was at length stilled by Mr. Roebuck, who exclaimed:—

"Silence, my friends. Now listen to me, I beseech you. You are all my friends here. I entreat you to be silent, for my voice is not a speaking-trumpet; and as a personal favour, I ask you not to interrupt me. Mr. Murch, months ago, sent me a letter of thanks—I have that letter by me now—for that I had braved, and courageously braved, the feelings of the great body of the Dissenters on behalf of that small body comprising the Unitarians. Now, when I came the other day to Bath, in what is called the Liberal Association, I there found Mr. Murch, with pencil in hand, noting down and talking of offences which I had committed against him, Mr. Murch. Now, what were

these offences? That I had not kept my temper! My temper! My temper is not moved by the backwardness of Dissenters, and I appeal to all who hear me now, most particularly, whether there is anything in my personal conduct which can give offence to any human being."

The crowd answered the appeal by shouts of "No! no!" and Mr. Roebuck resumed:—

"Well, then, Mr. Murch, the Unitarian preacher, chose to take offence at my personal conduct, and he and Mr. Willson Brown and Mr. Norman are the persons who have contributed to my defeat—a Whig, a Dissenter, and a waiter upon Providence — Mr. Norman the Whig, Mr. Murch the Dissenter, and Mr. Willson Brown the waiter upon Providence. Now understand what I am about to say. My voice is failing me, and when I see so many thousand friends around me, and feel that I am unable to make myself heard, I have that within my heart and spirit which I wish I could communicate to you. Understand me when I tell you the Liberals have been defeated by the Town Hall. I was returned many years ago because I was the tried enemy of the Tories. But you will no longer have a free representative, for my honourable and noble friend Lord Duncan is too honest to represent you long.[1] I and he have upheld the Liberal party here. I—and I speak it not in vanity—have been its principal support, and now I am removed he who has been its second pillar will soon be crushed. I now, gentlemen, bid you adieu. Again I shall not appear here."

"Don't say that, Mr. Roebuck," shouted many voices; but they were ineffectual.

"Many constituencies," pursued the defeated candi-

[1] Lord Duncan retired from the representation of Bath in 1852, but afterwards sat for Forfarshire from 1854–1859, when he succeeded to the peerage on the death of his father, the first Earl of Camperdown.

date, "will ask and demand and require such a representative as I have been to you. And they who after fifteen years of service have rejected me in their hearts, let theirs be the shame and the scandal which will be rendered by others calling me again to appear in the House of Commons. But, gentlemen, I have no ambition to appear there. I want—and I hope the reporters will take this—to be released from attendance in the House of Commons. My only hope is quiet, my desire is literally for ease, my pleasure is in my family, my hope is in contentment and quiet. If I could fight your battles, if I could fight the battle of freedom for you, and all should be secure in your homes and in your families, then I should indeed feel proud in being your representative. But that I am not permitted to be. I go from you a member of the Church of England, and mind, Dissenters, what I say —as a member of the Church of England, I believe you are not worthy of freedom."

"Are there no exceptions, sir?" imploringly inquired Mr. George Cox, a leading Dissenter and a prominent supporter of Mr. Roebuck.

"Oh, yes," replied the honourable and learned gentleman. "My friend, Mr. Cox, asks me are there no exceptions. There are great exceptions to be made, and among the most cherished of my friends he will rank the foremost. But I cannot forget that I have received much at the hands of the Dissenters of Bath. I cannot forget that I have been told by them that I ought to be the Member for Bath. I cannot forget that I was told by one of the chief of them that I was worthy of a nation's love, and yet for mere personal ease and selfish gratification that man left the town just two days before he ought. I speak of that venerable gentleman, the Reverend William Jay."

Mr. Roebuck's mention of Mr. Jay's name was the

JOSEPH HUME, M.P.

The Great Financial Reformer, who introduced Mr. Roebuck to Bath in 1832

signal for a burst of groans, which at length subsided, and resuming his speech, Mr. Roebuck went on to say: "Have I not watched by day and night for your interests, Dissenters of Bath, no matter what has been the hour? And yet so little regard has Mr. Jay for my success, so small a consideration has he for my return, that with an express or special train he finds he must go out of town on Tuesday. Now, as I have no wish, so I have no will, no matter what may tempt me, to come down here again and stand before the Abbey as a candidate for your suffrages. I care not what men may say of me. I stand here as a free man once again. No religious bigotry binds my tongue, no influence coerces my heart. To the people of England, to those who think, I make my appeal. But for those whose religious intolerance, bound up with selfishness, for those who have contributed to my present defeat, I will mark them with the finger of scorn. And I will tell you once for all that the liberties of your town are trodden under foot, and as sure as the sun will rise to-morrow, you will see a Tory majority in the Hall, and two Tory members to represent you. Think, Dissenters of Bath, and mind what I say."

"Give it them!" shouted an enthusiastic partisan.

"Oh, I will give it to them," continued Mr. Roebuck; "I care not for them. I tell you now that the Dissenters have worked against me to-day, and they are working against Lord John Russell in London. But I have not been like Lord John Russell. I have never failed you in a single point. I have supported you on every occasion; and now, under the pretence of religious considerations, I have been deserted. It is now for me, and you will understand what are the sensations of my heart, to say that word which is at all times painful, Farewell."

Loud cries of "No, no," were uttered by the

crowd, and some of the women were affected to tears.

Mr. Roebuck: "No, no! I say, Yes, yes! As that sun is shining above me," and here Mr. Roebuck was visibly affected, "no earthly consideration shall ever induce me again to solicit the votes of the people of Bath. When I have won the suffrage for you, my non-electing friends," turning to the unenfranchised portion of the immense gathering, "I may venture here again. But for the Dissenters of England, as represented by the Dissenters of Bath, I turn from you as cowards in your hearts, unworthy to have any honest man as your representative. For you who are non-electors, when you are invested with the franchise, I can appeal to you here or anywhere else, and be sure of a triumphant return. I saw this morning four burly priests, called Church of England parsons, at one of the polling booths. They were good hearty fellows, and I liked the look of them. My heart yearned towards them, and why? They were open, upright foes; there was no sneaking about them. They were no sham friends. I tell you on this occasion my heart yearned towards them, and I could have shaken hands with every one of them. Why? Because they were honest opponents. They were not the parties whom I have seen amongst those who pretended to be my friends; for such pitiful, shameful, wretched, miserable humbugs I never met with in all my life. I have done with them for my life upwards."

Here there were renewed shouts of "No, no."

Mr. Roebuck: "Yes, yes! Never again will I venture my boat upon waters which are blown about by the breath of the Dissenters of Bath. I hope every word I have said will be reported faithfully. What I have said I have spoken from a careful consideration of what I have undergone for many years past. I hope now for ease and peace and quiet in the bosom

of my family. I wish not for political contests or party strife. I would rather see the wheat grow evenly on my farm than behold your faces. I would rather garner up the gifts of God's good providence than meet with your approval. The time may come when those who have rejected me will wish to have me here; but to them, and to you, and to all, I do now say an eternal Farewell!"

Having delivered this extraordinary oration, Mr. Roebuck descended from the hustings and entered a carriage, from which the horses were taken, and he was dragged by some of his "non-electing friends" to his lodgings at No. 1, Queen Square. The speech created a considerable sensation at the time, and it was afterwards printed in gold, and had a large circulation among Mr. Roebuck's supporters.

In a written address, Mr. Roebuck took leave of his old constituents in more temperate terms. Lord Ashley, afterwards Lord Shaftesbury, the successful candidate in this election, years after, at Sheffield, said how much he regretted that he had ever opposed Mr. Roebuck at Bath.

Four months after his defeat his friends in Bath marked their appreciation of his fifteen years' service by presenting a testimonial to him. This consisted of £500, placed in a handsome oak cabinet covered with carved emblems and figures, each one of which was executed by a separate workman. A silver salver was given by the wives and daughters of the Liberal electors of Lyncombe and Widcombe, and a workbox of inlaid woods, also a production of Bath, from the Ward of St. James, was given to his little daughter.

The announcement, by the committee appointed to collect subscriptions for the testimonial to Mr. Roebuck, that a public meeting would be held, at which the learned gentleman would attend, set the city at once in a state of the greatest excitement, and the tickets for

the soirée, which was also announced to take place, were in the course of a few hours eagerly caught up.

The applications continued to pour in in such numbers, that the committee found it impossible to satisfy one-third of their friends if they held the soirée in the Banqueting Room of the Guildhall, as announced. The Assembly Rooms were therefore engaged, and an additional 600 tickets of admission were issued: these were all disposed of before ten o'clock of the morning of issue.

Never before had such anxiety to obtain tickets for a similar function been displayed in the city, and premiums of various amounts were offered for admission, without success.

Mr. Roebuck was met at the railway station by an immense crowd, the ovation he received was most imposing. The city was gaily decorated. From the station he was driven in the carriage of Mr. Roger R. Tichborne, of 102, Sydney Place, to the public meeting, held in the Banqueting Room of the Guildhall. Admiral Gordon, of No. 1, Nelson Place, was in the chair, and after a capital speech presented the cabinet and contents to Mr. Roebuck. A suitable address was read by Mr. Edwards. William Hunt, of No. 72, Pulteney Street, and Mr. Tichborne contributed to the speeches made on the occasion. At the soirée, held at the Assembly Rooms, the presentation to his daughter took place. Amongst those who took part in this interesting ceremony were Mr. Howarth, Mr. W. Hunt, Mrs. Wood, Mr. George Cox, who made a humorous speech, Mr. Crisp, Admiral Gordon, and Mrs. Cross. The workbox presented to Miss Roebuck was designed and executed by Mr. Henry Palmer, of St. Michael's Place.

The late Alfred Keene, of Bath, executed some excellent drawings of the testimonials, which were reproduced in the London *Pictorial News*.

This was Mr. Roebuck's last appearance in Bath.

His career elsewhere we do not propose to follow, beyond saying that two years later he was elected for Sheffield, and kept that political connection more or less intact until 1879, when he died.

It has been said of Roebuck that "among the orators of the platform or of Parliament, there has been no man, within living memory, who possessed such a mastery of crisp, vigorous, nervous English. His sentences were perfect and pointed." It was Roebuck's "perfect delivery" that most impressed so unfriendly a critic as Kinglake. "Placing unbounded confidence in himself," he said, "and troubling his mind very little about any one else, he had a hardiness beyond other mortals, a compact and vigorous diction that was good enough, yet not too good, for his purpose, and above all, a matchless delivery which made up — much more than made up—for want of stature and voice; because it made him seem like one filled with a sense of ineffable power."

Another critic has said: "He was probably the best example that our generation has known of simply good speaking—speaking which, if it does not rise to the height of oratory, never sinks into slovenly chatter, or semi-articulate growling, nor adorns itself with the false glitter of declamatory rhetoric. . . . Mr. Roebuck's speech was simply his thought and feeling made audible — often it reflected the thoughts and feelings of others who were too prudent to give them expression."

In concluding this series of articles on John Arthur Roebuck, one can honestly say of him that he was a pattern of painstaking care and courtesy to all genuine seekers for information. In his home life he was a model of gentleness and kindness. In tone so quiet, in manner of such an almost silken softness, that he seemed one of the mildest of mortals, as he

was one of the most charming, instructive, and delightful of companions.

In connection with the preceding articles on John Arthur Roebuck, an old Bath reformer, Mr. Melluish, of Batheaston, informs us that he well remembers the excellent painting of Mr. Roebuck, now in the writer's possession, and reproduced with the first article of the series, as hanging over the mantel-piece in the Trim Street meeting-house of the local Chartists. Henry Vincent frequented these meetings, fired by the eloquence which distinguished him. On the occasion of one such visit by Henry Vincent, a somewhat enthusiastic member of the Association was dilating upon some supposed further wrongdoing on the part of the State Church, in which he said a sum of £9000 was going to be misappropriated. Vincent thought there was some error in the case as stated by the member, and said, "I very much doubt, my friend, that such an infamy is intended, but if there is such a thing in contemplation, our shrewd friend here," pointing to the portrait of Roebuck on the wall, "will soon probe it to the bottom."

SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL AND KING'S WESTON—PART I

WE have described many mansions within the Bath district, but King's Weston must be considered one of the most remarkable and beautifully situated of them all.

It is within easy access of Bath for the traveller, either by rail or road. If the journey by rail is preferred, a through conveyance by the Midland Railway can be obtained to Shirehampton, which is within about a mile of the grounds, or the rail journey can be varied by booking to Bristol city, thence by the electric tram to Hotwell's, and so on to Shirehampton by rail. If, on the other hand, the traveller prefers a road journey, it is a pleasant and a reasonable walk or drive from Clifton, from the end of White Ladies Road, across Durdham Down by way of Westbury-on-Trym. In the latter case the traveller has the assistance, if required, of the cars from the Tramway Centre to Black Boy Hill, Durdham Down, and a 'bus service thence to Westbury, nearly two miles distant, and from Westbury it is only a walk of about another two miles.

Before describing the mansion, one of the finest examples of Sir John Vanbrugh's art, let us briefly consider something of its family history.

King Henry II. granted the lordship of Berkeley, and the district of Berkeley, of which King's Weston was a part, to Robert Fitz-Harding, whose father, or probably his grandfather, was one of the comrades-in-arms of the Conqueror. The lordship was granted

as a reward of loyalty to the Empress Maud and her son Henry I. Its previous owner, Roger de Berkeley, who had been divested of it by the royal will, had "entertained at Bristol in 1168 Dermot McMurrough, King of Leinster, with sixty of his retinue, at the time when that prince came over from Ireland to solicit succour from Henry II." Fitz-Harding settled the manor of Berkeley and that of Beverstone on Robert, his second son. From that time the manor of Berkeley, including King's Weston and that of Beverstone, descended to the same proprietors, until Catherine, the widow of Thomas, Lord Berkeley, died "seized of both," after having married her second husband, Sir John Thorp, who was possessed of King's Weston. Maurice, the eldest son and successor of Thomas de Berkeley, was summoned by Henry III. to London in order to aid him against his turbulent barons; but the Lord of Berkeley was either too little of a courtier or too strongly attached to the barons to stick by the king when the king was wrong, so he joined their standard, and his lands were again seized by the Crown. His son Thomas, however, regained the favour of royalty, and basked in its sunshine, attending his sovereign at Kenilworth and in his wars against the refractory Welsh. For these services he had from Edward I. "liberty to hunt the fox, hare, badger and wild cat, with his own dogs, within the king's forest of Mendip, and in the chase of King's Wood." It was during the ownership of Berkeley by Thomas, the third baron, that King Edward II. was murdered within his castle, though Lord Berkeley was in the end acquitted of complicity in the murder.

Sir William Berkeley, son of Sir John, sold the manor of King's Weston to Sir William Wintour, in the twelfth year of Elizabeth's reign.

From the Wintours it passed by purchase to Humphrey Hook, Alderman of Bristol, whose son,

From a Rare Mezzotint after KNELLER

Sir Humphrey Hook, conveyed it in the year 1679 to Sir Robert Southwell.

Southwell was remarkable in many ways, and descended from an ancient family who formerly had large estates in Nottinghamshire and Norfolk. His grandfather, Richard Southwell, gained some eminence in the reign of Henry VIII., and was by that king constituted one of the overseers of his last will. Richard was succeeded by his son Robert, who married Helena, daughter of Major Robert Gore "of Kinsale," and their son, Sir Robert Southwell, became the purchaser of King's Weston.

The present Viscount Southwell is descended from a branch of this family, and bears the same arms as the Southwells of King's Weston.

Sir Robert's father distinguished himself by his support of Prince Rupert while the fleet was at Kinsale during the Civil Wars, and it may be of interest to note that ancestors of the family were in command of vessels in the fleet against the Spanish Armada, a Southwell being in command of the *Elizabeth Jonas*.

Sir Robert Southwell was born on 31st December, 1635, and seems early to have been destined for a diplomatic career. He arrived in England in 1650, and passed through Queen's College, Oxford, and Lincoln's Inn, completing his education by a course of foreign travel. Shortly after his return to England, in 1661, he became acquainted with Sir William Petty. The acquaintance was further cemented by Petty's marriage with Southwell's cousin, Lady Fenton. In 1664 he was appointed one of the clerks to the Privy Council, and in the following year knighted by Charles II., the same year receiving the appointment of deputy vice-admiral of the province of Munster, succeeding to the vice-admiralty itself on the death of his father twelve years later. Meanwhile, in 1665, he was appointed envoy to the Court of Portugal, with the

object of effecting a peace between that country and Spain, payment being made to him of £1000 for secret service.

He took part in the *coup d'état* that ended in the deposition of Alphonso VI., and satisfactorily concluded his mission by the peace of Lisbon on 13th February, 1668, but not without exciting the jealousy of the Earl of Sandwich, who held the post of ambassador extraordinary to the Court of Spain, and desired to have the entire credit of the treaty. Pepys says: "If my lord can compass a peace between Spain and Portugall, and hath the doing of it and the honour himself, it will be a thing of more honour than ever any man had." Sandwich and his friends considered that his lordship met with "unmannerly usage" at the hands of this "forward young man," Southwell.

Later in the year he was again appointed envoy extraordinary to Portugal, for the double purpose of attending the embarkation of the English auxiliary forces returning to England, and concluding a treaty of commerce with Portugal.

In 1671 he was appointed a chief commissioner of excise, with a salary of £500, and in September of the same year he was appointed envoy extraordinary to Brussels. A warrant was issued to pay him £4 per diem and £300 for his equipage, and having received his instructions, he set out from London on 31st October. On his return in the year following he refrained personally from meddling in the political intrigues of the time, though from his correspondence it would seem his sympathies inclined to Sir William Temple's view of the situation, deploring Charles's conduct in the matter of the declaration of indulgence. He was Member of Parliament for Penryn in 1673, and for Lostwithiel in 1685. In 1677 the University of Oxford conferred the degree of D.C.L. on him, and two years later he purchased the manor of King's

Weston. Here, in 1690, he entertained King William III., on the King's return from his campaign in Ireland, in which the historic "Battle of the Boyne" was not the least of the engagements in which he had borne a part.

Whatever doubt there was of the loyal and patriotic conduct elsewhere, there was none as to his reception on his journey from Bristol to London, after his stormy passage of twenty-four hours across the Irish Sea, Sept. 6, 1690. At King's Weston he was received with every mark of respect and loyal hospitality.

Macaulay says it was remarked that William on his progress to London only honoured such of the great Lords that were Tories. He was entertained one day at Badminton by the Duke of Beaufort, and on a subsequent day by the Duke of Somerset at his seat near Marlborough.

In 1680 Southwell was sent as envoy extraordinary to the Elector of Brandenburg, in pursuance of a plan of creating a defensive alliance against France. On returning again to this country, perceiving that a reaction was setting in against the Whigs, he retired to his seat at King's Weston.

In 1682 he founded and endowed an almshouse for eight helpless men and women on his estate at Kinsale, being led, as he says himself, to this act of charity by a lively remembrance of the suffering he had undergone during his travels abroad "for want of such conveniences," being in his youth of a sickly and delicate nature. He continued to live at King's Weston till the accession of William III., amusing himself with his garden, and profiting by the horticultural knowledge of his friend John Evelyn.

At the Revolution he was made a commissioner for managing the customs.

He accompanied William to Ireland, and was by him appointed principal Secretary of State for that kingdom, holding the office till his death.

Shortly after his appointment Swift unsuccessfully solicited the post of amanuensis to him.

In 1690 he was elected President of the Royal Society, and held that office for five successive years. His portrait, painted by Sir Geoffrey Kneller, is one of the valued possessions of the Royal Society. This portrait was engraved by J. Smith in 1704, and the portrait accompanying this article is from one of Smith's rare prints in the possession of the Hon. Maud Russell, to whom the writer is indebted for kind permission to reproduce it, as well as for many of the personal details in this article.

He married, 26th January, 1664, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Edward Dering, of Kent, and, according to Pepys, she was "a very pretty woman."

Evelyn describes Southwell as "a sober, wise, and virtuous gentleman." He was also a man of some literary acquirements, and began a life of James, first Duke of Ormonde, but his age and infirmities prevented him from finishing it. Apart from his official and private correspondence, there is much of historic value in his "Reflections on the Irish Rebellion"; "Remarks on Mazarin's Negociations for the Treaty of the Pyrenees"; and "Rights and Jurisdiction of the Lord High Admiral of England asserted in Ireland, laid before the Admiralty by Sir Robert Southwell, Vice-Admiral of Munster, 1693."

Southwell died at King's Weston on 11th September, 1702, and was buried at Henbury Church, beside his wife (who predeceased him, on 13th January 1681-82), under a monument with an elaborate inscription.

SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL AND KING'S WESTON—PART II

SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL, on his death in 1702, left his estates to his son, Edward Southwell, who was born in London on 4th September, 1671. Edward Southwell was carefully educated at home under the personal supervision of his father, assisted by the advice of Sir William Petty. "I say cram into him some Lattin, some mathematicks, some drawing, and some law . . . and then let nature work," said Petty. In due course he entered Merton College, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner, under the tuition of Sir Thomas Lane. He subsequently spent some time in travelling, and in 1693 was sworn as extraordinary clerk to the Privy Council; while from 15th August, 1695, jointly with two others, he held the office of chief prothonotary of the common pleas of Ireland. Of his visit to Holland, in 1696, he has left an interesting account. He was admitted a full clerk to the Council in 1699, and in the same year succeeded his father as vice-admiral of Munster, and as Secretary of State for Ireland on 27th June, 1702.

In 1701 he was appointed joint commissioner of the Privy Seal; in 1707 he was returned Member of Parliament for Rye, and in the same year was constituted clerk to the Privy Council of Great Britain. A little while later he was sitting as Member of Parliament for Tregony; and in November, 1713, he was returned for Preston. He was at the same time member for Kinsale in the Irish Parliament, which seat he retained till his death. In 1713 he engaged

the services of Sir John Vanbrugh to rebuild for him King's Weston. It was formerly, as shown in Kip's old view, reproduced with this article, a gabled house, but Vanbrugh produced for him one of the best specimens in the country of that characteristic style which was peculiar to this eminent architect.

Southwell was continued in all his offices by George I., and in October, 1714, was sworn of the Privy Council of Ireland. In the following year he succeeded to the offices of clerk to the Crown and prothonotary of the King's Bench, and he was again made joint commissioner of the Privy Seal, in consequence of the death of Lord Wharton.

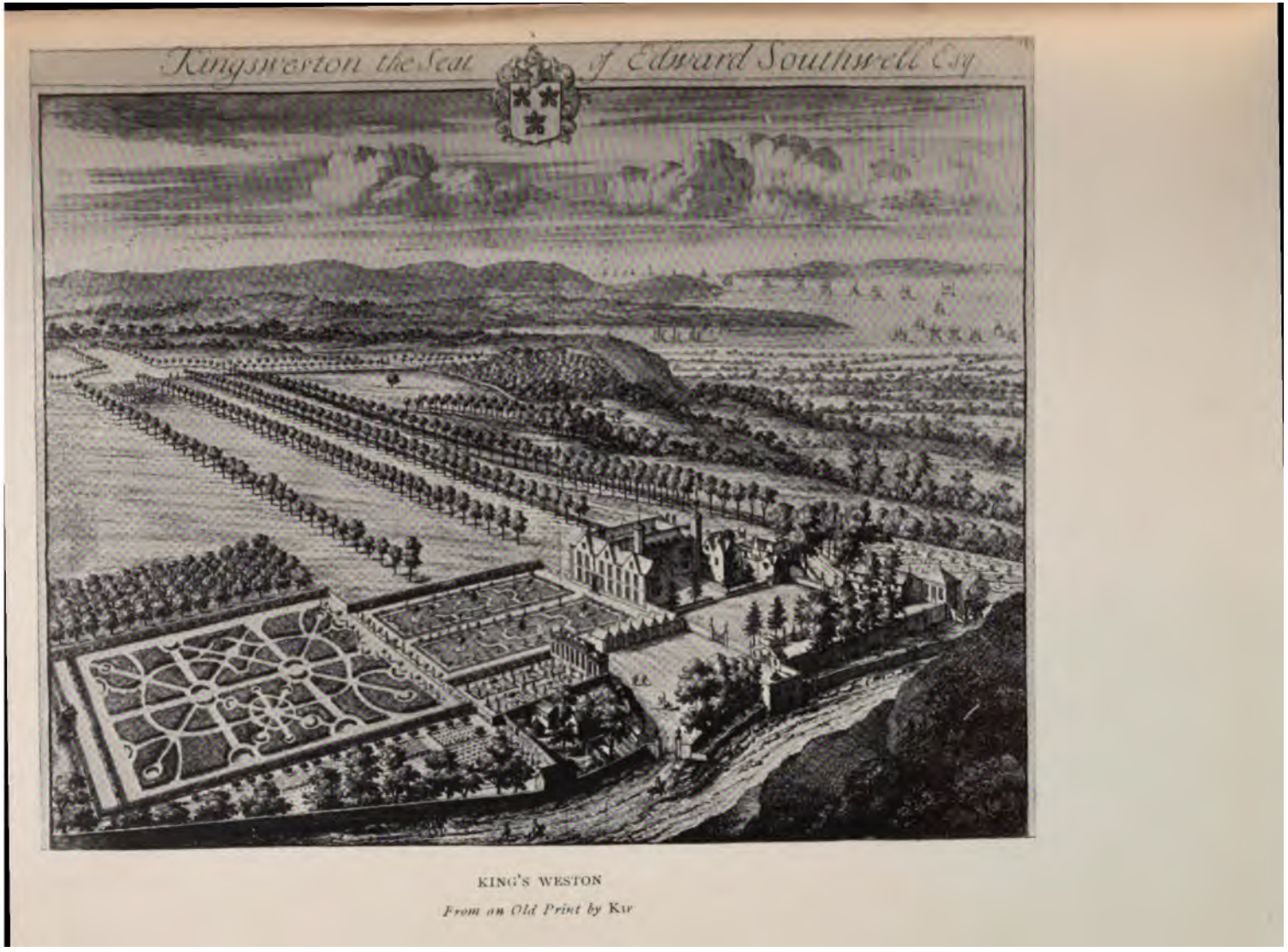
As Secretary of State he received an augmentation to his salary of £300 a year, and as well the grant of that office for life to him and his son Edward.

On George II.'s accession he was again confirmed in all his offices, but died three years later, on December 4, 1730, having accumulated considerable wealth, and added to his property in Ireland by the acquisition of certain lands in Co. Down, where he or his son Edward founded an important charity for the poor children on his estate.

He was buried in the family vault in the little church at Henbury, Gloucestershire, as are all the Southwells of King's Weston, from Sir Robert to Edward Southwell, Lord de Clifford, who died in 1832; and in the church are to be seen many interesting tablets to their memory.

Southwell married first the Lady Elizabeth Cromwell, "an heiress of £2000 a year," daughter of Vere-Essex, Earl of Ardglas. But this lady died in 1709, and he married secondly, in August, 1717, Anne, daughter of William Blathwayt, of Dyrham. Edward Southwell's portrait, painted by Kneller in 1708, was engraved by J. Smith in 1709.

Swift's "Letters and Journals to Stella" contain many



KING'S WESTON

From an Old Print by Kip

references to "Ned" Southwell. The valuable Southwell manuscripts, comprising important official as well as private documents, have now, for the most part, found a secure resting-place in the British Museum.

Edward Southwell left one son, by his first wife, and he was also called Edward. He succeeded his father as principal Secretary of State for Ireland, and vice-admiral of Munster. He married Katherine Watson, daughter of Viscount Sondes, who was son of Lewis, Earl of Rockingham, by Lady Catherine Tufton, daughter of the Earl of Thanet. This Edward Southwell and his wife placed the pictures of their ancestors in the hall at King's Weston, where they still remain. He served in three successive parliaments for the city of Bristol, and dying in 1755, was succeeded by his son Edward, Lord de Clifford, in 1776. This ancient title (the first Lord de Clifford died in 1282) came to him through his mother, Katherine Watson, her mother, daughter of the Earl of Thanet, and the great grand-daughter consequently of Anne Clifford (daughter of George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland), Baroness de Clifford in her own right, and Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery.

Edward Southwell, 20th Baron de Clifford, married Sophia Campbell. This lady was governess to Princess Charlotte. Lord de Clifford died in 1777, and she survived him till 1828. He was succeeded by his son, Edward Southwell (born 1767), who married Lady Mary Bourke, daughter of Joseph Bourke, Earl of Mayo, Archbishop of Tuam.

This Lord de Clifford had no children, and at his death, in 1832, the title passed to his niece Sophia (daughter of his sister Katherine and Colonel George Coussmaker), who married John Russell, Esq., Commander R.N. She became Baroness de Clifford in her own right, and the title still remains in her family.

King's Weston was sold to Mr. Miles, of Bristol, in 1832, and his descendants still inhabit it.

It is, as already described, one of Vanbrugh's best designs, and stands in a situation almost unequalled for beauty and grandeur.

He had been employed by the Earl of Carlisle to design one of the noblest mansions in England, Castle Howard, and the fame of his Castle Howard procured for him the building of Blenheim; he was also employed by the Earl of Manchester at Kimbolton; Sir Godfrey Kneller at Whitton Hall; the Earl of Clare at Esher, "where nature borrows from Vanbrugh's art," and he was extensively patronised by other wealthy clients in various parts of the country. He planned the extensive gardens at Stowe, where a pyramid, sixty feet high, was erected in his honour; and for the Duke of Ancaster he built Grimsthorpe, "the biggest entrance-hall in the kingdom."

It has been said that Vanbrugh's peculiar style was ill adapted to buildings less than the largest palaces, yet from 1706 onwards, though preoccupied with Blenheim, he was also engaged in designing a number of lesser houses. However small the commission, his endeavour was the same, namely, to convey the idea of the majesty of stupendous size.

Garth compared the architect to Apollo, or rather Amphion, at the touch of whose lyre "stones mount in columns, palaces aspire."

There is no architecture which excels that of Vanbrugh in the poetic effect and richness of its combinations. It is true he had departed wholly from the severity of Grecian models, but so had the great Italian artists, and likewise Wren, whom no one yet accused of want of classic taste.

He has avoided the rank above rank of columns, so common in the works of Jones and Wren, and, with a more poetic eye than either, has grouped his building,

with all its cupolas, pediments, pavilions, clustered chimneys and statues, in a way at once original and harmonious. The building of Blenheim was an undertaking disgraceful in the upshot to the nation and ruinous to the purse and peace of Vanbrugh. The mansion for which the Parliament lost all the honour it had to lose, the poor masons and carpenters two-thirds of their wages, and its ingenious architect the whole of his salary, is, however, worthy of the great name to whose glory it was raised.

Vanbrugh will ever be honoured as the only great original architect of the reign of Queen Anne and George I.

King's Weston is a striking monument of the architect's taste. In this building, parts, which architects generally wish to hide, are made peculiarly ornamental, for the chimneys, rising boldly from the centre of the house, form a square arcade at the top, and give to the whole a light and pleasing appearance. It is three storeys high, and delightfully situated.

At Penpole Point, as we rest on the pedestal of the remains of an ancient sundial, almost within the grounds of the park, at an elevation of about 200 feet, a magnificent view is obtained across the Severn to the Monmouthshire hills beyond Newport and up to the mouth of the Wye and Windcliff. Just below is the village of Shirehampton, and across the river is seen Pill; while further down the river, on the left, is Portishead, and on the right bank of the river the ever-extending panorama of life and industry to be found at Avonmouth, with the shipping in the King's Road beyond. This view alone, and the breeze obtainable at this point, are fully worth the visit to the neighbourhood.

In the neighbourhood of Penpole Point is shown the rocky seat on which the Giant Gorham slept whilst his rival Giant Vincent rent the rocks for the Avon to pass into the sea.

But to return to the mansion of King's Weston. In the hall are to be seen upwards of thirty paintings as they were placed by Edward Southwell and his wife, Katherine Watson. On one side of the hall are Southwell pictures, among others Sir Robert and his wife, Robert Southwell, "of Kinsale," and his wife Helena Gore, and Edward Southwell and Lady Elizabeth Cromwell. In the middle is a full-length portrait of Edward Southwell (died 1755) by Ramsay. Opposite him, at the other end of the hall, is his wife Katherine Watson, by the same artist. Her family are all on this wall. Lewis, Earl of Rockingham (her brother), his wife, afterwards Lady Guildford, her father and mother, Viscount and Viscountess Sondes, and her aunt, Lady Leicester (Baroness de Clifford in her own right). Over her head is a picture of her son, Edward Southwell (20th Lord de Clifford), as a child. Opposite the hall door are whole-length portraits of three Earls of Ardglas, Wingfield Cromwell, Thomas Cromwell, and Vere-Essex Cromwell, all by Sir Peter Lely, and with these whole-lengths are portraits, also by Lely, of Heneage, First Earl of Nottingham, and William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, both connected by marriage with Sir Robert Southwell. All these pictures are fixtures, being placed architecturally on the walls of the hall, which accounts for their having been left there when the place was sold in 1832.

Standing and gazing at these counterfeit presentments, we see in imagination walking through the hall :—

> "First, Sir Knight in ruff and doublet,
> Arm in arm with stately dame;
> Then the Cavaliers indignant
> For their Monarch brought to shame.
> Languid beauties limn'd by Lely,
> Full-wigg'd Justice of Queen Anne,
> Tory squires who tippled freely,
> And the modern gentleman.

"Here they lived, and here they greeted,—
Maids and matrons, sons and sires;
Wandered in its walks or seated
Round its hospitable fires.
Oft their silken dresses floated,
Gleaming through the pleasure-ground;
Oft dash'd by the scarlet-coated
Hunter, horse, and dappled hound."

As if carrying out the spirit of Vanbrugh's intention in designing this edifice, in the grounds, nature and art are tempted to blend in such a way as is seldom to be seen in such places. Flowers are invited to root themselves in the crevices of the steps that approach the house, and this idea is borne out in many and various ways in the grounds, both in the mode of treatment of plants and flowers in boxes, walls, the rectangular pond garden, and in various other directions. The "Water Garden" is a picture of plant life; and the "Garden House" and "Square Garden" have all their points of attraction and interest. The picturesque "Echo Walk" is credited with the possession of an echo that repeats eight or ten times.

King's Weston and its surroundings is truly a place of more than "local interest."

ROBERT SOUTHEY, THE POET, AT BATH AND CORSTON—PART I

IN the Parish Register of the quaint little Somerset town of Wellington, towards the end of the seventeenth century, are found the first authentic notices of the Southeys. Family tradition asserted that a certain Robert Southey, who married a niece or second cousin of John Locke, was involved in the Monmouth Rebellion, and narrowly escaped the tender mercies of the "Bloody Assize." But there is always some heroic legend of this character floating in the memories of families that have become illustrious.

As far as the poet could trace the family, they were originally settled at Wellington, where the "heads" appear to have been small farmers or substantial yeomen.

The father of Robert Southey was a linen draper at Bristol, where the poet was born on the 12th August, 1774. The house is still standing in Wine Street, and has not undergone much alteration, except that what was formerly one house is now divided into two.

The maternal grandmother of the poet married twice, and thus connected him with two honourable families. Her first husband, Mr. Tyler, claimed a remote lineage, and was possessed of a country seat in Hertfordshire. At his decease the widow, who was left with three sons and a daughter, married Mr. Hill, himself a widower and father of two children.

The infancy of the future poet was entrusted to the care of a foster-mother, who had from childhood been employed as a servant in the family.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

Though treated with kindness by her, it seems that even as early as the second year of his age, he was painfully affected by the dismal nursery tales told him.

It is argued that, partly from this reason, sensibility became a prominent feature in his character, and made him acutely alive not only to his own sorrows, but to the distress and privations of others.

At a very early age Southey was sent to a neighbouring dame school, where for a period of three years his juvenile studies were directed by a Mrs. Powell, who was old and grim, and to whose "ugly eyes" Southey took an unconquerable objection.

Southey's mother was a woman of a meek and gentle disposition, and unfortunately under the subjection of her maiden half-sister, Miss Elizabeth Tyler, the daughter of Grandmother Hill by her first marriage.

Miss Tyler was a person of very eccentric manners and imperious spirit, and resided at Bath. She was an elder sister by many years; she had property of her own; she passed for a person of fashion, and was still held to be a beauty; above all, she had the advantage of a temper so capricious and violent that to quarrel with her at all might be to lose her sisterly regard for ever.

And so it came to pass, as a part of her imperious kindness to her struggling meek sister, she decided to adopt or half adopt the boy. To her management the domestic education of Southey was entrusted, and in every respect no one could have been less fitted for the task. She had most precise and rigid rules on the subject of training. In the arrangement of her household there was conspicuous the same order, stiffness, and regularity. Not a chair, not a book, not a pin was suffered to be out of its place; her abhorrence of dust amounted to a mania; noise was a distraction; and being piously observant of the formalities of

religion, she studiously prohibited from her youthful *protégé* anything that might stimulate the buoyancy of his spirits.

His aunt lived in a house in Chatham Row, Walcot, now called Southey House, and of late years in the occupation of Messrs. Hayward and Wooster. In Southey's time it was unencumbered with many of its present surroundings, and although the main building still stands, its identity is almost lost with its many modern commercial attachments.

It then stood alone, in a walled garden, and the entrance was from a lane. The situation was thought to be a bad one, because of the approach, and because the nearest houses were of a mean description; in other respects it was a very desirable residence. The house had been quite in the country when it had been built. One of its fronts looked into the garden, the other into a lower garden and over other garden grounds to the river; below in the distance were the Bathwick fields, now covered with streets, Claverton Hill beyond, with a grove of firs along its brow, and Sham Castle in the long line of view.

Wistfully would Southey gaze on the panorama as seen from his aunt's garden—a view that included that mysterious castle, unfortunately nearly two miles away, and therefore beyond the climbing powers of a refined gentlewoman.

Southey had to content himself with what he could find to interest him within the confines of the garden wall. There was certainly a rural freshness about the place. The dead wall of a dwelling-house, the front of which was in Walcot Street, formed one side of the garden enclosure, and was covered with fine fruit-trees; the way from the garden door to the house was between that long house wall and a row of espaliers, behind which was a grass plot, interspersed with standard trees and flower-beds, and having one of those green rotatory

garden-seats, shaped like a tub, where the contemplative person within might, like Diogenes, be as much in the sun as he wished. There was a descent by a few steps to another garden, which was chiefly filled with fragrant herbs, and with a long bed of lilies of the valley. Ground rent had been of little value when the house was built. The kitchen looked into the garden, and opened into it; and near the kitchen door was a pipe, supplied from one of the fine springs with which the country around Bath abounds, and beneath the pipe a little stone cistern. The parlour door also opened into the garden; it was bowered with jessamine, and there the future poet often took his seat upon the stone steps.

His aunt, who had an unlucky taste for such things, re-arranged the house at a much greater cost than she could afford. She threw two small rooms into one, and thus made a good parlour, and built a drawing-room over the kitchen. On the walls of the drawing-room hung her own portrait, painted by Gainsborough, with a curtain to preserve the frame from flies and the colours from the sun; and in the same room stood a beautiful inlaid cabinet of ebony, while in the parlour was placed her favourite arm-chair, in fine cherry wood, and here was to be seen a mezzotint print of Pope's "Eloisa," in an oval black frame, especially prized because of its supposed likeness to herself; other mezzotints after Angelica Kauffmann, and the various old-maid hoard of odds and ends. The household consisted, besides Miss Tyler and young Southey, of the maid-servant saved from the toils of matrimony, and the old man-servant, harmless as one of the crickets which he used every night to feed. He died at Bath in her service.

In no other city than Bath could a gentlewoman like Aunt Tyler better preserve health and good looks, or enjoy so much society of distinction on easy but not too ample means. It was possessed of a theatre, and Miss Tyler was a patron of the histrionic art.

During her travels abroad at Lisbon, just prior to her settling in Bath, she had met with Miss Palmer, sister of John Palmer, who planned the mail-coach system, and who was lessee of the Bath Theatre. The acquaintance was renewed at Bath, and the intimacy with the Palmer family, who were then living at No. 1, Galloway's Buildings, was such that having the privilege of *entrée* to the Bath Theatre, Miss Tyler lost no opportunity of being present at the representations—and not infrequently at the rehearsals—of new and familiar plays.

Southey's home life just now was varied by a variety of juvenile ailments, for which he had the medical attention of Dr. Schomberg, of Princes Buildings. During his convalescent stage his aunt had invented for him the pretty recreation of pricking playbills; all capital letters were to be illuminated with pin-holes! It was not a boisterous nor an ungenteel sport. His indoor life was more or less a life of torture. No allowance was made for the difference of feeling existing in the heart of a child and the sobriety of age. Here, in his chair, when in his aunt's presence, he had to maintain an immovable upright position. If he ventured forth into the walled garden, or indulged in the semblance of play, his clothes were to be kept unsoiled and unruffled; and to fill up the measure of his troubles and his aunt's indiscretions, he was kept up to a late hour of the night, and only retired with her to rest. The poet in after life could trace with certainty the rise and direction of his poetical pursuits as growing out from his aunt's intimacy with the Palmers of Bath. The extreme youth of Southey did not prevent his accompanying his aunt on her visits to the home of the Palmers at Galloway's Buildings, or to the Theatre in Orchard Street. The constant exhibition of the same pieces tended greatly to familiarise him with the scenes, plots, and *dramatis*

personæ of the most popular dramas of Shakespeare, Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher; whilst it awakened within him a thirst after distinction and an early energy of fancy and power of composition. Whilst his aunt looked upon his accompanying her to the theatre from the point that the morals of the play would be beyond his comprehension, yet still the phraseology of the theatre became ready upon his tongue. So much so was this the case, that on one special occasion he incurred the indignant censure of his aunt by observing, before some friends as they were returning from chapel, that there had been a "full house" that morning.

The happiest periods of his life were when, all other juveniles being fast asleep, he was sitting beside his aunt in a front row of the best part of the theatre; when the yawning fits had passed, he was as open-eyed as the oldest, and stared on, filling his soul with the spectacle till the curtain fell. He followed the performance with the keen interest of a reality, so much so that on the performance of "The Critic," hearing that Sir Walter Raleigh's head was to be cut off, he hid his own, and could not be persuaded to look up until he was assured the dreaded scene was over.

At six years of age his aunt permitted him to be "breeched," though he was then tall for his age. When at last he changed his dress, it was for coat, waistcoat, and breeches of foresters' green. At that time there was no intermediate form of apparel in use. He was now sent as a day scholar to a school on the top of St. Michael's, or Mile Hill, which was then esteemed the best in Bristol, kept by a Mr. Foot, who had sound traditional views as to the uses of the cane.

Twelve months later Foot died, and Southey was transferred to a school at Corston, of which more anon.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, THE POET, AT BATH AND CORSTON—PART II

UNFORTUNATELY for Southey, his father, for some reason best known to himself, on Foot's death, had him removed to a school that was then in existence at Corston, about nine miles from Bristol, and about three from Bath. The school was kept by one Thomas Flower, in the old Manor House, now known as Corston Manor Farm. It is situated about a mile beyond the car terminus at the Globe Inn, Newton St. Loe, by way of Corston Church, and the old elm or "Hanging Tree," which fable describes as one of Judge Jeffreys' favourite hanging places for some of his victims. Passing this spot, we take the first turning to the left, and a walk down a lane of about one hundred and fifty yards brings us to Southey's old school.

The stage was to drop him at the old Globe Inn, and his father was to accompany him on horseback, and consign him to the care of his new master.

When the time for his departure from home drew nigh, his mother, generally of a happy disposition, was found by the departing boy weeping in her chamber, the first tears he had ever seen her shed. With a strong and painful effort, he subdued his own emotions, —in his own words—

> "The first grief I felt,
> And the first painful smile that clothed my front
> With feelings not its own."

Southey's first night in the decayed old mansion at Corston was a melancholy one. The old house

CORSTON MANOR FARM

From an Old Print

had once known better days, surrounded by gardens, orchards, paddocks, with high walls, summer-houses, and gate-pillars with great stone balls; but now everything was more or less in dilapidation. He felt how mournful all this was in its fallen state, when the great walled garden was converted into a playground for the boys, the gate-ways broken, the summer-houses falling into ruin, and grass growing in the interstices of the lozenged pavement of the fore-court.

His entry to such surroundings, and the sad parting with his father, is admirably expressed in his own verse—

> "Methinks even now the interview I see,—
> The mistress's glad smile, the master's glee;
> Much of my future happiness they said,
> Much of the easy life the scholars led,
> Of spacious play-ground and of wholesome air,
> The best instruction and the tenderest care;
> And when I followed to the garden-door
> My father, till through tears I saw no more, . . .
> How civilly they sooth'd my parting pain,
> And never did they speak so civilly again."

The boy's first night at school was overcast with recollections of the home partings, and his dismal surroundings. Even the black oaken staircase from the hall, and the schoolroom hung with faded tapestry, which ill disguised the surrounding bleakness, helped the picture—

> "Sadly at night
> I sat me down beside a stranger's hearth;
> And when the lingering hour of rest was come,
> First wet with tears my pillow."

Here one year of his life was passed with little profit, and with a good deal of suffering. Thomas Flower, the master, was a remarkable man, worthy of a better station in life, but utterly unfit for that in which he was placed. His whole delight was in

mathematics and astronomy, and he had constructed an orrery upon so large a scale that it filled a room.

In such pleasures the old man found solace perhaps from the memory of happier days, from the troubles of a broken fortune, or from the vexation of the drunken maid-servant who was now his wife. It must have been a misery for such a man to teach a set of stupid boys, year after year, the rudiments of arithmetic, and a misery he seemed to feel it. "When he came to his desk, even there he was thinking of the stars, and looked as if he were out of humour, not from ill-nature, but because his calculations were interrupted." But the work of the school, such as it was, fell for the most part to his son Charley, who was always called by that familiar name.

Writing and arithmetic were all they professed to teach; but twice in the week a Frenchman came from Bristol to instruct in Latin the small number of boys who learnt it, of whom Southey was one.

Both father and son were masters in that ornamental penmanship once so much admired by our ancestors. They could adorn the heading of a rule in arithmetic in a cyphering-book, or the bottom of a page, not merely with common flourishing, but with an angel, a serpent, a fish, or a pen, formed with an ease and freedom of hand which was to Southey a great object of admiration, but of which he was too young to acquire the art.

What with Mrs. Flower's deep interest in her bottle, and poor Thomas Flower's equally attached interest in his planets, it can be well supposed the household arrangements at Corston were not of the most perfect kind. The morning ablutions of the pupils, to the entire saving of all materials, were performed in the brook, not more than ankle deep, that ran through the courtyard in which they played. In the autumn the brook grew deeper and more swift,

and after a gale it would bring within bounds a tribute of floating apples from the neighbouring orchard. Their breakfast consisted of porridge in winter, and of bread and milk in summer. One day in the week bread and cheese served them for dinner, and when bed-time arrived they had the same for supper. One of the servants had the privilege of selling gingerbread and such things, and conducted a brisk business. One of the satisfactory pleasures the scholars had, and in which Southey shared, was that of raising salads for their supper meals in little portions of ground into which what had been in better times the flower-border of the great pleasure-garden was divided; these portions were their own property, and transferable by purchase. Here they raised mustard and cress, radishes and lettuce. Old Flower had an extensive orchard of his own, and employed the boys to gather in the fruit, and a certain license to eat was given on such an occasion, but the indulgence went, as a rule, beyond this point, the pocketings going to provide a stored reserve in boxes, which invariably had later to undergo the mortification of a search, when the plunder would be recovered again.

Then, again, a much enjoyed employment was that when they "squailed at the bannets," which, interpreted, meant pelting at the master's walnut trees. Southey was too small then to bear his part in the battery, but for many days afterwards had the gleaning among the leaves and broken twigs with which the ground was covered, inhaling the penetrating fragrance which ever after called up a vision of the brook, the hillside, and its trees.

One very odd amusement, which seems to have been the special invention of the school-boys of Corston, was that of "conquering" with snail-shells. It was performed by pressing the snail-shells, not tenantless, against each other, point to point, until one was broken

in, or sometimes both. The shell that remained unhurt, acquired esteem and value in proportion to the number over which it had triumphed, an accurate account being kept. A great conqueror was prodigiously prized and coveted; so much so indeed, that two of its description would seldom have been brought to contest the palm, if both possessors had not been goaded to it by reproaches and taunts. The victor had the number of its opponents added to its own, so that when one conqueror of fifty conquered another with an equal number of victories to its credit, it became the conqueror of one hundred and one.

One who had slain his hundreds might rank with Rodney, to see whom the boys had marched down to the Globe Inn, and for whom they gave three cheers and waved their Sunday cocked hats as he passed by. The naval veteran had been staying in Bath for the benefit of his health, and during his stay in the city had been invited by the Corporation of Bristol to a public dinner, and going hence he had been cheered on his way by the enthusiastic school-boys from Corston. The cheers were acknowledged with great good-humour from the carriage window. Such excursions from school gave the opportunity to find in Newton churchyard, or elsewhere, fresh conquerors for future engagements.

So life at Corston had a certain number of pleasures among its numerous discomforts.

Chief among the miseries in winter was the Sunday evenings, on which occasion the master read a sermon, or a portion of Stackhouse's "History of the Bible," to the assembled pupils in the hall. Here Southey sat at the end of a long form, in sight but not within feeling of the fire, his feet cold, and eyelids heavy as lead, and yet not daring to close them, kept awake by fear alone, in total inaction, and under the operation of a lecture more soporific than the strongest sleeping draught.

While the boys' spiritual welfare was thus provided for, there was a sad lack of attention to matters not spiritual; and rumours of infection getting about hastened the downfall of the school. One night scandalous words of mutual reproach between father and son were heard: each accused the other for that neglect the consequences of which were now becoming apparent. The dispute was renewed with greater violence after the boys were in bed. The next morning the master was not to be seen, Charley appeared with a black eye, and it was known that father and son had come to blows. So ended the period of Southey's life at Corston.

Southey, aged eight, was, to his great joy, taken home to Bristol. But on his arrival at home he was treated as a suspected person, and underwent "a three days' purgatory in brimstone."

Southey's recollections of Corston are told in his poem of "The Retrospect," composed on revisiting the scene of his school-boy days:—

" . . . be it mine, aloof from public strife,
To mark the changes of domestic life;
The alter'd scenes where once I bore a part,
Where every change of fortune strikes the heart.

. . . . . .

There, where my little hands were wont to rear
With pride the earliest salad of the year;
Where never idle weed to spring was seen,
Rank thorns and nettles rear'd their heads obscene.
Still all around and sad, I saw no more
The playful group, nor heard the playful roar;
There echoed round no shout of mirth and glee,
It seem'd as though the world were changed like me!"

MISS ELIZABETH TYLER, OF BATH.

IN treating of Robert Southey and his boy life at Bath and Corston, his aunt, Miss Elizabeth Tyler, of necessity found a prominent place; but as there is an interesting personality about the lady beyond her relationship to the poet, in the writer's opinion she deserves an article all to herself.

Miss Tyler was the daughter of Dr. Tyler, Rector of Shobdon, Hereford. Southey, in referring to her portrait by Gainsborough, and to her personal characteristics, has said, "She was remarkably beautiful, as far as any face can be called beautiful in which the indications of a violent temper are strongly marked." No such indications are apparent in Robinson's admirable engraving from Gainsborough's portrait, of which engraving we give, with this article, a reproduction.

In the painting itself, described by a Gainsborough critic as "a gem," she is represented in half length, seated, wearing a pink dress with low bodice, with red curtain behind. The canvas measures 29 by 24 inches, and is now in the possession of Lord Iveagh. It was painted for Viscount Bateman, in 1775, and exhibited by the present Lord Bateman, of Shobdon Court, at the Royal Academy in 1881, and at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1885; it was also on exhibition at Paris in 1900. At Christie's Auction Rooms, on 27th May, 1882, it was put up for sale by the then owner, Lord Bateman, but was bought in for £693, 10s. It was, however, sold privately to Lord Iveagh.

Miss Tyler had given up her house in Walcot before Southey went to Corston, and when he visited her

MISS ELIZABETH TYLER

After the Painting by GAINSBOROUGH

from school, she was a guest with Miss Palmer and her sister, Mrs. Bartlett, whose property was vested in the Bath and Bristol Theatres. They were residing then at No. 1, Galloway's Buildings, now known as North Parade Buildings.

Miss Palmer's residence was within easy access of the Theatre in Orchard Street. The house party never missed a night's performance, and young Southey was rarely left at home when visiting his aunt. Better acting, indeed, could nowhere be found than at the Bath Theatre. During Miss Tyler's stay with Miss Palmer, Mrs. Siddons was the heroine, Dimond and Murray would have done credit to any stage, and among the comic actors were Edwin and Blanchard, as well as "Blisset of Bath," who, though never known to a London audience, was, of all comic actors whom Southey had ever seen, the most perfect.

Miss Tyler, who hoarded up everything except money, preserved the play-bills, and had a collection of them that Genest might have envied. She was considered as an amateur and patroness of the stage, and was well acquainted with Henderson, who left Bath just as Southey's play-going days began.

Jack Edwin gave young Southey an ivory windmill when he was about four years old; and there was no family with which Miss Tyler was more intimate than Dimond's.

She was thrown also into the company of dramatic writers at Mr. Palmer's, who resided then at Westhall House, Park Lane. Here she became acquainted with Coleman and Sheridan, and Cumberland and Holcroft. Sophia Lee was Mrs. Palmer's most intimate friend, and was then in high reputation for the first volume of "The Recess," and for "The Chapter of Accidents." Miss Tyler's talk was, in consequence, principally of actors and authors, and Southey's first dreams of literary fame accordingly were connected with the drama. "It

is the easiest thing in the world to write a play," said he to Miss Palmer on one occasion. "Is it, my dear?" was her reply. "Yes," he continued, "for, you know, you have only to think what you would say if you were in the place of the characters, and to make them say it." With such a canon of dramatic authorship to guide him, Southey began a play on the continence of Scipio, introducing a number of battle scenes; but an act and a half was sufficient to exhaust his perseverance. This and another story he had planned to suit the actors on the Bath stage.

With her other accomplishments, Miss Tyler considered herself sufficiently gifted in the art of reading aloud to herself, to instruct her nephew in that art, probably after the manner of the most approved tragic queens. The grand style did not please William Williams, to whose school Southey was sent as a day boarder after the disruption at Corston.

"Who taught you to read?" he asked scornfully. "My aunt," answered Southey. "Then give my compliments to your aunt, and tell her my old horse, that has been dead these twenty years, could have taught you as well,"—a message which Southey, with the appalling frankness of youth, delivered, and which was never forgotten.

During Southey's stay at Corston his grandmother died, and the Bedminster house, after a brief occupation by Miss Tyler, was sold.

Bristol society was not acceptable to Miss Tyler—she spoke of it with a disdainful sniff; she preferred to wander from one genteel watering-place to another. During one of Southey's summer holidays he visited his aunt at Weymouth. This was an epoch-making event in his life. Another early delight was when he obtained a copy of Hoole's translation of Tasso, and Bull's Circulating Library, at Bath, supplied him with

his now quickening demands for Ariosto, Spenser, and the dramatic poets.

When at last Miss Tyler had lived among her friends as long as it was convenient for them to entertain her, and longer in lodgings than was convenient to herself, she began to think of looking out for, and ultimately found, a suburban nook at Bristol.

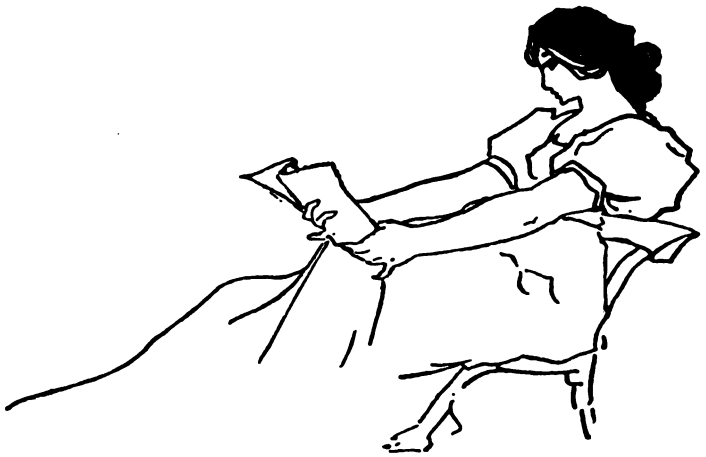
Her new abode, taken for the remaining portion of a long lease from a widow, Mrs. Wraxall, the mother of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, stood in an avenue leading from Maudlin Lane to Horfield Lane or Road, when all beyond was fields and gardens. The avenue marked in Barrett's plan as Red Coat Lane was later known as Terril Street.

It is not our intention to follow Miss Tyler and her nephew to Bristol, or to note the varying incidents of their after-life on their going hence from Bath. And if we add a word more to this narration, it is but to say that young Southey was now beginning to feel the sweets of reading, and the pleasantest of his school years were those which he passed at old Williams' school in that part of Bristol called the Fort, on the hill above St. Michael's Church, especially after Miss Tyler had taken up her abode at Terril Street. He then went home to dinner, and found much more satisfaction there in his own pursuits from twelve till two than in the contracted playground.

One day in February, 1788, a carriage which had been hired for the season rumbled out of Bristol, containing Miss Palmer, who had been persuaded to join from Bath, Miss Tyler and Robert Southey, now a tall, lank boy, with high-poised head, brown curling hair, bright hazel eyes, and an expression of ardour and energy about the lips. The ladies were on their way to London for some weeks' diversion, and Robert Southey was on his way to school at Westminster.

Here we will leave our party, with the remark that

though Miss Tyler does not appeal to us perhaps as an historic character, there is sufficient interest in her connection with Southey to warrant our having dilated upon the fact; that of the poet himself, and his after-life and poems, with their beautiful fancy, tender feeling and ofttimes deep devotion, being a matter of history, can very well be left to speak for itself. Of him Coleridge said, paraphrasing an ancient simile, "He was likest virtue, inasmuch as he seemed to act aright, not in obedience to any law or outward motive, but by the necessity of a happy nature, which could not act otherwise."



COLD ASHTON MANOR HOUSE

WITHIN six miles of the city of Bath stands perhaps one of the most interesting structures in the whole of the district covered in the radius of these articles. Cold Ashton and its old Manor House is but a reasonable walk or drive from Bath. For either purpose it can be approached by way of the Gloucester Road, and if a walk is intended, the distance is shortened a little by cutting through Larkhall and Upper Swainswick, thence unto the Gloucester Road. A walk of about three miles further will bring the pedestrian to a by-way on the right; following this pathway for about a mile, we arrive at Cold Ashton, whose clustering roofs had been already observed from the main road a mile away. The approach to Cold Ashton by way of the Gloucester Road is about one of the pleasantest walks in the neighbourhood. For a long way on the winding course up the hill can be followed the ever-deepening valley of Charlcombe and Lower Swainswick, with the widening fields and wooded clusters on the right of the valley, and immediately below the pedestrian's point of observation, while on the other side of the valley, on the topmost heights, can be traced Lansdown's summit and the battle grounds beyond.

Cold Ashton is a parish and village on the old London and Bristol Road, and its present quiet serenity gives no indication of the life and bustle that, in "the good old days" of coaching, used to mark the passing to and fro of the London and Bristol Mail or Post

Coach. The London travellers for Bristol, after calling at The Catherine Wheel, Marshfield, about two miles the other side of Cold Ashton, for that necessary refreshment, rest, and change for "man and beast," would come hence through Ashton, in the old slow coaches, with room for but six inside; or in later years in the much improved "fast coaches" and "flying machines," running twelve miles an hour, with four inside; or perhaps in the crawling, lumbering "stage-waggon," which carried merchandise and the poorer passengers, and which was considered to have travelled quickly if it rolled over four miles of road per hour. So our grandfathers and great-grandfathers would make their journeys west, past the old Manor House represented herewith, away over the long declivity of Tog Hill, avoiding the turnings to Bath, which would lie on their left, and thus, through Wick, Warmley, and St. George, would they reach their destination at Bristol.

Now let us for a moment dilate on what they would pass at Cold Ashton.

The Gloucestershire historian, Sir Robert Atkyns, gives the derivation of the name of the village as arising from the ash-trees growing in the neighbourhood; but this is not founded on fact. The place is not remarkable for that kind of tree, nor indeed is Ashton the proper name for it. The true and significant name is Easton or Aston. In Domesday Book it is written Escetone.

It was so called from its situation in the hundred of Pucklechurch, being the most easterly village in that hundred. The appellative Cold was given it on account of its exposed situation, and to distinguish it from Easton, near Bristol, and another Easton in the neighbourhood of Bath.

The district is blessed with a number of springs. Five of these, viz., Hameswell, Bridewell, Romewell, Clintonswell, and one rising in Monkswood, formerly,

COLD ASHTON MANOR HOUSE

From an Original Drawing by H. V. LANSDOWN

after uniting their forces, emptied themselves into the Avon; but at Monkswood there now exists a reservoir, built at an expense of about £40,000, which forms one of the chief supplies of water to the city of Bath.

In the Domesday Book we find that the Manor and other estates belonging thereto are described, under the head "Terra Eccle' de Bade," in these terms: "The same Church [*i.e.* the monks of Bath] holds Escetone, in Polcrecerce hundred. There are five hides, of which two are quit from geld, by the grant of King Edward and King William; but three are taxed. In demean is one plow-tillage, and three villeins, and three bordars, and one radchenister, having amongst them three plow tillages. There is one colibert, and a mill of fifty pence, and six acres of meadow. It is worth and was worth £4."

The Abbey of Bath, and its monks, continued to enjoy this manor until the Dissolution of the Monasteries. The surviving name of Monkswood may remind us of its original possessors as well as of the character of their local possessions in at least one particular. In the thirty-second year of Henry VIII.'s reign, this manor, with the manor of Tatwick, and several woods in Hameswell, Tatwick, and Cold Ashton, and advowson of the Church, were granted, after the dissolution of the Abbey of Bath, to Sir Walter Dennis, he to pay £760, 11s. 8d. for the same.

In 1564, or twenty-three years after the Dennis family had obtained possession, it passed, for the sum of £840, to William Pepwall, Alderman of the city of Bristol. His widow, Elizabeth Pepwall, by her will dated 10th June, 1591, leaving "£10 for the repayringe of the high wayes betweene Bristoll and Could Aisheton, and forty shillings to the repairing of the Church of Colde Aishton."

Legacies were also left to the "parson of Cold

Aishton" [John Tayler], and to the "Baylye of Coulde Aishton" [Thomas Gunning].

In the year 1629, John Pepwall, grandson of the Bristol alderman, sold the manors of Cold Ashton and Torner's Court to John Gunning, Senr., and John Gunning, Junr., both of Bristol.

The elder Gunning was Sheriff of Bristol in 1613, and Mayor in 1627–28, while the younger Gunning was also Sheriff in 1631 and Mayor for three-quarters of a year in 1645–46. He was again Mayor in 1654–55. His son Robert, afterwards Sir Robert, born in February, 1630, succeeded to the property. He died in October, 1679, leaving one son, Robert, who survived his father only two years. The property then passed to Sir Robert's two surviving sisters, Joane and Elizabeth. Elizabeth, who was born in June, 1691, married, in December 1658, Thomas Langton. This portion of the property, Cold Ashton Manor, has remained with that family, now represented by Earl Temple, to this day.

The Manor House, an almost perfect specimen of Jacobean architecture, is supposed to have been built by the Gunning family, and the Gunning coat-of-arms, which includes three cannons, or guns, placed barways, granted to the family in 1662, surmounts the quaintly-carved entrance-gate. It is considered more than probable that the house was built during the lifetime of Sir Robert Gunning.

The entrance-gate, flanked right and left with the original substantially-built wall, and the semi-circular flight of steps leading up to the door, give an early promise of the old-world picture to be seen within.

Passing through this gate, we face a building changed but little in general character from its original state. Where repair or renewal has been needed, care has been taken that its original appearance should not suffer, and if it were possible for the first occupants to

re-visit the scene, their dress and bearing would be still in harmony with the building and its surroundings.

Bishop Latimer, who at one time held a Wiltshire living, during which time he often preached at Bristol and in many churches in the district, is credited with having on more than one occasion occupied the pulpit at Cold Ashton. The old church, and the cemetery without, are full of ancient memorials to members of well-known families in the neighbourhood, those of the Gunning, Whittington, and Osborne families perhaps predominating.

The church dates from about 1500, when it was built by the then rector, Thomas Keys, who was also Dean of Durham.

The good man's name, or initials, are made, emblematically or otherwise, to contribute in many ways to the finish of the architectural decoration of the building. The interior of the church has an almost unique quaintness in appearance, and not the least striking feature in its quaintness is the "Latimer" pulpit, which is still in use.

Sir Bevil Grenville, mortally wounded at the Battle of Lansdown, on 5th July 1643, breathed his last at the Parsonage House close by.

The visitor to Cold Ashton may retrace his steps by way of Tog Hill and Warmley Station (Midland Railway), or, if his interest in the district has not been exhausted, he can extend his tour to Marshfield, distant about two miles. Here, if he will, he may refresh the inner man at the old coaching inn, already referred to, and resume his journey to Bath by way of Ashwicke Hall, Hunter's Hall, The Rocks, near which are the Three Shire Stones, on an eminence commanding extensive views; and proceeding down Bannerdown Hill to Batheaston, he can return to Bath by way of the London Road, concluding an interesting tour of about sixteen miles.

MAJOR ANDRÉ AND BATH

THE writer is going to be quite frank with his readers at the outset by stating that there is no evidence to prove that Major André was ever in Bath; and this in the face of the fact that over the entrance-door of No. 22, Circus, appears an inscription on a mural tablet—"Here dwelt Major André, A.D. 1770."

It is true that there is an interesting family connection with the city. His widowed mother and his maiden sisters lived here for a number of years, from the close of the eighteenth century to 1845. But to argue from this that young André, who "fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his king and country," in far away America on 2nd October, 1780, lived in this house, is to arrive at a conclusion not justified by the connection. I have no quarrel with the desire to prove that he was here some time previous to the settlement of the family, who came to Bath almost with the sorrow of his death fresh upon them. But apart from this possibility there is a fair amount of André interest in Bath of an undoubted character without wandering in the by-path of supposition.

Let us say here that the Circus, a magnificent circle of thirty houses, begun in 1754, was but two-thirds built in 1762, and only finally completed about 1775. The following year Richard Graves published some lines "on the ancient City of Bath: written on finishing the Circus."

Very little is known of Major André's early life in this country prior to his embarking on that military

MAJOR JOHN ANDRÉ
After a Miniature by himself

career that had such a dramatic conclusion. The little that is known, with a few other details that the writer has succeeded in unravelling, is summarised in the notes that follow.

John André, born on the 2nd of May, 1750, was descended from a French refugee family, settled at Southampton. He was baptized on the 16th of May, in the same year, at the French Church, St. Martin Orgar, and as the son of Antoine André and Marie Louise Girardot. His mother, though of French parentage, was born in London.

The Andrés for a period of years had their dwelling-place under the same roof which covered the business carried on by the head of the family in Warnford Court, Throgmorton Street. As late as 1780 young André's mother, then a widow and chiefly residing with her brother, Mr. Girardot, in Old Bond Street, London, was yet still possessing a house at Southampton. It is generally agreed that André received his early education at Hackney, under a Mr. Newcombe; from Hackney he went to St. Paul's, and thence to Geneva, at the University of which he spent some time. Wherever he was taught, his acquirements were such as to reflect honour alike on the teacher and pupil.

He was master of many things that in those days very rarely constituted a part of a gentleman's education, and which, indeed, even in these are to be found rather the exception than the rule. The modern European languages are said to have been possessed by him in singular perfection; while in music, painting, drawing, and dancing, he particularly excelled. His knowledge of mathematics and military drawing was likewise extensive; indeed, he owed his rapid advancement in the army, ultimately (and for the times in which he lived his rise was unusually rapid), mainly to the latter talent.

Summoned home from the Continent, young André found a place assigned him in his father's counting-house, where for some time he appears to have undergone that training which it was hoped and expected would enable him to carry on successfully the business that had already afforded a competency to its founder.

In process of time his father withdrew, a prosperous man, to his country seat, the Manor House at Clapton. The bent of John André's studies at Geneva must have satisfied him as to the sphere in which he was best calculated to attain success.

His years were too few to enable him to oppose his father's wishes, and it was only on the death at Clapton of the elder André in April, 1769, that any material difference was made in the nature of his avocations. John André was then in his eighteenth year, and soon after the new and urgent cares involved by the death of his father had been somewhat adjusted, we find him one of the literary and artistic coterie that foregathered around Anna Seward at Lichfield.

The little circle that was accustomed to pay its homage to Miss Seward included Dr. Darwin, the author of "The Botanic Garden," Hayley, the poet, the eccentric Thomas Day, author of "Sandford and Merton," and Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the last of whom, by the way, was a native of Bath, having been born in Pierrepont Street, 31st May, 1744. Edgeworth was interested in the amelioration of the then existing modes of education, and in conjunction with his gifted daughter, Maria Edgeworth, wrote many useful works. He was also destined to play an important part in the love fortunes of young André.

André's acquaintance with Miss Seward and the members of her circle is supposed to date from about the summer of 1769. At this time the Seward house-

hold included a young lady, Miss Honora Sneyd, who on the death of her mother was consigned to the care of her faithful friend, Mrs. Seward. Young André now, still but a youth, became irretrievably enamoured of Miss Sneyd, whose charms seem by all accounts to have been sufficient to subdue less susceptible hearts than his own. She became a fitting subject for Romney's easel, for "her person was graceful, her features beautiful and their expression such as to heighten the eloquence of everything she said." Honora's graces were such that it is no wonder that André was as heartily and as quickly impressed by them as many others were destined to be; nor is it strange that he should have awakened a corresponding sentiment in the fair one's breast.

André's friendship was greatly valued by those nearest and dearest to him. The better he was known, the better he was loved. His features were as delicate in their lines and expressions as those of a woman, and revealed traits of a considerable degree of natural refinement. Two miniatures of Miss Sneyd were the first-fruits of his pencil—one he parted with; the other, the more perfect picture of the original, he carried always with him.

The more serious and matured heads of both families, in consequence of the youth of the parties, arranged a wise and judicious agreement, to which the couple most concerned gave a regretful assent. An important feature of the understanding was that the young couple should be kept apart as much as possible. André returned to Clapton with great resolves, and during the following winter the pleasure of correspondence was not debarred them. In 1770 Mr. Richard Lovell Edgeworth was on a Christmas visit to Lichfield, during which visit he met André, who was there on one of those brief excursions permitted by the agreement. Miss Sneyd was wooed

in turn by the eccentric Day, and Edgeworth, and eventually became the latter's wife.

Young André had already embarked on that military career which seemed to have had such a fatal attraction for him.

He received his military commission on 4th March 1771, joined the British Army, then engaged in America, and in 1775 was taken a prisoner at St. John's. Upon his release he was early made Adjutant-General.

This position unhappily brought him in contact with Benedict Arnold, who was plotting the betrayal of West Point to the British.

During negotiations he was arrested as a spy, and ultimately executed on 2nd October, 1780.

André's youth, graces, and accomplishments, his dignity and cheerfulness, won the affections of his guard and the tenderest sympathy of the whole American army. There was not a soldier present at his execution who would not have risked his life if by so doing Arnold might be captured and substituted in André's place. In all the splendour of the full uniform and ornaments of his rank, in the presence of the whole American army, without the quiver of a muscle or sign of fear, the officers about him weeping, the bands playing the "Dead March," he walked to execution.

His last words were of loving solicitude for the welfare of his mother and sisters in distant Britain, and the manner of fame he would leave behind. "How hard is my fate; but it will be but a momentary pang," he said, as he pushed aside the executioner and himself adjusted the rope. To those around he cried: "I pray you to bear witness that I meet my fate like a brave man," and swung into eternity. The supernatural served to add to the interest and perpetuate the memory of this tragedy. On the day of his execution the great tree under which he was searched was shattered by a bolt of lightning; and at the same

THE CIRCUS, BATH, THE HOME OF THE ANDRÉ FAMILY

hour, at his home in England, his sister awoke from a troubled sleep screaming, "My brother is dead; he has been hung as a spy."

In the British army, and in England, the wildest indignation burst out against Washington. André was mourned and honoured as if he had fallen in a moment of glorious victory at the head of his column. His brother was knighted, his family pensioned, and his King declared in solemn message that "the public can never be compensated for the vast advantages which must have followed from the success of his plan." In Westminster Abbey, that grand mausoleum of England's mighty dead, where repose her great statesmen, warriors, and authors, the King placed a monument bearing this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Major John André, who, raised by his merit, at an early period of his life, to the rank of Adjutant-General of the British forces in America, and employed in an important and hazardous enterprise, fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his King and country."

Forty years afterwards a royal embassy visited America, disinterred his remains at Tappan, and a British frigate sent for the purpose bore them to England, where they were buried beside his monument with imposing ceremonies. One of the most enlightened and liberal of England's Churchmen, in a comparatively recent visit to America, wrote the inscription for, and urged the erection of, the monument to André's memory at Tappan, as the one act which would do more than anything else to remove the last vestiges of enmity between the United States and Great Britain.

André's story is the one overmastering romance of the Revolution. American and English literature is full of eloquence and poetry in tribute to his memory and sympathy for his fate. Even now, after the lapse of a long period of years, there is no abatement of

absorbing interest in the subject of Major André and his fate.

His youth and beauty, his skill with pen and pencil, his effervescing spirits and magnetic disposition, the brightness of his life, the calm courage in the gloom of his death, his early love and disappointment, and the image of his lost Honora hid in his mouth when captured in Canada, with the exclamation, "That saved, I care not for the loss of all the rest," and nestling in his bosom when he was executed, these surrounded him with a halo of poetry and pity which have secured for him what he most sought and could never have won on the battlefield—a fame and recognition which have outlived those of all the generals under whom he served.

His grieving widowed mother, with her three daughters, took shelter from society and settled at Bath, at No. 22, The Circus. All four, after living a life of good and charitable deeds, passed away at advanced ages. The mother was in her ninety-second year at the time of her death, 21st February, 1813. Her daughter Anne, distinguished for her poetical taste, and of whom Miss Seward in her "Monody on the Death of Major André" speaks, died 8th August, 1830. The other daughter, Louisa, died 25th December, 1835, in her eighty-first year, and the third sister, Mary Hannah, died 3rd March, 1845, in her ninety-fourth year. All four died at their house in The Circus, and all four lie buried in the churchyard at Bathampton, near Bath.

WICK AND THE HAYNES FAMILY—PART I

THE visitor to Lansdown heights having absorbed all that is of interest in the history and associations of Beckford's Tower and its eccentric builder, and acquainted himself with and explored the ancient battlefields of Dyrham and the Grenville Monument, is advised to still further pursue his investigations in this direction as far as the village of Wick with its romantic associations and beautiful scenery.

Leaving the Grenville monument to the north, the pedestrian ultimately reaches Tracey Park, on the main road, and is then within a mile and a half of Wick. Two and a half miles beyond is Warmley Station on the Midland Railway, which the excursionist may desire to use on his return journey.

One of the first "objects of interest" that may be noticed on entering the village is the old Crown Inn, where John Gully—prize-fighter, horse-racer, and colliery proprietor—was born on 21st August, 1783. Mr. John Gully was M.P. for Pontefract from 1832 to 1837, and died at Durham, 9th March, 1863. Gully's record as a prize-fighter fills important chapters in the annals of pugilism, and many columns of the newspaper press of his day. But we are not here concerned with Gully and his deeds of daring, but rather with Wick and its more antiquarian associations.

Wick is an ecclesiastical parish formed out of that of Abson in the southern division of the county of

Gloucestershire, in the hundred of Pucklechurch, and in the petty sessional division of Sodbury. It is a beautiful and romantic valley through which runs the river Boyd, about six miles north-west from Bath, seven miles east from Bristol, and seven miles south from Chipping Sodbury. The most remarkable natural objects in the parish are perhaps the Wick Rocks, which line each side of a deep glen, about a mile in extent, and rise in varying height right and left of the valley. The beautiful sparry stone known as "rock (or Bristol) diamond," found here, has a great attraction for the many excursion parties who make this a favourite place of rendezvous.

In 1843 William Everitt, of Bath, published a valuable series of forty-eight aquatint engravings from paintings of "English Landscape Scenery" by Benjamin Barker. Many of this series comprised views in the neighbourhood of Wick, which was Barker's favourite resort.

According to one historian of the county, Wick signifies a hamlet dependent upon a place of better note, for in ancient grants and charters of townships, it commonly follows *cum duis berwicis*, which favours the above conjecture.

But perhaps there is more to be said in favour of the name of Wick, an ancient word signifying a stream, and is probably derived from the Gaelic word "Bhuic," which is pronounced "Vuic."

The old post and turnpike-road from London to Bristol leads through Wick.

On the summit of the Doynton side of the rocks is a Roman camp of oblong form with a three-sided defence, and containing about twelve acres of ground. Various Roman antiquities have been found in the neighbourhood, including the remains of one or two Roman villas.

The romantic character of the district has been

WICK ROCKS

After B. BARKER, *from an Old Print*

somewhat marred by the introduction from time to time of various manufacturing enterprises.

The geological possibilities of the place have been tested and profitably worked in many and various ways for a long period.

Sir Robert Atkyns speaks of "great quantities of Roman or British brick" having been dug up in the parish, and of remains being laid bare of "the extended ruins of considerable buildings." But since his time other antiquities have been found in the neighbourhood of Beach and Tracey Park.

Members of the Haynes family, long resident at Wick Court, close by, interested themselves in these various discoveries, and in the early part of the eighteenth century were the means of uncovering several important Roman remains. From the various discoveries made, there can be no doubt that the Romans had here an important camp. For, as they had possessed themselves of Bath, where they formed a station, and had also made incursions and conquests on the other side of the Severn, it was necessary to preserve a free intercourse between these places.

The route by land from *Aquæ Solis* to the "passage" over the Severn, leading to the country of the *Silures*, lay in a straight line through this parish; and from the fields, where many of the remains have been discovered, is a full view of the country towards the "passage," or Trajectus of Antoninus. This, therefore, was a proper situation for a garrison by which intelligence might be communicated from one station to another.

In a field within the parish, near Cold Harbour Farm, stand two (indeed, until recent years, stood three, in form of a triangle) large stones, about five feet high from the ground, apparently obtained from the cliffs close by. The stones are known in the locality as "the Chesells." There is some slight evidence that they may have been in the nature of a monument,

but to what age they are to be ascribed has not been ascertainable. One local historian gives the supposition that they were placed there after the time of the Romans, as a memorial for some chiefs who fell in battle, and because of their number and nearness to Dyrham, it was conjectured that they stood for the three British princes whom Ceawlin the Saxon slew in the year 577. The remains of the third stone are to be still seen, in large fragments, lining the hedge on the farmhouse side of the same field.

In the Domesday Book the manor of Abson and Wick is not distinguished by any particular name, but included in the accounts of the large parish of Pucklechurch, to which it belonged, and which was then held by the Abbey of Glastonbury, having been given to it by King Edward the Confessor. But when Richard Cœur de Lion was prisoner at Vienna, the Austrian Emperor Leopold obliged him to annex that Abbey, with all its properties, to the see of Bath and Wells, and give that bishopric to Savaricus, the Emperor's kinsman; so in this way the manor of Abson and Wick formed part of the estate given in mortgage for Richard's ransom. And in the year 1205 the monks of Glastonbury quitted their right in the manors of Pucklechurch, Abson, and Westerleigh, and in the patronage of several churches, to that bishopric, upon condition that Joceline the bishop should restore to them the election of their own abbot.

The successive bishops of Bath and Wells held Abson and Wick, without interruption, for upwards of two hundred and fifty years; but the records show that Hugh Dennis levied a fine thereof in the eleventh year of King Henry VIII.'s reign.

However that may be, the manor was in the possession of the bishopric when Henry VIII. "acquired" it, together with the advowson of the rectory, and Friers Wood in Abson. The King granted it in the

same year, the thirty-seventh of his reign, to John Wintour, with all rights of court leet, and court of the manor. In the fifth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Maurice Dennis died, "seized" of this manor, and he was succeeded by his brother and heir Walter Dennis, who was at the time sixty years of age.

Sir Edward Wintour was lord of the manor in the year 1600, but his son, Sir John Wintour, granted it away from the family, and by divers mesne conveyances it was assigned in the year 1665 to Mr. Thomas Haynes, of whose family, and their life and good deeds at Wick, and long residence at Wick Court, note is made in the article that follows.

WICK AND THE HAYNES FAMILY
PART II

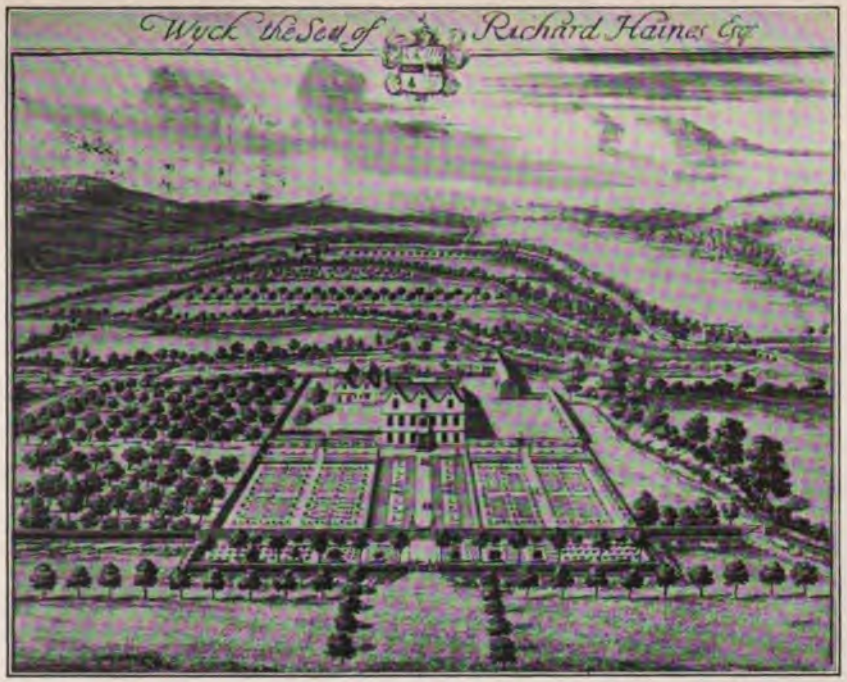
WICK or Wycke Court is a genuine example of the Elizabethan period, and undoubtedly one of the most perfect of its kind in the county of Gloucestershire, or perhaps in the South of England.

Unlike most houses, it has not been ruined by well-meaning but ignorant persons, but, on the contrary, care has been taken, while keeping the property in good repair, not to change its character or alter the original work more than could be avoided.

The windows, of leaded lights, are set in deep stone mullions; all the doors are heavily moulded in carved oak, and the floors are also in oak. Several of the rooms are panelled, including the Hall, which is paved with large diamond-shaped flags.

The entrance porch opens by a pair of half-glazed oak doors into a characteristic Hall, measuring about twenty by fifteen feet, which is panelled in oak, oak beams also supporting the ceiling, and a deep carved oak ledge runs round the panelled walls near the ceiling.

The drawing-room is a magnificent apartment shaped in the form of the letter L, and measures about thirty-six feet by twenty-two feet in the wider, and some fifteen feet in the narrower part. It contains seven leaded light windows, set in stone mullions, with oak beams across, and a broad oak cornice round the ceiling, and an open grate on atiled hearth, with its sides surmounted by a handsome carved oak mantelpiece and overmantel.



WICK COURT

From an Old Print by J. Kip

This room is connected with the dining-room and kitchen by a secret "Priests' Hole" or "Bobbing Passage," to which, however, there is no reference in Fea's recent work on "Secret Chambers." There is also said to be a secret passage leading from the Court, but all efforts to discover the entrance to the same have up to the present failed. There is, however, still living in Wick village an old inhabitant who knew a man, long since dead, who had been in the passage from Wick Court. It led towards the old dower house, now turned into three cottages, which are in the possession of the present occupant of the Court.

The dining-room, also panelled, measuring about twenty feet by seventeen feet, contains three windows, each with a window-box seat, and a large open fireplace with tiled hearth and sides, and containing a massive grate surmounted by a handsome carved oak mantelpiece and overmantel, and oak beams flanking each side of and also crossing the ceiling.

The kitchen has a dresser with oak carving and shelves, and in a cupboard at the side of the fireplace is the old "spitwheel," in which a dog was put, and as he turned the wheel, the spit in front of the fire on which the joint hung was turned round and round.

The first floor—connected with the ground floor by a very handsome solid carved oak staircase—contains a fine suite of old style bedrooms, in one of which, it is stated, with what authority the present writer knows not, that such historic personages as both Anne Boleyn and Queen Elizabeth slept.

The house is one of the few of its kind without a family ghost. With such antique surroundings spiritual ancestors ought to be moderately numerous, but however much it has been the wish of the present or bygone occupants of this mansion to be possessed of a shade, even in the singular number, that wish has not been gratified.

There are, of course, legendary tales told of ancient possessors of the Court, but these tales do not rise beyond the record of such ordinary incidents as may be considered to have been a portion of the every-day life of a country gentleman.

One tale, perhaps a little out of the ordinary, concerns a former bibulous owner, who, returning from the chase, approached the house from the horse exercise ground in the rear, and with a daring, born of devilry and wine, put his horse at the high wall surrounding his abode, and, as the narrator told the writer, got over successfully, and "was not unseated." An inspection of the walls surrounding the house, which were formerly perhaps of a more uniform height than they now are, will give some idea of this legendary feat of horsemanship.

Wick Court is very little altered in appearance from that shown in Kip's view, which is here reproduced.

The grounds are exceptionally well timbered with fine old specimens of oak, beech, elm and other trees, and include eight splendid yews flanking each side of the croquet lawn. The gardens are walled, and comprise the original quaintly-formed flower-beds, with grass borders and walks. There are three prolific orchards, and meadows bounded and intersected for about half-a-mile by the river Boyd, from which trout are frequently angled.

The family of Haynes, of whom a long line were formerly in residence here, occupied much the same position in this particular part of Gloucestershire, as did that of the Harington family at Kelston.

As already stated, the manor was, in the year 1665, assigned to Thomas Haynes, who at his death generously left bequests to the poor of Thornbury, Wick, and Abson, which in 1682 amounted to the sum of £20 to each parish.

He was succeeded by his son Richard Haynes, who

was born at Westbury-on-Trim about 1657 and died 15th June, 1726. He was lord of the manor of Wick, and was Sheriff of the county in 1700.

The earliest record of the Haynes family of Westbury-on-Trim is that of Thomas Haynes, who was living there between the years 1486–1509, and dying, was buried at Westbury. This said Thomas marrying Agnes Wall, widow of John Wall, the Haynes family acquired the manor of Southmeade in Westbury.

Their son, Richard Haynes (1509–1583), succeeded to the Westbury possessions of the family, and he in turn was succeeded by his eldest son, Thomas Haynes, who, dying in 1604, was buried in Gaunt's Chapel, Bristol, the preceding members of the family mentioned having been buried at Westbury-on-Trim. Thomas Haynes' son, Richard, who died in 1665, was the father of Thomas Haynes, who in the same year purchased the Manor of Wick and Abson. Thomas Haynes was apparently a wealthy citizen of the city of Bristol, where, in the parish of All Saints, as grocer, he had amassed a considerable fortune. He was of a generous disposition, and by his will, made 15th November, 1679, he left a sum of money for the benefit of the poor of Wick and Abson.

Thomas Haynes had married Mary, the daughter of Henry Lambert, of Chippenham, who survived him, dying 18th May, 1709, in her eightieth year.

Their son and heir, Richard Haynes, in turn succeeded to the manor and property at Wick. It was during his lifetime that the illustration of Wick Court, which is reproduced with this article, was published and dedicated to the Lord of the Manor by Kip. He married Annie, daughter of Christopher Cole, of Charlton, in Henbury. His brother, Thomas Haynes (1661–1724), who had been an apprentice to his father, entered St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, matriculated Nov.

1678, and after three years went to Cambridge, and subsequently returned to Bristol. He was the author of a poem, "The Triumph of Loyalty in the Person of Charles II.," London, 1683.

Anthony Wood, the Oxford antiquary, in referring to his university career, said he was "esteemed a person of good parts, but atheistical."

Richard Haynes' son, Thomas Haynes (1699–1776), who was one of the justices of the peace of the county, and highly respected for his humane judgments and many acts of kindness, was, on his death, the subject of a poetical eulogistic notice in *The Gentleman's Magazine* by "W. O.," of Marshfield. In the notice in question we are told:—

> "When warriors die, a thousand tongues can tell
> How well they fought, and how lamented fell!
> When HAYNES expires, a thousand tongues declare
> His life how useful! and his worth how rare!
>
> When to his righteous bar the sons of Pride
> Contentious came, their quarrels to decide,
> No frown terrific sour'd his placid brow,
> But meek-ey'd Patience search'd the *Why* and *How*.
>
> While just corrections issu'd from his tongue,
> No bitter taunts the culprit's bosom wrung:
> While Justice reign'd the sov'reign of his heart,
> Indulgent Mercy bore the leading part."

Other members of the family in later years distinguished themselves not only successfully in commercial life, but with ability in professional careers. At Syston, where many of the family lived and died, the Rev. Charles Haynes (1741–1806), a grandson of the afore-mentioned Richard Haynes, was rector of the parish for a period of thirty-one years. He was curate of Mangotsfield in 1765, and domestic chaplain to the Duke of Beaufort in 1803.

The last Lord of the Manor of Wick and Abson in the Haynes family was Richard Haynes, son of Thomas Haynes (1699–1766), and one of the grandsons of Richard Haynes (1657–1726). He died at Wick on 18th June, 1816, aged seventy-eight. He had encumbered his landed estates both in Bitton and Wick for the purpose of taking part in two trading companies, one of which was working coal seams at Bitton, the other carrying on an iron trade at Wick and in Bristol. To these operations is to be attributed the origin of those circumstances which led to the sale of the Haynes property in the next generation, and which sale included not only the landed interest, but the household effects, pictures, and books.

Memorial inscriptions to various members of the family are to be seen at Westbury-on-Trim, Syston, and Henbury.

Wick Court, with its lovely old gardens and grounds, croquet and tennis lawns, walled kitchen garden, orchard and meadow land, in all about nine acres, was purchased in 1900 by its present owner and occupant, F. C. Constable, Esq., a gentleman of letters, who is worthily keeping up the best traditions of this fine old country manor-house.

THE SUTHERLAND FAMILY AND A BATH TRAGEDY—PART I

THROUGH the courtesy and kind help of his Grace the present Duke of Sutherland, we are enabled to place on record for the first time, in detail, the incidents of a tragic event which took place in Bath in the later half of the eighteenth century. We are also indebted to his Grace for the reproductions of two of the valuable portraits now at Dunrobin Castle with which we propose illustrating these notes. This most illustrious title in the Peerage of Scotland is also, Sir Bernard Burke tells us, "according to the traditional details of some of the Scottish writers, the most ancient in North Britain."

Tradition gives four Thanes of Sutherland prior to Freskyn's day, who died some time prior to 1171, but he is the first ancestor on charter-record, and was succeeded by his son, Hugh-Freskyn, who died about the year 1214.

William, son of Hugh-Freskyn, was the first Earl of Sutherland, a title created about the year 1228, who died in 1248. He was succeeded by his infant son William, the second Earl of Sutherland, who, after having held the title fifty-nine years, died in 1307. He in turn was succeeded by his son William, the third Earl, and he, dying in the year 1327, was succeeded by his brother Kenneth, the fourth Earl of Sutherland. Kenneth, erroneously described in the Peerage as the third Earl, and son of the second Earl, was killed at the battle of Halidon Hill, in the cause of David II., in 1333.

MARY MAXWELL, OF PRESTON, COUNTESS OF SUTHERLAND

From the Painting at DUNROBIN CASTLE, *by* ALLAN RAMSAY, *by kind permission of* HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND

A remarkable story is told of John, the twelfth Earl, who, with his wife, were both poisoned by the widow of his uncle, Gilbert Gordon, whose son John was next heir to the earldom after Alexander, Master of Sutherland, the Earl's son.

The Earl and Countess, with their son, were on a visit at Helmisdale Castle, the seat of the widow, when poison was administered to them in the liquor they drank at supper, of which the young John Gordon unsuspectingly, and without his mother's knowledge, partook, and died within two days.

The young Master, being out on a hunting party, did not return till the supper was nearly ended, when his father, feeling himself poisoned, took up the table-cloth, with all things on it, and threw it out of the window, and sent his son home that very night to Dunrobin Castle, without permitting him to take any refreshment. He and the Countess died five days afterwards, in 1567, when the Earl was in his forty-second year. The wicked author of this deed of horror, already punished by the loss of that son for whose benefit she had perpetrated it, was conveyed to Edinburgh and condemned to death, but avoided a public execution by suicide in prison.

The earldom now followed in uninterrupted paternal descent, Alexander, the thirteenth Earl, the Master of Sutherland above-mentioned, who providentially escaped this melancholy catastrophe, succeeding his father, and dying in the year 1594.

John, the fifteenth Earl, who died in 1679, took an early and active part in the Civil War as a partisan of the Parliament, but was afterwards zealously attached to the service of King Charles II.

The seventeenth Earl, also named John, who, by Act of Parliament, got the old family name and arms of Sutherland restored, instead of Gordon, was one of

the most active agents of the Government in assisting to suppress the Rebellion of 1715.

He was succeeded in the title by his grandson William, the eighteenth Earl, who, dying in 1750, was in turn succeeded by his son William, the nineteenth Earl of Sutherland, companion with his wife in the tragic local incident which it is our purpose here to tell.

His father had taken an active part on behalf of the Government in the suppression of the "Stewart Risings," which had thrown the country into a state of great military excitement between 1715 and 1746. The son, the subject of the following notes, had inherited a full share of martial ardour, for, in his tenth year, writing to his father, then in London, he says: "You may tell the King that I will fight very well. Mama made a boy break my head at cudgell-playing, but, though it was sore, I did not cry."

His mother, the Countess, writing at the same time, says:—

"I doubt if his Majesty has any officer in his new levies who performs his exercise like your son."

In 1745 young Lord Strathnaver, till then educated at home, was sent to a "high-class boarding-school" at Winchester, whence he passed to Harrow, where Dr. Thomas Thackeray, great-grandfather of the famous novelist of that name, was then headmaster. On the death of his father at Montauban, in France, December 7, 1750, the young lord succeeded as nineteenth Earl of Sutherland, and being still but fifteen years of age, was sent for further education to Gottingen. In 1756 he joined the 1st Royal Scots Regiment of Foot, of which his guardian, the Hon. General St. Clair, was Colonel, and set out for Sutherland on a recruiting expedition.

In 1759 he received a commission from the King to raise a battalion of Highlanders, of which he was

to have the command, with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel. The strength of the battalion, including officers, was 1000 men. Two years later the Earl offered to raise another regiment, but the more peaceful state of affairs on the Continent rendered this unnecessary. In the same year he married Mary Maxwell, elder daughter and co-heiress of Maxwell of Preston, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright; and in August of that year the Countess writes that she likes Dunrobin "the better, the longer," and adds, "I have had great crowds of company and no time to settle, which disappoints me a little, but hitherto I have had very little trouble. The great plenty we have of every kind of provision makes it easy to entertain, and the house and everything is much more convenient than I expected." The marriage and coronation of King George the Third took place in September 1761, and the Earl and Countess went to London to be present on that occasion. They remained in London till the following April, and then left for Scotland.

Some months later she writes of her household as "a very sober, happy little family, who want only the addition of a friend or two to make us envy no situation, and who, without any hopes of that addition, are very contented and pleased with our solitary situation. I let my lord go a-shooting and walking with his gentlemen, while I work, read, and amuse myself at home, and we find everything go on so well with us that we have no thought of changing our abode for the winter."

This pleasant little domestic picture was typical of their married life, and here for the present we will leave them. The incident of their visit to the city of Bath and what befell them there is told in the article that follows.

THE SUTHERLAND FAMILY AND A BATH TRAGEDY—PART II

"ARRIV'D here the Earl and Countess of Sutherland."—*Bath Chronicle*, 27th March 1766. Such was the simple announcement in the local journal. This was no ordinary arrival among "the company then at Bath." They came to the city of healing springs with a great sorrow upon them. During the first four years of their married life fate had been very kind to them. In 1763 the Earl was commissioned aide-de-camp to the King, with a colonel's rank in the army. In the same year he was unanimously elected a Representative Peer for Scotland in place of John, Marquis of Tweeddale, and in March next year he was called to London by his Parliamentary duties, leaving his Countess at Edinburgh. There were born to them two infant daughters, the Lady Catherine, born 24th May, 1764, and the Lady Elizabeth, born 24th May, 1765.

But the first great sorrow to the parents came when the death of their elder child, Lady Catherine, took place on January 3, 1766.

The young Earl had inherited a constitution so delicate that the most trifling disappointments sensibly affected him. The Countess was also endowed with uncommon sensibility, but her spirits were better far and her constitution more healthy. The Earl's health broke down under their joint bereavement, and to dissipate their sorrow, they were persuaded to undertake a journey to Bath. By change of air, objects, amusements, and Bath waters the Earl's lost health mended

WILLIAM, 19TH EARL OF SUTHERLAND

From the Painting at DUNROBIN CASTLE, *by* ALLAN RAMSAY, *by kind permission of* HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND

so well that he wrote from their Bath "lodgings," in April, that he was much the better and would soon be able to leave for London. But sorrow had taken deep root, and on the twenty-second day of April he was taken seriously ill with a fever that consumed him for fifty-six days. Relatives were summoned from a distance, and on May 10th the Countess writes of favourable symptoms and that she indulged in hope, "but this with caution," she says. They had in attendance the best physician in Bath, Dr. Alexander Sutherland, author of important works on the waters of the city, and special messengers were sent to London for Dr. Fordyce.

For the first five weeks the Countess continued to watch over his couch: with her own hand she administered every potion, her eyes were strangers to sleep, her lips to refreshment, and in an agony the very first week she miscarried.

Regardless of her health, for three weeks she never put off her clothes. Fatigue, fasting, and infection produced a fever which she laboured to conceal. Unalbe to stand, reluctantly, at last was she torn from her task. Begging permission of the local physician, she desired to place herself under the particular care of one of her lord's four physicians, a gentleman expert in the mysteries of her Grace's particular ailment. Absence from her lord's chamber aggravated every symptom, she dreaded for his state and despaired of her own recovery. To a spirit thus wounded what could medicines avail? In her twenty-sixth year and bloom of beauty thus fell one of the most amiable of women on June 1.

The sad circumstance excited deep and general sympathy. Lord George Sackville, writing to General Irwin on June 10, says: "Poor Lady Sutherland is dead, and I fear my Lord will not live many days. A more melancholy event never happened. She died

worn out with her attendance upon him and with her anxiety about him. I know not whether to wish his life or his death. He does not yet know that the poor woman is dead, probably never will."

Immediately after her death everything seemed to promise well for her lord. Missing her, he was flattered that she was ordered to sweat off a violent cold. For some days the pious fraud continued. He amused himself with sending her messages and injunctions to compose her mind. Often before had he, in her presence, told his physician, "Sutherland, Molly will certainly kill herself."

As his senses returned, his suspicions increased. Once again he asked, "Is my wife dead? Why does she not come and see me?" Satisfied, or seeming to be satisfied, his questions were turned into sighs, moanings, and dreams. At last he refused medicine and sustenance, grew weaker, and died on the 16th of the same month.

Dr. Sutherland, in describing the end, says: "In his thirty-first year thus fell the worthiest of men. Thus truly fell victims to conjugal affection one happy pair. The sufferers are their survivors. In him I have lost a valuable friend; in both, supports to my poor relations. To me the scene was lasting, affecting, and tragical. His was a state of insensibility, hers a distraction between hopes and fears."

It had been intended that the Countess should be buried at Dornoch, the county town of Sutherland, but when the Earl died other arrangements were made. The two bodies were conveyed to Edinburgh, and, after lying in state at Holyrood House for some days, were, on August 9, interred in the same grave in Holyrood Abbey.

"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

For their many kindly acts they were much beloved, and their early, and almost tragic, death was deeply and widely lamented.

Their fame and worth produced the following lines in the *Bath Chronicle* of July 17 :—

"EPITAPH FOR THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF SUTHERLAND.

How vain are Riches, Honours, Titles, Birth !
The empty Themes of Monumental Pride ;
How vain, alas ! (unknown to inward Worth)
Are all the Joys that Grandeur can provide.
Whate'er of Fortune's partial Bliss we share,
Death soon deprives us of the transient claim,
And bids us learn of this lamented Pair,
'Tis only Virtue yields Immortal Fame."

The Earl's portrait, by Allan Ramsay, hangs in the great staircase at Dunrobin. The costume, a scarlet jacket with Sutherland-tartan kilt and plaid, has been adopted as that of the local volunteers. The painting of the Countess in the dining-room there is regarded as one of the finest examples of the same artist's work. Both are reproduced with these articles, by kind permission of His Grace the Duke of Sutherland.

After the death of this unhappy pair a competition arose for the title of Sutherland, and their surviving daughter, Lady Elizabeth Sutherland, did not gain her position without a fight. The question resolved itself into a great "peerage case," but the House of Lords adjudged the coronet of Sutherland to the young lady, who a few years later added to the Staffordshire and Shropshire estates her own magnificent inheritance in Scotland, consisting of the best part of the two counties of Sutherland and Caithness. In 1785 she was married to the Right Hon. George Granville Leveson-Gower, first Duke of Sutherland. Her Ladyship's unbroken descent from William, the first

Earl of Sutherland, who died in 1248, and as established by the House of Lords in 1771, made her Premier Peeress of Scotland, recognised in the ranking of the present Duchess of Sutherland at the coronation of King Edward VII., August 9, 1902. She died January 29, 1839, aged seventy-four.

The present representatives of the Sutherland-Leveson-Gower family are possessed of no less than about 1,358,000 acres, but the present Duke has done much to allay the feeling which the evictions by his great-grandfather caused. Large tracts of land have been given back by him to crofter cultivation, and he takes a kindly interest in his people, aided in this respect very materially by the Duchess, who has done much by her patronage to develop the home industries among the crofters and their families.

Latterly the Duchess has devoted herself to the study of socialistic and labour problems, and amongst the toiling masses of the Potteries and the crofters of Sutherlandshire she has had instructive object-lessons. Her socialism came to her under sudden and romantic circumstances, which is not the purpose of this narrative to dilate upon. We are at liberty, at least, to express the hope that with all their opportunities the present representatives of this ancient family will continue to follow that course of good doing towards which they both seem so well inclined.

THE GORE-LANGTONS OF NEWTON PARK

EARL TEMPLE, the present possessor and occupant of Newton Park, is descended from Sir John Gore, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1624, and the Earl, by an odd coincidence, was born on Lord Mayor's Day. His father was plain Gore-Langton, and was the eldest son of Mr. William Henry Powell Gore-Langton, M.P., of Newton Park, and the manner of his succession to the title is one of the romances of the peerage. The Earl's grandfather was at Oxford with the late Duke of Buckingham, and became his fast friend. Invited to spend a part of his vacation at Stowe, he fell in love with his friend's sister, Lady Anne Grenville. A man of good family, with a fine property and a large income, he might have supposed himself an eligible suitor. The old Duke, however, was furious at his presumption, and ordered him out of the house. What Mr. Gore-Langton could not get by parley he took by strategy. He and the Lady Anne made a runaway match.

The Dukedom of Buckingham descended to Lady Anne's brother, the third Duke, and on his death in 1889 became extinct, and his subsidiary title of Earl Temple devolved, under special remainder, upon Mr. Gore-Langton, the father of the present Earl. The late Earl, to complete a pretty tangle, married Helen Mabel, second daughter of Sir Graham Graham-Montgomery, whose elder sister, Alice Anne, became the second wife of his uncle, the late Duke of Buckingham, and is now the wife of Earl Egerton of Tatton.

The Gore-Langtons have always been keen politicians, but we desire more particularly to draw attention to one member of the family who practically lived and died in the political arena.

Colonel William Gore-Langton, of Newton Park, was born in December, 1760, and was the elder son of Edward Gore, who died in 1801. He assumed the surname of Langton in 1783, on his marriage with Bridget, only child and heiress of Joseph Langton, of Newton Park.

He was first returned to Parliament for Somerset on the death of Henry Hippisley Coxe, in August 1795, and was re-elected without opposition in 1796, 1802, and 1806. He joined the Whig Party, and became one of their most steadfast supporters. William Dickinson, the other member for the county, dying in 1806, he was succeeded by Mr. (afterwards Sir) Thomas Buckler Lethbridge.

In 1807, the son of Mr. Dickinson, who, by the way, was the grandfather of Mr. R. E. Dickinson, a recent member for the Wells Division of Somerset, appeared as a candidate, and the two Tories succeeded in ousting Mr. Gore-Langton, the poll terminating thus:—

William Dickinson	3651
T. B. Lethbridge	2896
W. Gore-Langton	2229

In 1812, however, Colonel Gore-Langton was restored to his position by the retirement of Mr. Lethbridge, but in 1818 the latter, who had then succeeded to the dignity of a Baronet, determined again to stand a poll. The result was not immediately successful, for Mr. Langton retained his place, the numbers being:—

William Dickinson	2830
William Gore-Langton	2435
Sir T. B. Lethbridge	2045

NEWTON PARK

In 1820 the same members were returned, but in 1826 Mr. Langton gave way to Sir Thomas Lethbridge, though a contest arose by the intervention of a Radical candidate in the person of the well-known Henry Hunt.

In 1831, during the Reform excitement, Mr. Gore-Langton was again returned for Somerset, in the place of Mr. Dickinson; and after the division of the county by the Reform Act, he was in 1832 a candidate for the Eastern Division, and placed at the head of the poll, the numbers being:—

William Gore-Langton	4249
W. P. Brigstock	4003
William Miles	3603

In the three subsequent elections he was chosen without a contest. Colonel Langton was a strenuous supporter of the Reform of Parliament, the Roman Catholic Relief Act, and other measures of a Liberal tendency.

In his address to his constituents, on the 15th January 1835, he remarked: "I have been called Jacobin, Destructive, Leveller, and Radical; but I trust I stand too high to be injured by such paltry means of annoyance. I will yield to no man in loyalty to my king and attachment to the constitution. I have had the honour of representing you forty years, and I remember when Reform was introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. (now Lord) Grey, that nobleman's resolutions on the subject were rejected, and I was one of the minority of forty on this occasion."

His Liberalism was staunch to the last, and, what is interesting to note in the light of recent political developments, though one of the largest landed proprietors in the kingdom, he was the greatest enemy of Protection, which he considered to be as

detrimental to the cause of agriculture as to that of commerce.

Though suffering from extreme bodily debility during the greater part of the session prior to his death, he went down to the House, or rather was carried there, to vote for the second reading of Sir Robert Peel's Free Trade measures. He observed on the occasion that "he would give his vote though he should die in the lobby."

On his death his remains were interred in the family vault in Newton St. Loe Church, where are interesting memorials of other members of the family.

Respecting the home of the Gore-Langtons, it is perhaps sufficient to say here that Newton St. Loe, both the village and park of that name, being only about three and a half miles to the west of Bath, is easily accessible as a walk, car or drive. Both are charmingly situated, and will well repay a visit. The park is beautifully wooded and very picturesque. Besides the mansion, which is a plain but massive-looking structure, there are within the grounds the ruins of the ancient Castle of the St. Los.

The church, which is of the Perpendicular period, and beautifully situated, has been restored with more cost than good taste.

In the churchyard are the remains of an ancient cross, and near the church is a quaint row of buildings used as a free school for poor children, built and endowed by Mr. Richard Jones, of Stowey, in 1698.

JOHN WESLEY AND COMBE GROVE, MONKTON COMBE

BATH had many notable visitors during the second half of the eighteenth century, but none more notable perhaps than the evangelist and leader of Methodism, John Wesley. A disturbing and yet an interested feeling arose among the giddy throng of fashionables then at Bath, on the advent of this man of energy.

Wesley, who was born on the 17th of June, 1703, and died the 2nd of March, 1791, was in truth a man of the eighteenth century, for he covered, as nearly as mortal man could do, the whole of that eventful epoch.

Bath and the district saw much of him. He was here as early as 1739, when he had an extraordinary encounter with Beau Nash, the "King of Bath," in which the Beau came off second best.

Expectation in Bath ran high as to what Nash would do on the coming of such a disturber of the peace of mind of the fashionable folk. Wesley was entreated not to preach, because no one knew what might happen. Nash, who had dared to speak, with the power of an autocrat, to titled and other high dignitaries, would surely not permit this common itinerant preacher to establish himself in the city to the discomfort of the pleasure-seekers.

Nash determined to take strong measures, if necessary, to rid the city of such a fanatic. The report of the coming encounter having got wind, larger audiences than usual gathered round Wesley, including many of "the rich and great." Making his way to Avon

Street, where Wesley was preaching to a feverishly excited gathering, the Beau told him he was acting contrary to law. "Besides," said he, "your preaching frightens people out of their wits."

"Sir," said Wesley, "did you ever hear me preach?"

"No," said the Master of Ceremonies.

"How then can you judge of what you never heard?"

"By common report," said Nash stoutly.

"Common report is not enough. Give me leave, sir, to ask, Is not your name Nash?"

"My name is Nash."

"Sir," replied Wesley, "I dare not judge of you by common report."

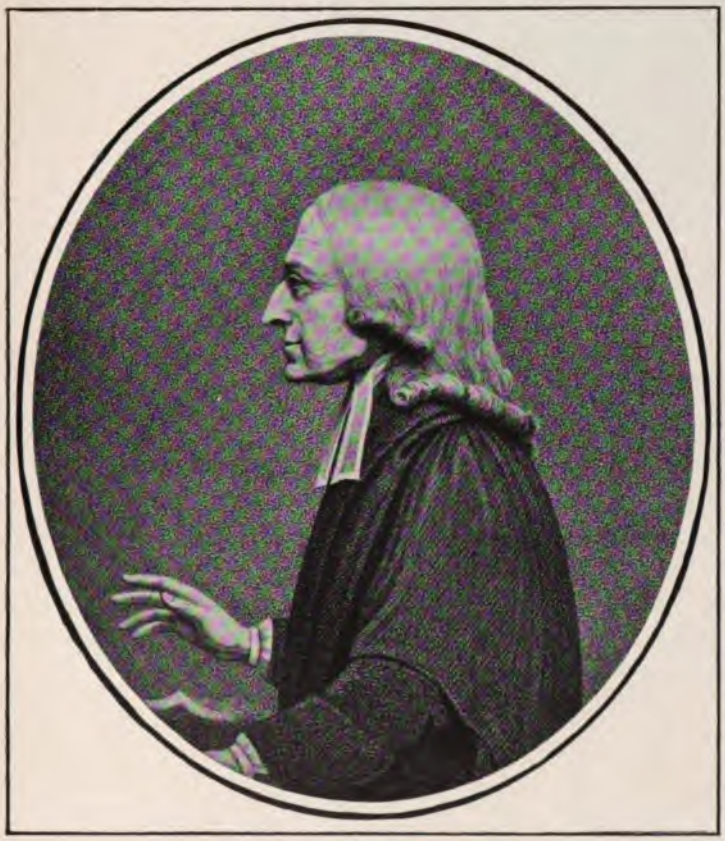
The rebuff went home, and Nash withdrew considerably crestfallen.

According to Wesley's "Journal," a delightfully entertaining compilation, as the preacher returned "the street was full of people, hurrying to and fro, and speaking great words."

Several of the fashionables and curiosity-hunters followed him into Mr. Merchant's house, where the preacher was accepting hospitality. He went to them, and said, "I believe, ladies, the maid mistook: you only wanted to look at me." He added: "I do not expect that the rich and great should want either to speak to me or to hear me; for I speak the plain truth—a thing you hear little of, and do not desire to hear."

Visits were made to Bathford, and in 1748 to Coleford, where he found "the colliers of this place were 'darkness' indeed; but now they are 'light in the Lord.'"

By 1755, on the occasion of another visit to Bath, his work had borne fruit. Writing in his "Journal," under date of 15th of October of that year, he says: "I preached at Bath; even here a few are joined together, and I hope they shall be scattered no more.



JOHN WESLEY

I dined with some serious persons, in a large stately house, standing on the brow of a delightful hill (Prior Park). In this paradise they live in ease, in honour, and in elegant abundance; and this they call retiring from the world! What would Gregory Lopez have called it?"

Returning from a "preaching" at Bath on the 25th of October, 1757, he was informed of a disastrous fire at Kingswood School, the foundation stone of which he had laid in April 1748. One hundred years later the school was removed to Lansdown.

He was in Bath again in 1763 and 1764, and on the 17th of September of the latter year he says the congregation at Bath "was larger than I remember it to have been these seven years." On this occasion he pays apparently a renewed visit to Combe Grove, which he describes as "a house built in a large grove on the side of a steep hill."

The principal, or more imposing, entrance to Combe Grove is from "Brassknocker Lane," on the Combe Down side of the hill facing Monkton Combe. The entrance here is guarded by probably the finest examples of wrought-iron work and stone sculpture in the neighbourhood of Bath. These gates were shown at the Great Exhibition of London in 1851, and were purchased at a cost of £300. A nearer entrance to the grounds can be obtained by the visitor from Bath, by taking the more pleasant walk or drive up the Prior Park Road to Combe Down, through that village by the church, and thence by the pathway leading through the fields to the south of Combe Down.

On more than one occasion Wesley here addressed a select gathering on the lawn in front of the mansion.

Assuming we approach the house as suggested, by way of Combe Down and through the fields beyond, just as we come across a delightful view of the Monkton

Combe valley below to the wooded hills beyond, immediately to the left we discover Combe Grove.

Entering through a gate we walk up a well-kept pathway, and through the trees in front, and a little to the left, we see the house we are in search of. But adding, as it were, a touch of the supernatural to our view, we no sooner see the house, with the lawn backed by trees and foliage of varying height, where Wesley had preached to "small and serious congregations," than we come abruptly upon a tall stone figure with its back to the foliage and facing the lawn, as it were preaching to a phantom array of eager listeners.

On investigation we find the old stone statue does not represent Wesley, but that of St. Peter, which was brought from Italy by Commander Humphrey May Freestun, R.N., stepfather of the late Major Vaughan Jenkins, whose family for many years were in occupation at Combe Grove. A massive sculptured stone urn in the immediate rear of the figure, and partially hidden by the hanging foliage surrounding it, has a quaint old world appearance because of its character and isolated situation.

On Wesley's visit to Combe Grove in 1764, he said, "I found Mrs. W—— [presumably the then occupant] the same still with regard to her liveliness, but not her wildness; in this she was much altered. I preached at five to a small, serious congregation; and I believe few were sent empty away. Two persons from London, who were at Bath for their health, had walked over to the preaching. Afterwards we all spent an hour in singing and serious conversation. The fire kindled more and more, till Mrs. —— asked if I would give her leave to pray."

The next day he says: "I preached again in the Court Yard at seven; and it was now that one of the servants, who was in tears the night before, was thoroughly convinced that God had blotted out all

her sins." On the 19th of September in the same year, 1764, he was preaching at Bath at five, and at nine o'clock at Combe Grove, when he "found again that God was there."

"Is this not an instance," he says, "of ten thousand of God's choosing the foolish things of the world to confound the wise? Here is one that has not only a weak natural understanding, but an impetuosity of temper bordering upon madness; and hence both her sentiments are confused, and her expressions odd and indigested; and yet notwithstanding this, more of the real power of God attends these uncouth expressions than the sensible discourses of even good men, who have twenty times her understanding."

In the next month he was again preaching at Combe Grove, "to a small congregation of earnest, simple people."

In the autumn of 1766, Horace Walpole speaks of meeting him at Bath. He was at Lady Huntingdon's Chapel, on the Vineyards, when John Wesley preached his first sermon there (his brother Charles had volunteered, but his doctrine was not in favour), and thus describes the service:—

"They had boys and girls, with charming voices, who sang hymns to Scotch ballad tunes. There were two eagles, with red cushions, for the parson and the clerk; behind them rise three steps, in the midst of which is a third eagle, for the pulpit: scarlet armchairs to all three. Wesley himself is a clean, elderly man, fresh coloured, his hair smoothly combed, with a little *soupçon* of curl at the ends, as evidently an actor as Garrick. The congregation very mean, except the few from curiosity, and some honourable women, among them the Countess of Buchan (Erskine's mother) carrying a pure, rosy, vulgar face to heaven."

In 1790, the year before his death, Wesley paid his last visit to Bath, but though his "Journal" again

speaks of "serious" and "numerous congregations" no mention is made on this occasion of Combe Grove. That abode, which once echoed the eloquence of the man who by his religious revolution has left an abiding influence on the world to-day, has changed somewhat since then. Combe Grove is now surrounded with every modern luxury that taste and money can procure, even to a newly-built billiard-room within, and without the grounds are now supplied with the latest improved form of street gas lamps and standards, which are arranged conveniently around the house and overlooking the lawn once brilliantly illumined by the persuasive religious enthusiasm of Wesley.

Of John Wesley it might be truly said :—

> "We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;
> In feelings, not as figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

LITTLE SODBURY MANOR AND WILLIAM TYNDALE THE REFORMER

LITTLE Sodbury Manor House, where Tyndale was first introduced to the realities of life outside the walls of the University, in his native county of Gloucester, was almost within sight of the spot where he had spent the early days of his childhood.

Little Sodbury is a parish and village near the old London and Chipping Sodbury road, by way of Chippenham, Yatton Keynell, Castlecombe, Nettleton, and Cross Hands Inn; and in the wording of the old road books is about 108 miles from London, "measured from Hyde Park Corner." From Bath, for walk or drive, it is approached by the Gloucester Road, passing on the way Cold Ashton, Dyrham, and Doddington Park. It is distant from Bath about twelve miles, from Yate Station (M.R.) four miles, and is about two miles from Chipping Sodbury (G.W.R.). It forms a portion of the Parliamentary Division of Thornbury.

The parish is named from the neighbouring strong camp—Sod south; and bury, a camp—long known as the most perfect Roman camp in the county of Gloucester. It is on the summit of the hill close by, and is supposed to have been formed—with the other ancient forts that command the course of the Severn—to protect this part of the kingdom from the incursions of the Silures.

"Walche," says Leland, "is Lord of Little Sodbyri, and hath a fayr place there in the syde of Sodbyri high hill and a park."

The house, first possessed by the Walsh family in 1485, is charmingly situated on the south-western slope of the Cotswolds, and enjoys a magnificent prospect over the richly-wooded vale of the Severn, to the distant hills of Wales.

Though somewhat shorn of its former dignity, the house is still, in the main, intact, the beauties of its graceful and varied architecture being mellowed by those touches of time that delight the eye of the lover of the picturesque.

The original arrangement and disposition of the various apartments of the old house are fairly obvious even to the least practised antiquary.

The great dining-hall, in which Tyndale was so often heard debating theological points with the clergy of the neighbourhood, around the hospitable board of Sir John Walsh, wants little but the appropriate furniture to recall its former appearance, and the whole mansion furnishes unmistakable proof that it was the residence of a gentleman of wealth and importance in the county.

Unfortunately the little church of St. Adeline, which stood close behind the house, and in which Tyndale, beyond all doubt, must have officiated, was taken down in 1858, and rebuilt in a position more convenient for the parishioners. Part of the western entrance, and two magnificent yew-trees, which must have been of big proportions even in Tyndale's time, still remain to mark the spot.

Behind the Manor House the hill rises almost perpendicularly, closing off completely the cold north-eastern winds.

The crest of the breezy Cotswolds, crowned with picturesque clumps of beeches visible for miles, is reached with little exertion, and from the tableland above, where Margaret of Anjou encamped before the fatal field of Tewkesbury, are seen the wooded heights

LITTLE SODBURY MANOR HOUSE, WHERE TYNDALE TRANSLATED THE BIBLE, 1522

From an Original Drawing by H. V. LANSDOWN

of Nibley and Stinchcombe, and the level vale beyond, where Tyndale's relatives were once established. Altogether the Manor House of Little Sodbury is the most interesting, as it is the most authentic, locality associated with Tyndale's active life in England.

Of Tyndale not much is certainly known, the greater part of the accounts given of him in various works are taken from the statements of that celebrated writer of fiction, Foxe, on whose veracity not much reliance can be placed. Many efforts have been made to ascertain his parentage and the date of his birth; but the whole story is involved in uncertainty. A noble monument perched on the bold extremity of one of the most beautiful of the Cotswolds, Nibley Knoll, claims to mark the neighbourhood of the unquestionable birthplace of the great translator, and the villagers of North Nibley indicate the dilapidated Manor House of Hunt's Court as the actual spot where he was born.

An enthusiastic historian of the district says, "Nybley, anciently written Nubbelei, Nubbeleigh, Nubeleg, and Nibeleigh, *quasi* (if descant upon the name may be allowed) cloud-water, or obscure place, an etymology agreeable to the springs and waters here, and their covert situation, is not more pleasantly seated on a comely hill than healthful; than which none in county, or scarce in the kingdom, standeth in a sweeter air."

Unfortunately the pleasing tradition which links the memory of the Reformer with one of the loveliest spots in England has but an insufficient foundation.

Foxe, the veracious, says he was born "on the border of Wales." Some biographers assign his birth to about the year 1470, making Tyndale a martyr at nearly seventy years of age; but as he was supposed to have perished while still in middle life, he must in consequence have been born between 1480 and 1490.

From some unknown cause his immediate ancestors passed under the *alias* of Hutchins or Hitchins.

Tyndale in his first publication designated himself "William Tyndale, otherwise called Hitchins," but he subsequently dropped the *alias*.

He was educated at Oxford, afterwards leaving for Cambridge; but whether his removal was voluntary or not has not been proved, but there is no question of his having fully availed himself of University advantages, for the work he has left behind testifies to his scholarship.

From his associations with Lutherans, at home and abroad, he became estranged from the Church; still he was an admirable translator, and the present authorised version of the New Testament, and portions of the Old, are mainly as Tyndale left them.

About the close of 1521 he accepted the very humble post of tutor to the children of "Master Walsh, a knight of Gloucestershire." The Walshes of Little Sodbury were one of the rising and prosperous families of the county. The patron and employer of Tyndale, a stalwart and expert man-at-arms, had been champion to Henry VIII. on some occasions, and having been fortunate enough to secure the good graces of his sovereign, he was knighted, and received the more substantial reward of the neighbouring manor of Old Sodbury, which had devolved to the crown from Ann, Countess of Warwick. The handsome royal favourite had still further improved his position in the county by marrying Anne, daughter of Sir Robert Poyntz, of Iron Acton, a family which could boast of alliances with some of the best blood in England.

It is now more generally supposed that Tyndale's position in the family must have been in the combined capacity of chaplain and tutor. Tyndale remained within the household of Sir John Walsh for about two years; for before the close of 1523 he was in London.

During his stay at Little Sodbury he found the clergy of the neighbourhood less advanced than the scholars of the Universities, and was in consequence constantly involved in strenuous theological discussions.

Tyndale himself has recorded the circumstances which led him to entertain his great design of producing a version of the Scriptures in the vernacular. He says: "I perceived by experience how it was impossible to establish the lay people in any truth, except the Scriptures were plainly laid before their eyes in their mother tongue." Before leaving little Sodbury he was resolved to translate the New Testament, and there the plan of the great work was laid. In communing and disputing with a certain learned man he made the declaration: "If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scriptures than thou doest."

Matters in disputation were growing to a crisis at Little Sodbury, and for a more peaceful prosecution of his purpose he removed to London.

Inconvenience and danger there were in the carrying out of his self-set task, and with a great spirit of unselfishness he left the family of Sir John Walsh. "I perceive," he said to his patron, "that I shall not be suffered to tarry long in this country, nor you shall be able to keep me out of their hands; and what displeasure you might have thereby is hard to know, for the which I should be right sorry." So, with the good-will of his master, he departed to London.

To pursue the work of translation with less interruption and danger, Tyndale retired to the Continent, setting sail in May 1524, for Hamburg. With varying experiences and difficulties at Hamburg, Cologne, and Worms, he ultimately arranged with the printer, Schoeffer, to issue the translation.

Copies were smuggled over into England, and by 1526 they attracted the attention of the clergy. The

work was denounced by a solemn conclave of bishops, and all copies discoverable were publicly burned. Tyndale, who was now engaged in other translations, became the object of a variety of attempts at seizure of his person for insubordination. In the middle of 1534 he was at Antwerp, and took up his abode there under the protection of Thomas Poyntz (probably a relative of Lady Walsh of Sodbury), an English merchant-adventurer.

He was, however, betrayed by one Henry Phillips, who, while professing zeal for religious reform, insinuated himself into Tyndale's confidence. It is a doubtful point whether Tyndale was the victim of an English ecclesiastical plot, though Phillips is known to have been in communication with certain leading English Catholics. No direct evidence that Phillips was employed by the English Catholics has ever been discovered. Great efforts were made to procure Tyndale's liberation, and Poyntz himself was imprisoned for his zeal on behalf of his friend.

Notwithstanding a somewhat belated intervention on the part of Cromwell, in 1536 Tyndale was brought to trial for heresy, condemned, degraded from his orders, and sentenced to death, and on August 6 of the same year he was executed at Vilvorde. He is described by his biographer as "humble and irreproachable in his life, zealous and devoted in his work, beloved by his friends, respected by his enemies, and he was faithful unto death."

THE WADES OF BATH

WADE, as an English family name, is one of the oldest in the genealogical records. It is a name derived from the face of nature, and was a baptismal name in use in England at the Conquest. It occurs in one of our earliest folk rhymes, in which—

> "With Ey and Port; Shaw, Worth and Wade,
> Hill, Gate, Well, Stone are many made."

Its derivation is ascribed to the Anglo-Saxon *wad*, a ford, or *wadan*, to ford or go through a meadow. The father of the Anglo-Saxon hero Weland was called in that dialect Wada, in Old Saxon Vadi, and in old High German Wado.

In the old Anglo-Saxon poem called the "Widsith" ("Traveller's Tale"), we are told that Wada ruled over the Helsings, a Scandinavian tribe. One learned philologist goes further, and derives Wada's name from his having waded, like a second Christopher, with his son on his shoulder, over the nine-ell deep Groenasund.

Chaucer, the father of English poesy, in mentioning this famous Saxon hero in his classic "Canterbury Tales," says—

> "And eke thine olde widewes (God it wote),
> They connen so moch craft on Wades bote."

The point of the reference being that the fame of Weland's magic boat Wingelock lingered in northern England till the Reformation. It is obvious that the sole use of a magic boat is to transport its possessor from place to place in a few minutes, like the magic

wings of Wade's own father. Old widows, says Chaucer in effect, know too much of the craft of Wade's boat: they can fly from place to place in a minute, and, if charged with any misdemeanour, will swear they were a mile away from the place at the time alleged. Poor Pickwick, when he got entangled with a widow, had no such boat to assist him to an *alibi*, and suffered accordingly.

As to the origin and significance of the word or name Wade, its earliest occurrence in literature is in "Widsith," and the date of this Anglo-Saxon poem is probably as early as A.D. 433–440. One thing seems certain, that as early as A.D. 798 there were one or more famous Anglo-Saxon chiefs named Wade. The name is essentially of Teutonic or Scandinavian origin. The Welsh and Irish families of the name derive their origin from settlers or invaders from afar. That the Wades invaded the principality of Wales with the early English kings is as certain as the fact that the family were represented at the battle of Flodden Field.

The antiquity of the name is sufficiently demonstrable, and so also is the fact that the long line of Wades includes many famous personages. The family may be well excused the pride that attaches to the fact that among its many distinguished representatives in the past are to be found such historic personages as Armigel Waad, Secretary of the Privy Council of King Henry VIII., and one of the first Englishmen to land in America; his son Sir William Waad, who had so leading a part in the colonisation of Virginia, and whose activity as Lieutenant-Governor of the Tower of London procured for him the epithet of "that villain Wade," from his prisoners Sir Walter Raleigh and Cobham; Colonel Nathaniel Wade, the ill-fated Monmouth's companion at Sedgmoor; Field-Marshal General George Wade, Commander-in-Chief

The Hon.ble George Wade Esq.r
Lieutenant General &c. Commander in Chief
of all His Maj.ty Forces in Scotland, Fort and Barrisons, North Britain, &c.

MARSHAL WADE

After VAN DIEST, *from a Mezzotint by* FABER

of the British Army in early Georgian days, and builder of the famous Highland roads; the American Colonel Nathaniel Wade, who held West Point the night after Arnold's treason, and who was the friend and confidant of Washington and Lafayette; Sir Claude Martine Wade, K.C.B., the soldier who first forced the Khyber Pass, and who died at his Bath residence, No 16, Queen Square; Captain William Wade, the Bath M.C.; and a host of others bearing the name.

This being a local record, we are only concerned with such of the family as come within that scope. Marshal Wade and his well-built mansion in Bath, which still exists as an excellent example of an equally excellent architect, we have already written of in an earlier article. And if we treat further of him now, it is only because of his connection with the personage of whom we propose to speak later, Captain William Wade.

The Marshal, who was born in 1673 and died in 1748, we endeavoured to show in the earlier article spoken of, was a great benefactor to Bath by his munificent gifts, and locally gave evidence of his zealous loyalty in discovering and frustrating a Jacobite plot.

In 1722 Wade was elected Member of Parliament for Bath, and he continued to represent the city until his death. In 1724 he was appointed to superintend the construction of the military roads in Scotland, and entrusted with the disarming of the Highland clans. In 1743 he received his Field-Marshal's baton, and in 1745 became Commander-in-Chief, but retired into private life the following year.

The wonderful military highways made by him through the Highlands, which proceeded in a straight line up and down, like a Roman road, were the subject of various poetical effusions. The most singular of

such perhaps was that said to have been composed by a Mr. Caulfield, who was employed in the business by the Marshal:—

> "Had you but seen these roads *before they were made*,
> You'd lift up your hands and bless Marshal Wade."

General Wade left a fortune of above £100,000. He left £500 for the erection of a monument to himself, either in the Bath Abbey or Westminster Abbey. The monument was erected at Westminster over the Canons' door to the Cloisters. It is said that the sculptor Roubilliac used to come and stand before "his best work," and weep to think it put too high to be appreciated. Two portraits of Wade, one anonymous and the other by Haechen, after John Vanderbank, are in existence; a third, painted by Adrian Van Diest, and engraved by Faber, is reproduced with this article. His younger brother William (1670–1732) became a Canon of Windsor, and died at Bath, 1st February, 1732, and was buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where a monument was erected to his memory by Marshal Wade.

The Marshal's grandfather, William Wade, was a major of Dragoons in Oliver Cromwell's army, and in 1653 received a grant of lands in Westmeath and King's Counties, Ireland.

William Wade, the subject of our present notice, described in the local guide-books—and also by himself in at least one public announcement—as a "nephew" of Marshal Wade, was in reality a natural son of that doughty personage. The Marshal left two illegitimate sons, Captains William and John Wade, by whom his will, dated 1st June, 1747, was proved 24th March, 1748. To these, with his natural daughter, Jane Earle, who married Ralph Allen, of Bath, he left most of his estate. Besides the above three children, the Marshal had another natural daughter, named

After the Portrait by GAINSBOROUGH, *from an Old Print*

Emilia, who was married, first, in 1728, to John Mason, and secondly to Mr. Jebb.

Captain William Wade obtained his military designation from the position he held in the old 73rd Regiment.

His position as Master of Ceremonies at Bath was consequent upon the death of Samuel Derrick [1724–1769], the previous M.C. This position, however, was not obtained without a "Bath contest" of keen rivalry, in which "Papers," "Advertisements," "Odes," "Humble Petitions" of the "Young Ladies, married or single," "Queries," "Remarks," and sundry other effusions were "flying through the air," as if the fate of the nation hinged upon the result. Squibs, pictorial and otherwise, were the order of the day on this particular occasion.

William Brereton came temporarily into power, but because of the manner of his election, a rival M.C. from Bristol, in the person of a Mr. R. H. Plomer, was introduced into the "contest."

Wade, as soon as he heard of Derrick's illness, and that he was past all hope of recovery, came to Bath with the intention to offer himself as a candidate to succeed him as Master of the Ceremonies. On his arrival in the city he found that there were other Richmonds in the field. In an explanatory letter addressed "To the Ladies and Gentlemen Subscribers to the Public Rooms at Bath," he informed them that —"As I find there are already candidates for the employment, and that the company seem very strenuous for them, I do decline my intention of standing a candidate; as I would be much concerned to be the cause of making any addition to the present commotions; but in case of any future vacancy, I do solicit the favour of your votes and interest, being determined to make it my study to execute the office with the strictest honour and im-

partiality, and my best endeavours to give general satisfaction."

Wade was wise in his choice of tactics, for the contest developed into a fierce war of words, and one unseemly riotous scene took place at Simpson's Room, in which mêlée the "company" present got so completely mixed up in their combative conduct, that there was a big sweeping up of odds and ends of personal attire at the conclusion of the affray. This "Night at the Rooms" formed the subject of an entertaining caricature in one of the London contemporary journals.

Ultimately a compromise was arranged between the factions, by which the two rival M.C.'s, Brereton and Plomer, retired with a substantial solatium, and a neutral governor in the person of Wade was called in to administer the gaieties of the city.

Wade's reign as M.C. commenced in April 1769, and on the night of the 18th of that month he officiated at a ball, the attendance at which was very numerous and of more than usual splendour, "when the greatest satisfaction and complacency was expressed by all the company." Wade entered into the duties of the office with considerable spirit. His attention was not simply confined to the coming and going of visitors to the city, or the little attentions necessary to the company frequenting the Rooms, or partaking of the waters, but he also took a lively interest in other functions than those usually pertaining to his office. The Race Meeting, then held on Claverton Down, had no more enthusiastic patron than the Captain. On one occasion at least he took with him to the downs a numerous and fashionable company, and delighted his many admirers by riding home an easy winner in the principal race of the day. Captain Hamilton never had a better day of sport, or financial gain, than when he entrusted the handling of his famous racehorse to

the care of Captain Wade, who succeeded in beating his rival—the professional jockey Morgan, mounted on Captain Johnson's useful steed—with consummate ease.

Men came from a distance to see the new M.C., and women came and stayed on beyond their allotted time for taking "the cure," and when they went hence it was with a fresh ache of a palpitating but not unpleasant character. The Captain was making great conquests in more ways than one.

The company then at Bath, even the erstwhile partisans of the former candidates for the office, unanimously testified their great appreciation of the new M.C. by opening a subscription to present him with a gold medallion to be worn by him as a proper mark of distinction. The medallion was made of fine gold, enamelled blue, and elegantly enriched with brilliants. On one side was the raised figure of Venus, with a golden apple in one hand and a rudder in the other, and the motto *Venus decens;* on the reverse was a wreath of laurel, and the motto, *Arbiter Elegantiæ, communi Consensu.*

No less a light in the artistic world than Gainsborough himself could do fitting justice to such a personage, and so a very fine whole-length portrait was painted by the artist. It represented the Captain in red coat and breeches, and gold-embroidered vest, holding his hat in his right hand, and standing on a terrace, with a distant landscape, and measured 91 by 59 inches. The portrait was duly exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1771 (No. 78 in the catalogue), and afterwards had a place of honour, within an ornamental frame, in the stucco of the Card Room, or Octagon, of the New Assembly Rooms, in Alfred Street, which had just then been completed. The head was afterwards engraved by F. Bartolozzi, the fashionable engraver of the day. Gainsborough was

also responsible for a painting (8 by 6 inches) in oval of "Master Wade," in a scarlet coat, with landscape background. This painting was in 1856 in the possession of the Rev. E. Wade.

The reign of the new "King of Bath" was, however, of comparatively short duration. Rumour and scandal were making the holding of the position more and more difficult, even at a time when morals were somewhat easy, and in 1777 came the climax, when was set down for trial the divorce case of John Hooke Campbell, Esq., "Lord Lyon King at Arms for the Kingdom of Scotland," *versus* Mrs. Elizabeth Campbell, wife of the same. The trial and its adverse conclusion drove Wade from Bath. His edicts as M.C., issued with all the pomp and circumstance of his position, were no longer despatched from his residence in Edgar Buildings. His sumptuous and "elegant" reunions at Mrs. Herbert's "lodgings" in Gay Street, or in Brock Street, came to an untimely conclusion, and the Captain withdrew to fresh fields and pastures new at Brighton, where for a period he filled a position as M.C., but without the *éclat* or glory of his Bath career.

The ultimate fate of Captain Wade has always been something of a mystery. With some amount of trouble the writer has traced his career subsequently to his exit from Bath. For a number of years he officiated as M.C. for the proprietors of the Public Rooms at Brighton, where soon after his arrival he dispensed with the prefix of Captain. But the Nemesis of a tarnished name seems to have pursued him to his new sphere. In April 1797, at Christie's London Auction Rooms, when Mr. Gainsborough's effects were sold, a portrait of "Mr. Wade, of Brighton," was sold to a Mr. Pierce, for the paltry sum of £3, 10s. But time has avenged this slight, and the Bath Gainsborough portrait, when offered for sale in London recently, was bought in at £2100.

His first residence in Brighton was in Black Lyon Street, a locality at that period of a fairly aristocratic character. He continued to exercise the duties of his office to almost the close of his life, though in 1806–7 the duties were considerably curtailed, and in the closing years of his Brighton reign there was a further sensible diminution of his power and authority.

The M.C.'s last Ball was given at the Castle on 22nd August 1807, when 200 "fashionables" attended, the company including the Duchess of Marlborough, Lord and Lady Huntingfield, Earl Craven, and the redoubtable Mrs. Fitzherbert.

Henceforth he, who for nearly forty years had exercised sway over the World of Fashion in Bath and Brighton, is heard of no more in the available records; even his death occurred without local mention.

The only public notice of his end occurs in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, of 1809, where at page 285, under the obituary notices, is the bald announcement: "16 March, in New Street, Brighthelmstone, William Wade, Esq., late Master of the Ceremonies at that place."

MINERVA AND HER BATH TEMPLE

BATH is possessed of many remarkable remains of the workmanship of the Romans, and the fragments still remaining of their Temple to Minerva are, perhaps, the most interesting of them all. The authorities conflict in their estimate of the exact period of the commencement of the Roman occupation of this locality, but it can be taken roughly to have been somewhere between A.D. 40 and 54, and lasted until some period between A.D. 410 and 427.

During the intervening time there were occasions when circumstances called for the erection of palatial buildings of all sorts, including a sumptuous suite of bathing conveniences and villas, gates, temples, altars, sepulchral stones, statues, the making of roads, besides the many other calls for industry, the evidence of which is so very apparent in Bath and district.

The Roman remains now on exhibition at the Museum attached to the Roman Promenade, and the Royal Literary Institution, all contribute to form one of the richest and most interesting collections of Roman antiquities in England.

Any one branch of such a subject would be exceedingly interesting to pursue, but Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom and of the arts and sciences, and the Temple which the Romans erected to her memory here, are in themselves of special interest.

We give with this article a representation of the portico of the Roman Temple to Minerva as discovered in 1790, and as reconstructed in a drawing published in 1802. Fragments of this Temple are now to be

PORTICO OF MINERVA'S TEMPLE AT BATH RESTORED

seen in the Museum attached to our present Roman Promenade. Some other fragments have been discovered at various periods since 1790. The Temple was situated in the neighbourhood of the west end of the present Pump Room, and at the north end of Stall Street. Near by, the hot springs had been collected into elegant baths, and furnished with accommodation for the use of bathers in a manner mounting into magnificence. The Romans considered Minerva as the presiding genius of the springs, and a Temple was built to her honour. A constant fire was kept burning within this Temple, like that in the Temple of Vesta, at Rome. The fire was fed with fossil coal obtained from the neighbourhood of Newton. And this fire occasions the first mention of coal used by the Romans in England. The Temple itself was a fabric of great extent and magnificence. The remains of Minerva's Temple found in September 1790 received in April 1869 some valuable additions. The fragments then found were discovered under the south side of Westgate Street (from Stall Street).

There was fair evidence to believe the spot where these were found had been one side of what was used as a stoneyard when Bishop Joceline [flourished 1174–1183] rebuilt the Saxon Church of St. Mary de Staull. In fact, to obtain materials wherewith to rebuild this church, he appears to have actually pulled down the Roman Temple, then no doubt in a roofless state, but seemingly so respected that even in reusing, by splitting off all the plain block stone, they yet refrained from destroying the ornamental parts.

There is a curious document still extant, an ancient manuscript on vellum, belonging to the Bath family at Longleat, which bears upon this point. The old manuscript is really the old ledger book of the Bath Abbey, carried off in the pillage of the monastery at the time of the Reformation. It is there recorded that as late

as 1582 the Temple of Minerva was continued, though in a ruinous state. "Staules Church" stood at the northern end of "Staules Street," at an angle between that and Cheap Street, having an open churchyard, which extended to the King's Bath.

The sculptured head, contained in the circular shield of the pediment, has called forth a great amount of learned conjecture. The sculpture belongs to the age of the decadence of the arts, but it is not inferior in execution to some of the works of that period in Rome. Though the execution is coarse, there is an effective treatment of the work, as intended for a distance. The arrangement of the hair is very artistic, and the mode in which the snakes are made to combine with it worthy of observation. The subject is a large circular shield, supported by two flying figures of Victory. The feet of the right hand Victory still remain attached to a globe.

The signification of the emblematic head in the shield of the pediment is a moot point, but it is now more generally accepted as a personification of the hot spring itself. Certainly the abundant curls might indicate the flowing streams.

It has also been considered to represent the head of Medusa. Mr. Britton says it was intended to represent the Ægis of Minerva. The ægis was originally a goat skin; and when Jupiter was contending with the Titans, he was directed to wear it, with the head of the Gorgon. Homer designates Jupiter "ægis bearing," and from this circumstance the goat skin became the mantle or parludamentum of the Roman emperors; and the Medusa's head at last degenerated into a fibula or button with which the cloak was fastened to the right shoulder.

The steps up to the Temple front were either seven or eight in number. The whole width of the Temple front might be about a little over thirty feet. The

exterior length of the Temple, not including the steps, may have been about forty-nine or fifty feet.

The well-known, and oft written about, so-called "Inscription on the Temple at Bath," had no connection with or ever belonged to the great Temple at all, but was really cut on the cornice of a smaller building that stood close by the more important structure.

Scarth, in one of his papers on the Roman Remains of Bath, enters into an interesting discussion as to the ancient name of Bath, and its connection with the goddess Minerva, or Sul-Minerva, who was worshipped here. He considered that the city's ancient name was "Aque Solis," as it is written in the earliest itinerary, that of Antoninus, or "Aquæ Sulis," as has been conjectured, from the name of the goddess who was believed to preside over the medicinal springs. Several of the altars which have been discovered here, of which there are many, are dedicated to "Sul-Minerva."

Hence it has been conjectured that the name of the city was "Aquæ Sulis," and that Sul was an ancient British goddess, to which the Romans added the name of Minerva.

As Sul appears to have been the name of the British Goddess of Health, the Romans would have designated her by the name of "Minerva Medica."

The hill called Solisbury, or Little Solisbury, more properly Sulisbury, which overlooks Swainswick and Batheaston, is supposed to have been named by the Ancient Britons after the goddess Sul, and to have been the site of her worship, and that she was the principal object of adoration to all this part of the country, Salisbury Plain being also named after her.

The goddess Minerva, or Sul-Minerva, was not like the goddess Vesta, at Rome, attended by virgins only, and seen only by the head virgin, but waited upon by men. We have still preserved among us the altar which, in all probability, stood in the centre of the

Temple, and contained the pan in which the fire was placed which burned continually.

Fragments of the smaller Temple erected by the Romans at Bath are still to be seen in scattered positions in the Museum attached to the Roman Promenade. Age, and the indifferent care formerly taken of these valuable remains, leave us with but a minor estimate of their full extent. This building was erected probably at a later period than the larger Temple, to which it was apparently closely adjacent. The head in the pediment was formerly considered to be that of the goddess Sul, in consequence of a portion of an inscription found with it, though Scarth in his "Aquæ Solis" rather leans to the theory that the fragments were that of a small Temple of Luna or Selene. The goddess is represented full-faced, with the crescent, not on her forehead but behind her head, gracefully filling up the circular space. The right shoulder is bare, on the left is her whip, and her hair is tied in a knot over her forehead, in accordance with other classic representations of the virgin goddess. Another later authority is inclined to dispute the idea that this building was a temple at all, but rather that it was simply an entrance hall to the old Roman Baths, probably to the men's wing, and executed at the expense of the person mentioned in the long and famous inscription that was recorded over the entrance and between the front pilasters. As part of the bathing establishment of the day it was remarkable in being perhaps the only part wholly composed of stone in a public building having a depth of at least about one hundred feet with a probable length of five hundred feet. The emblematic figures between the pilasters of the Temple represented the four seasons—one that of Spring holding flowers, the second that of Summer bearing fruit, the third that of Autumn holding wheatears, and the fourth that of Winter holding a bill-hook.

THE TEMPLE OF SUL-MINERVA AT BATH RESTORED

There is a doubt whether the inscription on it as given in the accompanying illustration is quite correct. The greater part of the slab containing the letters is now again lost, though a fragment is still to be seen in a dark corner of the Museum at the Roman Promenade. All that now remains of the inscription is as follows :—

[C · P]ROACI[US]
[DE]AE · SVIS · M[NERVE] ·
"C. Protacius, to the Goddess Sul Minerva."

Enough of the fragments of the structure remains to suggest the pitch of gable and its approximate height.

The entrance hall gave a width in front of the plinth of about thirty-one feet four and a half inches, the whole width across pilaster shafts twenty-eight feet eight and a quarter inches, and its height from the pavement to the top of the cornice that remains at present about thirteen feet seven inches.

The passage in Solinus, asserting that Minerva was the divinity presiding over the Bath waters, has been partly the foundation for the supposition that both the edifices described in this and the first portion of our article were temples dedicated to her. Minerva was quite worthy of a second temple in such an important Roman centre as Bath was made. She was the thinking, calculating, and inventive power personified. She was considered to be the impersonation of all ideas, or as the plan of the universe, as Jupiter was considered the creator, and Juno the representative of matter. Minerva was third in the number of the Capitoline divinities, and sometimes is said to have wielded the thunderbolts of Jupiter, her father. Tarquin, the son of Demaratus, was believed to have united the three divinities in one common temple, and hence, when repasts were prepared for the gods, these three always went together.

As Minerva was a virgin divinity, and her father the supreme god, the Romans easily identified her with the Greek Athena, and accordingly all the attributes of Athena were gradually transferred to the Roman Minerva.

As became a maiden goddess, her sacrifices consisted of calves which had not borne the yoke or felt the sting. She is said to have invented numbers, and it is added that the law respecting the driving in of the annual nail was for this reason attached to the Temple of Minerva. It is certainly generally well attested that, as the patroness of all the arts and sciences, at her festival she was particularly invoked by all those who desired to distinguish themselves in any art or craft, such as painting, poetry, the art of teaching, medicine, dyeing, spinning, weaving, and the like.

Minerva, moreover, was the patroness not only of females, on whom she conferred skill in sewing, spinning, and weaving; she also guided men in the dangers of war, where victory was gained by cunning, prudence, courage, and perseverance. Hence she was represented with a helmet, shield, and a coat of mail; and the booty made in war was frequently dedicated to her.

Further, she was believed to be the inventor of musical instruments, especially of wind instruments, the use of which were accordingly subjected to a sort of purification every year on the last day of the festival of Minerva. This festival lasted five days, from the 19th to the 23rd of March, that is beginning on the fifth day after the ides of the month. This number of days does not seem to have been accidental, for the number 5 was sacred to Minerva.

The most ancient Temple of Minerva at Rome was probably that on the Capitol, another existed on the Aventine, and she had a chapel at the foot of the Cælian Hill, where she had the surname of Capta.

Her mysterious image was preserved in the most secret part of the Temple of Vesta, and regarded as one of the safeguards of the State.

In Bath, at the Roman Promenade, is preserved an ancient bronze head supposed to represent the goddess.

THE STRODES OF SOUTHILL, WEST CRANMORE—PART I.

SOUTHILL, the abode of the Strodes for many generations, is in the parish of West Cranmore, and with the adjacent parish of East Cranmore, is served by the G.W.R. (Cranmore) within the borders of the first-mentioned parish.

It is, perhaps, more conveniently visited from a time-table point of view *via* Shepton Mallet (S. and D. Ry.), from whence a walk or drive of about three and a half miles will bring the traveller to his destination.

West Cranmore lies in a flat vale, and is bounded on the north, south, and east by high lands. It is tolerably well wooded, and watered from several rivulets rising in the parish.

The name Cranmore itself, anciently "Cranemere," has reference to the marshy land hereabout, formerly much frequented by cranes, birds supplying one of the dainties provided at many public entertainments in the olden time.

The church of St. Bartholomew is an ancient edifice, built from freestone quarried in the neighbourhood. It is in the Early English style, with a good tower of the Taunton type, and several stained windows to the memory of various members of the Strode and Chetham-Strode families. It also possesses an ancient open bier, with the inscription, "Richard Dole, Churchwarden." In the churchyard is an ancient cross in good preservation.

On the top of a hill close by a "prospect tower" has been erected, commanding a splendid view.

SOUTHILL HOUSE, WEST CRANMORE

In the neighbourhood are the famous "Black Rock" and other ancient quarries, which are credited with having supplied the stone for building Wells Cathedral and Glastonbury Abbey.

The "Black Rock" stone is purely a local deposit of an extremely hard nature, in appearance much like granite, and the quarrying and other work in connection therewith give employment to a considerable number of men.

Cranmore Hall, the seat of Sir Richard H. Paget, is in the neighbouring parish of East Cranmore, but we are now more particularly concerned with the former residence of the Strodes.

The Southill estate, which is a freehold, residential and sporting one, has an extent of upwards of 1800 acres, and comprising nearly the whole of the parish of West Cranmore. Its gross estimated rental is about £3138.

The mansion, known as Southill House, is approached by a winding carriage drive through a richly timbered park of nearly fifty acres, which is adorned with large and luxuriant specimens of forest and other timber trees. It is situated at an elevation of six hundred and thirty feet above the sea-level, yet sheltered, and commanding bold and picturesque views over the neighbouring country.

The mansion, which is in the early Domestic style of architecture, after a chaste and elegant design, is faced with the celebrated Doulting stone, and is entered through an imposing stone portico, supported with arches on stone columns, with a balcony over. The entrance hall is entered from the portico, and measures twenty-seven feet by fourteen feet, the floor being laid with tessellated pavement, and the walls are relieved with recesses for statuary.

The drawing-room is an elegant saloon, of nearly twenty-eight feet by seventeen feet, excluding the bay

window, and overlooks the park and delightful views of charming hill and vale scenery, King Alfred's Tower at Stourton rising grandly in the foreground, while in the far distance the Dorset hills are visible. From the dining-room delightful views of the Mendip Hills, and the parish church of Cranmore, are to be seen. From the windows which open on to the stone balcony, most charming views can also be obtained over the park and woodlands. The principal bed-chambers are situated on the first and second floors, and comprise ten principal bed and dressing rooms, besides four others for the accommodation of servants. "Sir Edward's Room" measures nearly sixteen feet by fourteen feet, with dressing-room adjoining. Attached to the house are extensive stable accommodation, pleasure grounds, an ancient rookery, and a long lime-tree walk. The locality affords exceptional opportunities for hunting, for within easy distance of the property well-known packs meet.

The family of Strode, which derives its origin from the Dukes of Bretagne, was founded in England by one of the soldiers of the Conquest, Sir Warinus de la Strode, Lord of Strode, in Dorsetshire, who with his immediate successors held large estates in the counties of Dorset and Somerset. Sir John de Strode, Knight, the eighth in direct line, was sheriff of Dorsetshire and Somerset in the seventeenth year of the reign of Henry III.

The descendants of Sir John, and his elder son Nicholas de Strode (living in 1249), were for a long period of years settled at Parnham and Strode in Dorsetshire.

One John de Strode, who was born in 1524, married first, Katherine, daughter of Gregory, Lord Cromwell, and it was of their son, Sir John Strode (born in 1561), that Fuller in his "Church History" speaks when he says: "A knight [Sir John Strode], aged near eighty, whose mother was daughter of Lord Cromwell's son,

hath informed me that the principal passage whereon the lord's enemies insisted was this: it being told Lord Cromwell that one accused him of want of fidelity to the king, Cromwell replied in a passion: 'Were he now here, I would strike my dagger into his heart,' meaning his accuser's."

The father of the Sir John Strode referred to married, secondly, Margaret, daughter and heiress of Christopher Hadley, and widow of Thomas Luttrell, of Dunster Castle.

The male line of succession of the elder branch of the family terminated when Elizabeth Strode married Sir William Oglander. She was the only daughter of Sir John Strode (born in 1624), who had married the widow of John, Lord Paulet, of Hinton.

John Strode, of Shepton Mallet, the second son of William de Strode, of Parnham, and Alice Ledred, next inherited the Strode estates. John Strode married Joanna, daughter of John Okele, and was succeeded by his son, Walter Strode, of Shepton Mallet, whose son and heir, Thomas Strode, also of Shepton, had two sons, John and Edward Strode. The younger son, Edward, married Alicia, daughter of Robert Whiting, brother of "the last abbot of Glastonbury," and left a son, William Strode, a clothier, of Shepton Mallet, who married Elizabeth Upton, of Warminster. Their son, William Strode, appears to have been a very prosperous merchant, having a considerable Spanish trade. His wealth was largely augmented when he married, in 1621, Joan, the only daughter and heir of Edward Barnard, of Downside, a hamlet within one and a half miles of Shepton Mallet. The old Barnard residence, in fair preservation, is now occupied as a farmhouse. About the year 1627 William Strode purchased the mansion and estate called Barrington, near Ilchester.

After the dissolution in 1629, with a pretence that the kingdom was in danger, the King in his wisdom

bethought him of a plan whereby each county was to provide a ship, or a certain sum of money, the presumed cost thereof. The tax, which was undoubtedly illegal, was commonly looked upon as a pretext of the King to obtain money, of which he was at the time badly in need.

THE STRODES OF SOUTHILL, WEST CRANMORE—PART II

PERHAPS in no county in the kingdom was the "ship tax" so stoutly resisted as in that of Somerset, and certainly there were no stouter champions of the people's cause than the Strode family. Active, not "passive," resistance was made a fine art. In 1636 the sheriff wrote to the Council: "There is one man that much retards this service, and that is William Strode, the merchant, who, refusing to pay five marks, had one of his cows distrained, and suffered the constable to sell her. The overplus being tendered to Mr. Strode, he refused it. Then, hearing where the cow was, he fetched her away by replevin, and sued the Constable."

By order of the Council, Strode appeared to tell his own story to the King personally; but he was ordered, nevertheless, to pay the sum required of him, and withdraw the suit upon the replevin.

An addition to the grievance of the people was the interference of the bishops in personal matters. The Bishop of Bath and Wells reported that the Strode estate was properly assessed. On this report Strode was ordered to "acknowledge his sorrow" for such bold words as he had used, and render full satisfaction, in lieu of which the Court would proceed against him. Some months afterwards the good bishop, though refusing a certificate to Mr. Strode, reported that he had given satisfaction "by an ingenuous acknowledgement of his fault."

In 1640 the King again, under a pretence of an

invasion from Scotland, was endeavouring to raise an army, which was part of a scheme to coerce the country.

Two thousand men were the number required from Somerset, and William Strode was appointed treasurer of the movement.

The reports came in that he "neglected and slighted the service," and that the soldiers were "unquiet spirits and unreasonable." Discontent and opposition rapidly arose, and culminated in the outbreak of the Civil War of 1642. At Shepton the Marquis of Hertford, bearing a commission to raise men for the King, was met by Strode, with his son and servants, a party of six, four of whom were armed. The Marquis and his escort of one hundred men were asked to depart; on refusal a struggle ensued, and Strode was seized and charged with treason. On a rumour spreading that a multitude of the country people were coming to the rescue, the Royalists made off, leaving their prisoner behind. This was the commencement of exciting times in the county, throughout the whole of which Colonel Strode bore his full share, his influence being great, and his activity constant in all things warlike. He was at the fight on Sedgemoor on the 19th August. The Parliamentarians formed a County Committee, on which Committee was William Strode. By Proclamation the King offered a free pardon to all inhabitants of the county, excepting, with two or three others, William Strode. Later the western counties were associated, and placed under one general command, and Colonel Strode was more than any very active with his "valiant band." He was with Sir William Waller at Bath, taking part in the Lansdown fight, and most bravely bore the brunt of a sudden attack made upon him later. He obtained special commendation as "a man much relied upon in these parts."

The varying fortunes of the struggle and its end are well known. A national army was created rather than

SOUTHILL, WEST CRANMORE

a local one, and under the new regulations, whereby the Members of Parliament were required to resign any military command, Colonel William Strode disappears from the scene of war. He was subsequently nominated for the position of a knight of the shire. The County Committee was desirous of setting up other candidates, but the choice of the freeholders fell on Colonel Strode, "having had good experience of his fidelity and abilities." The country people flocked into Ilchester on the day of election, crying, "A Strode! a Strode!" and seeing the possible outcome the Court adjourned, and by other diverse ways endeavoured to thwart the popular wish. The election was postponed, and by a subterfuge Strode was not permitted to occupy the position he ought to have done in the county election. In January 1646, Strode was returned for the borough of Ilchester, but not without considerable opposition; in the following month the Commons declared him duly elected. This election occurred a few months after the death of his namesake William Strode, one of the "Five Members," with whom he is frequently confused in historical records. His Parliamentary activity produced many reforms and wrongs redressed. For refusing to take the covenant of the Independent, known as the "Engagement," he was expelled the House by what was known as "Pride's Purge."

On the restoration of the monarchy he was imprisoned, and obliged to make a humble submission for disobeying the orders of the King's deputy-lieutenant of Somerset. He died in 1666, aged seventy-seven, and was buried at Barrington.

It is erroneously stated in the "Dictionary of National Biography" that his portrait by William Dobson was acquired by the National Portrait Gallery in December 1897. This misstatement was probably made by the writer of the article through confusing

the National Portrait *Exhibition*, at which the picture referred to was exhibited (as one of the Five Members) in 1866, with the above Gallery. Besides other good deeds, done for the benefit of the county in which he took such an interest, Colonel William Strode, jointly with George Strode of London, founded the Grammar School at Shepton Mallet. Barrington Court, William Strode's seat near Ilchester, one of the most beautiful specimens of Elizabethan architecture in the county, is now used as a farmhouse, but remains in some parts in an excellent state of preservation.

By indenture, dated 28th April, 1605, Thomas Strode of Batcombe and Shepton Mallet purchased the Manor of Cranmore, "with all appurtenances in that county," of Sir Thomas Cheeke, Knt. Thomas Strode died 7th June, 1625. It is noted in the archives of the family that during the Monmouth Rebellion the Duke visited Southill. It is not generally known that the Strodes can claim descent from Edward III., and the Chethams, who became allied to the Strodes, descend also from Edward I.; hence the family name of "Edward."

Southill until recent years contained many interesting memorials of the Strodes, notably a series of important portraits of various members of the family; but the Victorian era, with its many attractions and allurements, coupled also with the expensive fascinations of Continental gaming tables, wrought a change in the fortunes of the family. The upkeep of the estate was not maintained with that thoughtful care of former years, and the year 1896 saw the whole estate, residential and otherwise, including even the household effects of Southill, with its family heirlooms, portraits, and all, knocked down by auction to the highest bidder. The price paid for all was £53,000. The present owner is Frederick Spencer, Esq., J.P., who has spent a considerable sum of money in repairing the decay of

former years, and with true appreciative sentiment has kept intact the Strode family portraits which came into his possession.

Liberty-loving Somerset will ever have a kindly thought for the sturdy Strodes, who did so much for the country in general, and for the county of Somerset in particular.

MRS. SHERWOOD'S VISITS TO BATH

THROUGH the kindness of Lady Dawes, a grand-daughter of Mrs. Sherwood, we are enabled in the following article to make use of family papers bearing on three interesting visits that the author of "The Fairchild Family" made to Bath. And inasmuch as these visits have never before been noticed by local chroniclers, we shall be the more excused, perhaps, in calling attention to them in detail.

There are no more pleasant traditions in many English middle-class families than the incidents of the education of their elders who were brought up in the first half of the nineteenth century. They were practically reared on Mrs. Sherwood's juvenile books, and more particularly on her exceedingly popular "Fairchild Family," first published in 1818, and completed in 1847. That and her quaintly interesting "Little Henry and his Bearer," are now perhaps her best-remembered books. Mary Martha Sherwood was born at Stanford, Worcestershire, on 6th May, 1775. She was the elder daughter and second child of George Butt, D.D., by his wife Martha, daughter of Henry Sherwood. Mary, a beautiful child (neither of the known portraits of her done in later life doing her full justice), was educated at home, and subjected to a rigorous discipline.

In 1790 she was sent to the Abbey School, at Reading, then under the direction of M. and Mme. St. Quentin. The school, which was afterwards removed to London, numbered among its pupils Mary

MRS. SHERWOOD

Russell Mitford, the author of that delightful book, "Our Village"; and L. E. Landon ("L.E.L."). As a school-girl Mary Butt acquired a good knowledge of Latin, and her career as author commenced in 1794 when she published her first tale, "The Traditions." With the spirit of true comradeship, the proceeds of this work were destined to assist an old friend. Early in the following year she received a letter from her godmother, a lady of some importance, whose name she does not mention, inviting her to spend some weeks with her in Bath. Twenty years prior to this her father had preached a memorable sermon in the Octagon Chapel, on the occasion of the death of the Bishop of Worcester. Her parents, thinking to give her pleasure, gave their consent, though she was not to leave them till the worst of the cold season was over.

At last the time came which was fixed for her coming to Bath. She was to travel with a Miss Sandford, and was to meet her in Worcester. This lady was visiting some friends in the College Green, and our heroine and her father, after an uncomfortable journey on horseback and by chaise through snow and rain, joined her at the place of rendezvous. Early the next morning Dr. Butt saw his daughter and Miss Sandford safely lodged, with four other passengers, inside the coach, and they started for a long day's journey. There was a larger number of outside passengers, but within were found sufficient company and entertainment for the journey, for there happened to be present Mr. Lockhart Johnstone, the son of the physician to the Butt family. The passengers were kept vastly entertained by this gentleman, and Miss Butt in her journal says: "We were quite good old friends before we reached the capital of King Bladud's dominions." Three stops were made on the journey for meals and for change of horses, but at last arrival was made at the White Hart. From thence Miss

Butt was put into a chair by a friend of the family, and carried to her godmother's lodgings "in the older part of Bath."

The old lady never lived a year together in one place, but had a constant succession of intimate friends, who were all that was charming for a few months, more or less. Her present friends were persons not unknown in the world of letters, and included one well known for his informing "walks," the Rev. Richard Warner, described by Miss Butt as "a very fine old man," who had some superior friends—which was considered an advantage to the new arrival at Bath. Attendance was given to the Rooms, particularly the Old Rooms, which were considered far more pleasant than the new, because they were more like apartments in an old private house than public rooms. Miss Butt, and the other ladies of her party, she says, went there in plain muslin dresses, and danced for the pleasure of dancing, and here after a little while she was sure of a partner—a major in the army with whom she always figured away. Sad to relate, this gentleman perished soon afterwards in the expedition to Corsica. Her godmother was very kind to her, and our young friend had sufficient experience of the gaieties of Bath to ultimately find herself tired of them, and when her godmother was disposed to move she regretted nothing but parting with the kind friends with whom she had associated at Bath on her first visit to the city.

In September 1795 her father died, and her mother and family settled at Bridgnorth, where Mary wrote two tales—"Margarita," sold in 1798 for £40; and "Susan Grey," sold for £10, and printed in its first form by Hazard, of Bath, in 1802. The latter, which claims to be the first book especially written to inculcate religious principles in the poor, was a great favourite, and was pirated in every shape and form until the year 1816, when the copyright was returned

to the author. It was in the winter of 1795 that Mary Butt made her second visit to Bath, again with her godmother, and in the same house which they previously occupied. The old lady had at times little quarrels on trivial matters with some of her friends, and the attentions that her god-daughter obtained during this visit to the city formed the groundwork of one or two such differences.

Very foolishly she would insist that whenever she had any such quarrel, that she must meet the other party to the quarrel and talk the matter over. She called these discussions *éclaircissements*, and one day in particular her young guest had to walk with her to some of the then new buildings above the Royal Crescent on such a mission. The visit was to two old ladies, ancient acquaintances of hers, with whom she had a quarrel years before. They were just come to Bath, and she was resolved to call on them and have an *éclaircissement*. Reason would not stay the purpose of her visit. Arriving at the house, they introduced themselves and were kindly received. All would have been well had not the old lady rubbed up the story, and demanded an explanation. Instantly the party was all in a flame, the two old ladies blowing up on one side, and the elderly visitor on the other, and after sundry sharp remarks and severe retorts the quarrelsome intruder and her *protégée* withdrew. All the comfort she could gather from the latter was a reminder that she had been told what might be the consequence of demanding an *éclaircissement*. This visit to Bath was concluded with a delightful postchaise journey in fine weather to Oxford.

In 1799 occurred her third, and, perhaps, more memorable visit to Bath. Whilst staying with her brother at Alveston, near Thornbury, on a visit to a Mrs. King, that good lady took them both for a day to Bath, with the hope of seeing Mrs. Hannah

More. Hannah More was staying with her four sisters at No. 76, Pulteney Street, and was then, perhaps, at the highest pinnacle of her fame. The young authoress in her journals finds a difficulty in recording the impression made upon her by this introduction to her great sister authoress. She speaks of the large and handsome houses in Pulteney Street where the great one dwelt. A footman opened the door to them, and Mrs. King being well known in the house, they were at once ushered into a large dining-room, and the four sisters came down, viz., Miss More, Miss Kitty, Miss Patty, and Miss Sally.

Mrs. Hannah was inquired after by Mrs. King, who said she was very anxious to introduce her two young friends, pleading that the gentleman was a young clergyman, and that it was desirable that Mrs. Hannah should see him. "Humph! yes, very proper," all the sisters answered; but then "Mrs. Hannah was not well; she was confined to her room—such demands upon her—such a tax—such an object of public attention—the fatigue so great—the fear of giving offence so vast. Lady —— had been refused, and my Lord —— put off, and even Mr. Wilberforce and the Bishop of London set aside, &c., &c."

The four old ladies looked unutterable things, but never once mentioned their sister's name. It was always "she," and the voice fell to the lowest key when the "she" was uttered.

At length, when hope had fallen as low as hope could fall, a hint was given that at least she should be asked whether she thought she could see the visitors. They were then ushered upstairs to the drawing-room, which was next the presence-chamber. After a little further delay they were led into a dressing-room, where sat the lady, looking very much like the picture which was commonly known then, though considerably older, and wearing a cap.

She sat in an arm-chair in true invalid style, and though a strong-featured woman of a dark complexion, she had a magnificent pair of dark eyes. She was very gracious to her visitors, and spoke well, those about her gathering up her words carefully, though in rather a Boswellian-like manner. And in this way concluded a memorable visit.

In 1803 the subject of our notice married her cousin, Captain Henry Sherwood, and entered on a still more eventful life, which included a long stay in India, a busy life of charitable and social work, which was only concluded with her death on 22nd September 1851.

Mrs. Sherwood's uncle, her father's eldest brother, John Martin Butt, M.D., settled in Bath, and was buried here in 1769. There is a mural tablet to his memory in the Abbey, next to the one to Mary Frampton, to whom Dryden wrote some verses.

statement that his father kept a school in Bath is not accepted by the family as correct. Certain it is that the admiral's father in his old age came to Bath for the benefit of his health, as the admiral himself had done. On such visits to the city he was often accompanied by the admiral's wife, Viscountess Nelson. She devoted herself to his care, and indeed was with him in the city on the occasion of his last visit, when, stricken with a fatal illness, he expired at his lodgings in Pulteney Street, in his seventy-ninth year, on the 26th of April, 1802.

It was during the Rev. Edmund Nelson's last illness that Lady Nelson, having heard that Sir William Beechey, the great portrait painter, was in Bath, asked him to receive a sitter. He resolutely refused, saying that during his holiday he would not paint even the Prince of Wales. She replied: "It is Admiral Nelson's father I wish you to paint." He immediately consented, and this valuable one-sitting portrait of the Rev. Edmund Nelson is now in the possession of the present Lord Nelson, at Trafalgar, near Salisbury.

Another visit to Bath of England's future admiral is that which he made when in the twenty-second year of his age.

In January 1780 he was sent as senior naval officer in a joint expedition against San Juan, and was subsequently appointed to the forty-four gunship *Janus*. He was, however, too ill to take up the command, and for the restoration of his health was compelled to return to England. On arriving in this country, accompanied by his father, he came to Bath for the recovery of his health, and here for the autumn of 1780, and a few months in 1781, he took up his residence with Mr. Spry, an "apothecary" living at No. 2, Pierrepont Street. His medical attendant, during his stay in the city, was Dr. Woodward, of Gay Street, a conscientious physician whose practice had been of an extensive if

not lucrative character in Bath for a period of time from about 1776 to 1786.

In writing from Bath on 28th January, 1781, Nelson expressed a hope of being soon on board a ship again. "For, as you will suppose, I do not set under the hands of a doctor very easy, although I give myself credit this once for having done everything, and taken every medicine that was ordered, that Dr. Woodward, who is my physician, said he never had a better patient." Again, writing from Bath on the 15th of the following month, he says his health "is very nearly perfectly restored; and I have the perfect use of all my limbs, except my left arm, which I can hardly tell what is the matter with it." His medical attendant gives him hopes of a complete restoration to health, and on 21st of the same month, writing to his friend Captain William Locker, he says, "My health, I thank God, is perfectly restored, although I shall remain here a few weeks longer, that it may be firmly fixed, as also to avoid the cold weather, which I believe is setting in, for you know this is like Jamaica to any other part of England." He regrets his friend had not come to Bath, "instead of being cooped up in Gray's Inn without seeing anybody. I am sure yours is a Bath case, and, therefore, you ought to come for a month or six weeks."

March 1781 saw his departure from the city, but not before an entertaining altercation with his Bath physician. Of Dr. Woodward, a very generous member of the most liberal of all professions, it is stated that when Nelson expressed surprise at the smallness of his fees, and wished to increase his remuneration, the physician observed, "Pray, Captain Nelson, allow me to follow what I consider to be my professional duty. Your illness, sir, has been brought on by serving your king and country, and, believe me, I love both too well to be able to receive any more."

In later years Nelson made at least two or three

brief stays in the city. He was here at the latter end of January 1784, on which occasion he described in a letter to his brother the improved health of his father, and, after a glorious display of naval enterprise with Sir John Jervis at St. Vincent and Cadiz, in September 1797, he made another visit to the city. Honours were now coming thick upon the "English Sea Dog," and Bath, which had been favoured by his presence on more than one occasion, took the opportunity this year of conferring on him the freedom of the city, a dignity shared at the same time by another admiral, Lord St. Vincent, with whom, as Sir John Jervis, Nelson had seen some stirring times.

In return for the valuable services he had rendered the nation, Nelson had now been made Rear-Admiral, and created Knight of the Bath. In an attempt to take Santa Cruz he had lost his right arm, and consequently he proposed staying in Bath for a month or two to recuperate. During this particular visit to the city he was accompanied by Lady Nelson (1761–1831), a daughter of Dr. Nisbet, of Nevis, where Nelson had met the lady and married her on 11th March 1787.

On the 4th September, 1797, Nelson was in correspondence with John Palmer of Bath, whose son, Captain Edmund Palmer, C.B. (died in September 1834), was engaged in the naval service. John Palmer was informed by Nelson, by the wish of Lord St. Vincent, that it was his intention, as soon as the younger Palmer had served his time, to instantly promote him. Captain Palmer was later engaged in some remarkable actions of gallantry, for which he was rewarded with the Naval Medal, and afterwards with the Cross of the Companion of the Bath. He presented the ensign of a captured French frigate to Earl St. Vincent, whose grand-niece, the daughter and co-heiress of Captain Jervis, he married in 1817.

In letters from Bath in the autumn of 1797, Nelson

speaks of his gradual return to health, and that his arm was in a fair way of healing. Though proposing to go to London for a while, he hoped to spend the spring in Bath.

On the 6th September, Lady Nelson writes from Bath a most interesting letter of details as to her lord's health and progress. "My husband's spirits are very good, although he suffers a good deal of pain; the arm is taken off very high near the shoulder. Opium procures him rest, and last night he was very quiet. The Corporation have handsomely congratulated him on his safe arrival. Such a letter from Lord Hood!—it does him honour, and I have forgot the ill-treatment of former years which my good man received from him."

In a letter from Bath, dated 8th September, Nelson gallantly says: "I regret not the loss of my arm in the cause it fell from me." At Bath this month he says he supposes he was getting well too fast, "for I am beset with a physician, surgeon and apothecary . . . but time, I hope, will restore me to tolerable health."

As intended, he and Lady Nelson were back again in Bath in the following spring. It was on the 29th of January, 1798, that he wrote from Bath a letter a facsimile of which in late years, on two or three occasions, has been curiously accepted as the original. In this letter, in speaking of Lord Lansdowne he says: "I am much flattered by the Marquis's kind notice of me, and I beg you will make my respects acceptable to him. Tell him that I possess his place in Mr. Palmer's box; but his lordship did not tell me of all its charms, that generally some of the handsomest ladies in Bath are partakers in the box, and was I a bachelor I would not answer for being tempted; but as I am possessed of everything which is valuable in a wife, I have no occasion to think beyond a pretty face."

Nelson's brilliant exploits on sea were eclipsed, if

LORD NELSON

possible, by his three great victories of the Nile, Copenhagen, and the Battle of Trafalgar. In which last conflict, on 21st October, 1805, absolutely annihilating the naval power of the combined forces against him, he nobly terminated his career of matchless glory; and expired, as it were, in the arms of victory, exclaiming: "I have done my duty!"

There are other Nelson associations with the city than those indicated above. Lady Nelson was here in 1809, in residence at No. 2, Bennett Street; while in the same year, by a remarkable coincidence, Lady Hamilton, Nelson's great friend, was staying at No. 6, Edward Street.

Lady Hamilton was here in necessitous circumstances. After the death of Lord Nelson everything had been swallowed up in adjusting her financial difficulties. Just prior to her coming to Bath a meeting of her friends had been held to consider her case, and a sum of money was raised to meet her immediate requirements. In 1812 she was in the city again, staying at No. 12, Pulteney Street.

The portraits of Lady Hamilton, who was a great beauty, are very numerous, Romney alone having painted at least twenty-three of her, in various allegorical and other forms.

In Bathford churchyard lies buried Ann Nelson, a sister of the admiral. She died 15th November, 1783, aged twenty-three years.

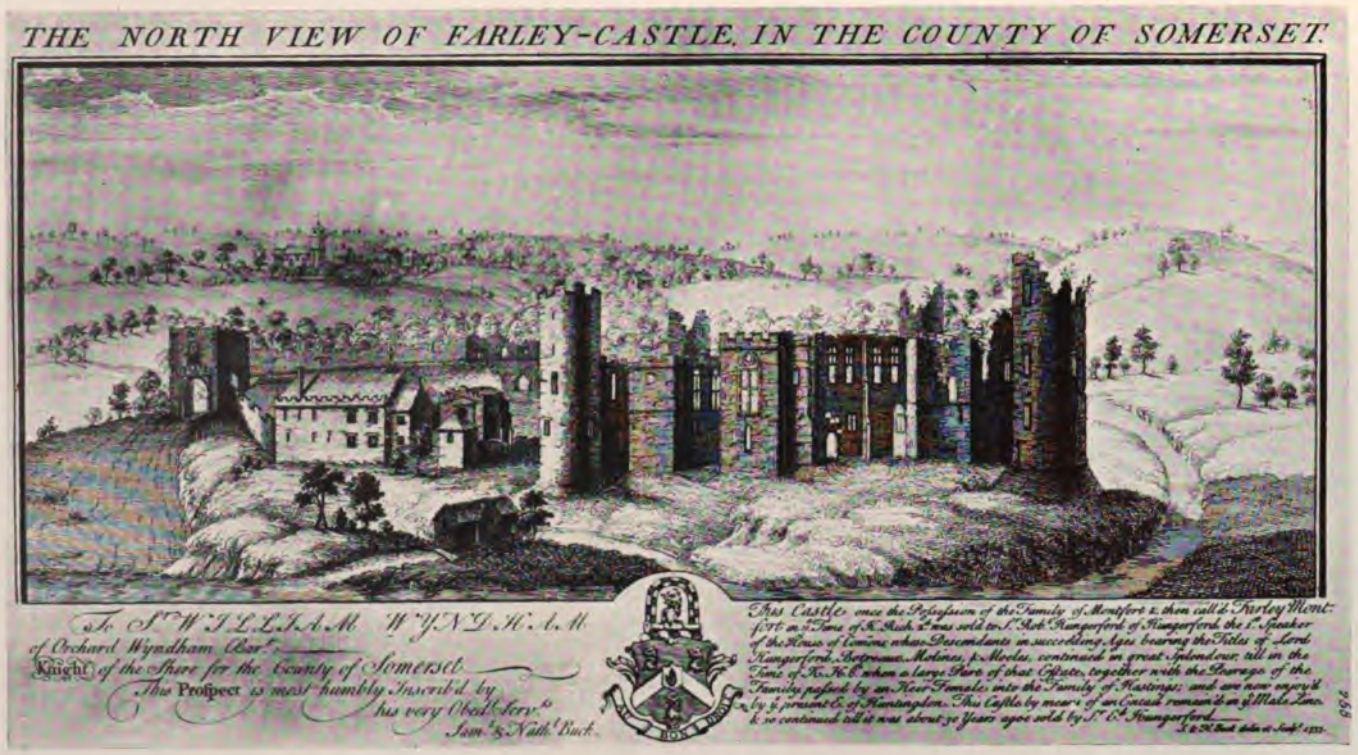
Towards his country Nelson was faultless, and its gratitude has been shown by heaping honours to his memory. His brother was made an Earl, an estate was purchased for the family, and a pension was granted to support the title. Locally, our little memorial is a mural tablet on the house in Pierrepont Street, where he is supposed to have made his longest stay in the city.

FARLEIGH CASTLE AND ITS TRAGEDY

THE late Canon Jackson (with whom the writer had more than one opportunity of consulting on the subject of this paper) in his "Guide to Farleigh Hungerford," and various detached papers, has given the several legends associated with the crimes committed within the walls of Farleigh Castle, crimes in which certain members of the Hungerford family were implicated. Only within late years, however, has documentary evidence been produced to establish, to a considerable extent, the truth of what otherwise might have been attributed to idle village gossip, which, after generations, wove itself into a connected narrative.

There are three incidents of a tragic character in connection with this old castle, although in this sketch we propose only to dilate on the one that has had the greatest attention of local gossip.

Certainly the other incidents were tragic enough in themselves. One such concerns Agnes, the second wife of Sir Edward Hungerford, who was hanged at Tyburn in 1523, for being instrumental in obtaining the murder of her first husband, John Cotell. The murder was committed actually within the walls of Farleigh Castle, and the victim's body was thrown into the kitchen furnace there. The other concerns Sir Walter Hungerford, known as "the Knight of Farley," and grandson of the above Sir Edward Hungerford. Like his father, Walter Lord Hungerford, "of Heytesbury," of whom we shall speak in greater detail presently, he married three times, and


THE NORTH VIEW OF FARLEY-CASTLE, IN THE COUNTY OF SOMERSET.
To S^r WILLIAM WYNDHAM
of Orchard Wyndham Bar^t
Knight of the Shire for the County of Somerset
This Prospect is most humbly Inscrib'd by
his very Obed^t Serv^ts
Sam^l & Nath^l Buck.
This Castle once the Possession of the Family of Montfort & then call'd Farley Mont:
fort in y^e Time of K. Rich. 2^d was sold to S^r Rob^t Hungerford of Hungerford the 1^st Speaker
of the House of Comons whose Descendants in succeeding Ages bearing the Titles of Lord
Hungerford Botreaux Molines, & Moles, continued in great Splendour, till in the
Time of K. H. 6. when a large Part of that Estate, together with the Peerage of the
Family passed by an Heir Female into the Family of Hastings; and are now enjoy'd
by y^e present E. of Huntingdon. This Castle by means of an Entail remain'd in y^e Male Line
& so continued till it was about 30 Years agoe sold by S^r Ed^d Hungerford.
S. & N. Buck delin. et Sculp^t 1733.

FARLEIGH CASTLE

From an Old Print by BUCK

made but a little better husband. From his second wife he was divorced, and married his third, probably on the point of death.

Before entering on the particular narrative we have in hand, perhaps it is as well to say that Farleigh Castle is situated in one of the most rural and picturesque spots within a wide radius of Bath. Farleigh Hungerford is a parish and village on the river Frome, which here divides the counties of Somerset and Wiltshire. It lies midway between Westbury and Bath, being about seven miles distant from each. The castle is about two miles south from Freshford (G.W.R.). As a walk its distance from Bath is considerably shortened by way of "Brass Knocker" Hill to the "Viaduct Inn," thence through Limpley Stoke and Freshford. Even shorter cuts are known to the initiated. The name of the village is generally supposed to be derived from the *fairness* of the *leas*, or meadows, that surround it, which are uncommonly rich and beautiful.

The ruins of the castle stand upon a hill in solemn and imposing majesty. In its original state the castle consisted of two courts, lying north and south, surrounded by a lofty wall, and was for about three hundred years (A.D. 1369–1686) the principal residence in Somerset of the Hungerford family. It was a place of considerable strength, but is now an irretrievable ruin. A few towers, the chief strength of which is the ivy which clasps them in its loving hands, and part of the outer wall, alone remain, and the battlements from which men-at-arms looked out are crowned with bushes. The chapel, with a display of a few antiques, still survives.

The south or outer court was guarded by a drawbridge, thrown over a moat. There is no trace of a portcullis, but there are apertures for the beams of the drawbridge once in use.

The particular member of the Hungerford family that we desire to speak of is one Walter Lord Hungerford, "of Heytesbury," only son of Sir Edward Hungerford, by his first wife Jane, daughter of John Lord Zouche. Walter was born about the year 1503, being aged "nineteen and upwards" at his father's death in 1522.

He obtains no mention in his father's will, the whole of Sir Edward's personal estate being left to his second wife, Agnes, the stepmother of the subject of this article.

Four months after his stepmother's execution, that is, on the 26th June, 1523, he was party to an indenture made with the King prior to obtaining livery of his father's lands. The livery itself is dated on the 15th July following, and gives to Walter license to enter upon all the lands, &c., of which his father died seized, and which his stepmother had held for the term of her life.

Walter's first wife was Susan, a daughter of Sir John Danvers, of Dauntsey, and mother of the "Knight of Farley." This marriage must have had an early date, as in 1528 Walter was the father of three daughters, all of whom were born of his second wife, Alicia, one of the daughters of William Lord Sandys, of Hampshire.

In 1528 Walter Hungerford and Sir William Stourton, son and heir of Edward, fifth Lord Stourton, were parties to a curious indenture, by which for the sum of £800 the wardship and marriage of Charles (son and heir-apparent of Sir William Stourton) were sold to Walter:—

"To the intente only that the said Charles shall marye and take to his wyfe oon of the three daughters of the saide Walter [Hungerford], Elynor, Mary, or Anne; to wyte suche of theym as the saide William shall hereunto appoynte," the "appointment" to be

made "thisside of feaste of Ester next comyng; yf the saide Elynor, Mary, or Anne, or any of theym to the saide maryage wyll assente."

If Charles happened to die it was further agreed that Andrew, Sir William Stourton's second son, should become Walter Hungerford's ward, and marry one of his daughters.

These carefully prepared matrimonial arrangements did not seem to have been acceptable to the parties most concerned, as there is no record of any Hungerford having become the wife of a Stourton, so that apparently neither Eleanor, Mary, or Anne, "to the saide maryage" did "assente."

In October 1532 Walter married his third and last wife, Elizabeth, daughter of John Lord Hussey, of Sleford, the lady who was afterwards, by her husband's order, incarcerated in the castle at Farleigh.

Soon after his last marriage, if not before, his moral downfall and ultimate criminal end came rapidly in sight.

We soon find his new father-in-law writing to Secretary Cromwell that Walter, who had now taken up his knighthood, "much desired" to be acquainted with that minister.

To make the sought-for friendship the more assured Walter had, by the same letter, sent for Cromwell's acceptance "a patent of five marks a year." However that may be, the end desired was obtained, for a little later we find Lord Hussey again writing to Cromwell, thanking him for his "goodness showed unto my sone Sir Walter Hongerford," and seeking another favour at his hand—that by Cromwell's aid Walter might be the next sheriff of Wiltshire. Having secured the introduction, Walter was by no means slow in following up the advantage. Henceforth he was continually seeking favours or sending letters of thanks for such conferred.

One of the charges brought against Lord Hungerford at his trial was for having retained in his service, and generally befriended, a certain priest named William Birde, "vyker of Bradford (-on-Avon), and parson of Fytylton," who was guilty of treason, and some of the most important letters of Lord Hungerford, still preserved, refer to this charge.

According to Lord Hungerford's account of his own actions, he was a zealous officer of the King, anxious to bring to justice and punishment, rather than befriend, the rash utterer of treason. And, with respect to the "vyker," who apparently continued to "dayly use hys tonge as unthryftly as ever he dyd," Lord Hungerford seemed to have been powerless to execute Cromwell's order for his committal to "ye comyn jayle."

But perhaps Lord Hungerford's guilt with respect to the treatment of his wife, viewed from the evidence now available, is the most tangible of all his crimes.

Certain it is that, for some cause or other, Walter desired to rid himself of his wife, and, according to her own statement, does not appear to have scrupled to practise the vilest means to attain his end.

About the close of the year 1539 she tells her doleful story to Cromwell in a "humble petition." In this long document, which still exists, Lady Hungerford complains that she has been kept a prisoner "these thre or fouer yeres past" in one of the towers of the Castle. Here, she says, she was "without comfort of any creature, and under the custodie of my Lord's Chapleyne, Sir John a' Lee, which hath once or twese heretofore poysond me, as he will not denye upon examinacion. . . . He then sayd, and promised my Lord, that he would sone ryd me for that mater. . . . And I am sure he intendith to kepe promes with my Lord, yf yower good Lordship see no remedie in this behalff shortly, for I have none other mete, no drynke,

but such as comyth from the said Prist, and brought me by my Lord's foole . . . which mete and drynke considering the Priest's promeses made unto my Lord . . . I have oft feryd and yet doo, eny day more than other, to taste, either of the same mete or drynke."

From this document we find that not satisfied with keeping his wife a close prisoner within the Castle tower, he sought the aid of poison to finally rid himself of her, perhaps to be free to take a more advantageous partner.

The poison system having failed, Walter sought a divorce. Failing in this, recourse was had to poison again, but happily his prisoner knew of it, and only eat of the food brought to the "greate wyndowe" by the charity of the villagers, in the darkness of the night. Like the good heroine of a novel, her ladyship survived the cruelties practised upon her.

Whether guilty or not guilty of high treason, Lord Hungerford appeared to have been guilty of the grossest of ill-treatment of his wife.

He was in July of the following year convicted of high crimes and misdemeanours, and with his former friend and patron, Thomas Cromwell, suffered death on Tower Hill. Her ladyship became the wife of Sir Robert Throckmorton, with whom she spent many years of presumably happy life, and by whom she became the mother of several children.

BELLOTT'S HOSPITAL, BATH

BELLOTT'S HOSPITAL as a local charity has retained many, though not all, of its original intents and characteristics. Unlike some such charities, the details of its foundation are fairly clear. The name of its original founder has not been lost in the mist of ages, nor has mismanagement in the past had much opportunity of obliterating the good intentions of its charitable founder.

In 1609, Thomas Bellott, steward and afterwards executor to the great Lord Burghley, purchased certain lands and tenements which, in 1611, he conveyed to the Corporation of Bath and other persons, in trust, for the support of a hospital which he had established in Bell Tree Lane, now known as Beau Street, at the corner of Bimbury Lane, which separates it from the Royal United Hospital. In this hospital, thus founded by Mr. Bellott, arrangements were made for the reception of poor diseased and lame persons—not being infected with any contagious diseases—as should resort to Bath for the recovery of their diseases by the use of the waters, and as should desire to be lodged in this almshouse. Such patients were not to exceed twelve in number, and to each was to be paid the sum of "fourpence apiece for every day of their abode there, not exceeding twenty-eight days in any one year," the hospital being kept open for six months of that period.

The trustees were also "once in every year to nominate and appoint one sufficient man and his wife to be keeper of the said almshouse, and to dwell therein, and thereto welcome and courteously intreat the said

BELLOTT'S HOSPITAL

poor people." For such good offices, and sundry duties, the said keeper was to receive the sum of forty shillings per annum. A surgeon was also to be provided "to examine the patients before their admission," for which services his annual payment was to be twenty shillings. A similar sum was to be paid the City Chamberlain for receiving the rents and making payments. The trustees were further required to repair the almshouse, and to provide a sum of money for its necessary equipment.

And it was further covenanted by the then Bishop of Bath and Wells, who with the Dean and Chapter of the same church were all parties to the indenture, that he and his successors "should and would apply and bestow all such monies that should come to their hands, in and towards the use and benefit of the said poor persons in the said almshouse; and would forfeit and pay to the Dean and Chapter double the amount of any money which the said Bishop for the time being should misapply." At this period an Act was in force, passed in 1597, and subsequently often renewed, by which poor persons travelling to Bath for the use of the waters, were exempted from the pains and penalties of the Vagrant Act, or rather an exception was made in that Act in favour of poor persons seeking the health-restoring waters of the city. Such persons, however, in order to come within the exception were obliged to have a license to travel to the baths at Bath. Prior to the dissolution of the monasteries, they were also provided by these establishments with means for support during their journey. Bellott, in the deed by which he conveyed the hospital and its endowments to the Corporation, required that those who were admitted to the benefits of the charity were to come provided with a certificate of some neighbouring justice, or by the minister, constable or churchwarden of their parish, 'directed to the said Mayor, Aldermen and citizens,

signifying that the parties were poor, and had not sufficient maintenance to relieve themselves without help, for the recovery of their diseases by the uses of the baths in the said city of Bath." It is to be noted that Bellott's Hospital was provided for strangers, and not for the inhabitants of Bath. In aid of this benevolent institution, Lady Elizabeth Scudamore, who was using the baths in the year 1652, gave the annual sum of eight pounds to augment the stipend of a physician who should afford advice to the poor visiting Bath for the use of the waters.

Bellott's Hospital having been originally built on land belonging to St. John's Hospital, paid for a number of years a nominal fine to that institution, but in 1672 Tobias Rustat, the then benevolent Master of St. John's Hospital, exonerated Bellott's Hospital from all dependence on that charity, and granted the ground to the Corporation free of all fines or impositions "to the end it may be restored and continued to the same use to which it hath been applyed by Thomas Billet Gentleman since his first obteyning the same of the Master Co-brethren and Sisters of the said Hospital."

For a period of time the institution was so mismanaged and abused that it became a comfortless and uninhabitable building, so much so that at times there were no occupants.

Worn out with long service, the old building, which was a low one, sixty-seven feet in front and forty-six feet in depth, enclosing a court thirty-five feet long and fifteen broad, was pulled down in 1859, and rebuilt from designs provided by Messrs. Cotterell and Spackman.

The dilapidated but picturesque building, as shown in our view, is now replaced by one of an indefinite design, but perhaps more useful for its purposes. Two marble tablets are on the walls of the inner hall, one, formerly in position over the old entrance, recording the

generosity of Master Rustat and St. John's Hospital, and the other recording the fact that the hospital was rebuilt by the Bath Charity Trustees, and reopened in 1860 "for the purposes declared by the founder in accordance with a scheme settled by the Court of Chancery in 1858." In the sitting-room assigned to the male inmates is a portrait of Rustat, and in the same room is a water-colour drawing of the old building.

Bellott, the founder, was remarkable for his piety, charity, and partiality to Bath. He gave £200 towards the restoration of the Abbey, paid £60 for glazing the great east window, paved the cross aisle at his own expense, constructed the bath now called Queen's Bath, and in other ways contributed to his fame as a man of benevolence.

Sir John Harington, in his poetical address to Bishop Montague, enumerates many of his charities and virtues :—

"So far as Bellott's star outshin'd,
Whoever has to church been kind,
As doth full moon, in starry night,
Exceed the lesser torch's light.
The church's ornaments, the floor,
The benches, windows, seats, and door,
Call Bellott father; and the bell
Rings Bellott though it ring a knell.
Hospitals, baths, streets, and highways
Sound out the noble Bellott's praise,
'Cause he was pious, and hath given
Much, whose reward shall be in heaven.
Let bounteous Bellott take the palm,
And after age his name embalm;
I envy not, but more rejoice,
And give him, too, my thankful voice."

CLAVERTON MANOR AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS

HOW many, we wonder, of the travellers by foot, cycle, motor, or other "engine of destruction," passing, running, or flying along the Warminster Road, when, perhaps, dust is at its thickest, ever think of taking even a passing glimpse to the right on passing through Claverton. If they only rested for a moment on their headlong career they would observe one of the most picturesque bits of landscape in the whole district surrounding the city of Bath.

It has been truthfully said that very few of the country parishes round Bath are so beautifully and romantically situated as the parish of Claverton, and very few have such intimate association with the most brilliant period in the history of the city.

The village of Claverton rests on a natural series of terraces, and overlooks the lovely valley of the Avon, which divides this parish from Bathford. It is within about three miles from Bath, and can be reached very pleasantly, by the visitor on foot, by way of Pulteney Street, thence up the North Road to the junction of roads at the top of Bathwick Hill, when a delightful walk down a long avenue of trees brings the pedestrian to a carriage drive, which leads right up to the mansion. He may, by going farther down the hill, reach the Warminster Road, from which is obtained the view as pictured in the old print which we here reproduce. Of course, the more easy journey for a ride or drive is by way of the

THE TERRACES, CLAVERTON MANOR

"Dry Arch," and so along the Warminster Road; but in any case either route provides a pleasant alternative for the return journey. In fact, in either going or coming from Claverton the "Dry Arch" route should not be missed, for from a bank at the Claverton side of the arch is to be obtained a wonderfully picturesque combined view of railway, river, canal, and roadway, flanked right and left with a magnificent sweep of hills. This road also passes Bathampton, and the Hampton Rocks, a landslip of great oolite on the face of Hampton Down. On the bold projecting point of the down above is the entrenchment of Caer Badon, enclosing thirty acres.

The alternative route, by way of the North Road and Claverton Down, brings the traveller across the down whereon Vicomte du Barré was killed by Count Rice in a duel in 1778. In the Bathampton churchyard is a tomb erected to the memory of the Vicomte.

The ancient name of the Manor of Claverton was Clatfordton, which was afterwards altered to Caftertone, and then to Claverton. The name has given rise to many rather fanciful ideas with respect to its derivation. Wood says that it is compounded of the Roman *clavis*, a key, and the Saxon *tun*, a town; Collinson that it is "derived, no doubt, from some very early Saxon owner." The Saxon word, *claefter*, or *claver*, signifying cleft-grass, or clover, together with a further reference to William the Conqueror's survey, gives us at least a plausible reason for its name; it then contained a large extent of pasture, and was called "The village of the Clover Down." The name, in the opinion of Professor Earle, is derived from the ford over the Avon between Claverton and Warleigh. Clatfordton would then mean the settlement by the ford of the water-lilies.

The late lord of the manor, in some notes on the matter, said "that this is no mere conjecture may be

shown. The stream by the ford abounds in water-lilies, and a field on the Warleigh side is still called 'clot-mead.'" Barnes, in his poems, calls the Stour the "Cloty Stour" for a similar reason.

The earliest recorded possessor of the manor of Claverton was Hugolin, who held it in the time of the Conquest. In the time of William Rufus, the manor, together with Warleigh and Hampton and part of Easton, was sold to John de Villulâ, Bishop of Bath and Wells. Escaping the fate of other ecclesiastical manors at the Dissolution, it was exchanged in 1548 with King Edward VI. for other lands in the county.

It was later granted to Matthew Colthurst, of Wardour Castle, Wilts, who figures largely in certain other ecclesiastical property mongering in Bath.

His son Edmund, in 1588, sold both the manor and advowson of the living to Edward Hungerford, of Heytesbury, from whose family it passed to Estcourt, and thence to William Bassett, whose monument is in the chancel of the church at Claverton.

His grandson having deeply mortgaged it, it passed into the hands of Richard Holder, who sold it in 1714 to William Skrine, of Bath. It was later sold to Ralph Allen, and after various vicissitudes reverted to the Skrine family again in recent years.

The Skrine family have been intimately associated, as residents, with Claverton, and the neighbouring manor of Warleigh and parish of Bathford, for many years. In the "Reports of the Commissioners for inquiring concerning Charities" for the county, it is said that "in the Report made to Parliament in the year 1786, it is stated that one Thomas Skrine, in the year 1663, gave the sum of eight shillings a year to the parish of Bathford: but on inquiry no trace whatever could be found of this charity."

The present Manor House has had two prede-

cessors. The first manor or court-house was built by Ralph of Shrewsbury, Bishop of Bath and Wells from 1329 to 1363, an active prelate who constructed a castellated wall round the palace at Wells and built the Vicar's Close. The second edifice has been described as having been a noble old building, adjoining the Church, situated on an eminence, the ascent to it being by thirty steps. It had a courtyard and a very lofty wall with iron gates in front. It was built in the Elizabethan period by Sir Edward Hungerford, and was a fine specimen of domestic architecture, its destruction, from an artistic point of view, being a public misfortune. No portion of it now remains except the quaint flight of steps upon the terrace-walk. "Here Sir William Bassett," says Aubrey, "hath made the best vineyard I have heard of in England."

The Sir William Bassett referred to, in 1643 was entertaining Sir Edward Hungerford and other knights and gentlemen of the king's party. The party, however, had an uncomfortable disturbance in the matter of a cannon ball which, directed from the opposite Down, passed through the wall as they sat at dinner. A skirmish ensued in a field near the ferry, but it was an inconclusive engagement; three Roundhead soldiers and one Royalist were left dead upon the field, and were buried under the west wall of the churchyard. The cannon ball, with other relics found in the neighbourhood, have for many years formed some of the "objects of interest" for visitors at the Manor House. The second mansion was succeeded by one nominally designed by Sir Jeffery Wyattville, but the then owner, John Vivian, an amateur architect, and in this matter a self-willed director, in revising the design, found, when the building was near completion, that he had forgotten to include a kitchen. It is a stately-looking building on an eminence, and commands an extensive view.

Claverton Cemetery, enlarged in 1889, contains a

fine pyramidal tomb to Ralph Allen, of Prior Park, and a former owner of the Manor.

Claverton is so full of interesting memories and associations, that a difficulty arises as to which should be the subject of this reference. In this connection are linked such names as Bishop Warburton, author of "The Divine Legation"; Sarah Fielding, sister of Henry Fielding, and author of "David Simple"; Bishop Hurd, Warburton's biographer; Mason, the poet and friend of Gray; Ralph Allen, the Squire Allworthy of "Tom Jones"; Alexander Pope; the poet Shenstone; Malthus, of "population" fame; and Richard Graves, a prolific writer of verse, and best remembered by his "Spiritual Quixote," a satire on the religious revivalism of the day, a work replete with elegance and wit, and which still commands attention.

Around Graves and his circle of friends perhaps centres the greater interest. He was rather a remarkable character, a scholar of no mean order, and his fame as a satirist still endures. He was presented to the living in 1748, and subsequently purchased the advowson. He was Rector of Claverton for a period of upwards of fifty years, during which time he was never absent for a month together from this living. Graves for thirty years took pupils, whom he educated with his own children. His pupils included Bishop Warburton's only son, Henry Skrine, of Warleigh, Malthus, and Prince Hoare, the artist. This amiable, well-read, and lively old man was known to all the frequenters of Bath, and it was amusing to see him, on the verge of ninety, walking almost daily to Bath with the briskness of youth. He was a frequent guest of Allen, or the Warburtons at Prior Park, and contributed to Lady Miller's Vase at Batheaston. Shenstone paid him repeated visits at the old Claverton Rectory.

He seems to have been an acceptable companion in all societies, and the secret of his universal welcome manifestly was his constant good humour and cheerfulness, and the lively tone of his conversation, his colloquial impromptus being often as happy as the *jeux d'esprit* of his pen; while both, though marked by greater license than our modern sense of propriety allows, were always the effusions of a sportive fancy and a guileless heart.

His portrait was painted by Gainsborough and Northcote.

PICKWICK AND THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS

THE Bath Assembly Rooms seem charged with all sorts of memories of a bygone state; but readers of Dickens who make their first visit to this handsome suite of rooms at once associate them with certain incidents in which the historic Pickwick was concerned, rather than with any other event or personage to be thought of. The illustration we select for the pictorial purposes of this article gives a better idea of the majestic character of the building than perhaps any other drawing we could find. Our view forms one of a rare series published by Malton in 1779.

The rooms are situate at the east end of the Circus, between Bennett Street and Alfred Street, our view being taken from the latter street.

They were opened for the reception of company in 1771, and are from the design of the younger Wood. They had been three years in building, and cost £20,000 in the erection, a sum which was raised by a subscription of seventy persons.

These rooms have been described as undoubtedly the most spacious and elegant suite of apartments appropriated to pleasure in the United Kingdom. Their design is simple and beautiful, and their conveniences are unequalled. With the exception of one or two lapses from the original good taste and propriety, the internal decorations and ornamentation have remained beautiful and appropriate.

The Ball Room is nearly one hundred and seven feet long, with a width of nearly forty-three feet and

THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS, BATH

a similar height. The two rooms, formerly used as Card Rooms, are—one a handsome octagon of forty feet in diameter, and which originally boasted an overhead orchestra, now hidden from view; and the other, some seventy feet long and twenty-seven wide.

The octagon Card Room for many years, in fact from soon after the opening of the building, had been graced with a fine series of portraits of former city M.C.'s. These included a valuable full-length portrait by Gainsborough of Captain William Wade, the hero of many an engagement with the heart. Though this is an invaluable city memento, it is much to be feared that, like the grand old Chippendale settees that once graced the building, it will soon be lost to sight. At the time of writing, efforts are being made to find a purchaser for it.

In Alfred Street, partly shown in our view, are two or three noticeable residences. At the west end of the street is Alfred House, the house with a bust of King Alfred over the entrance. This house, forming No. 14, Alfred Street, has still attached to it two of the few remaining flambeau extinguishers in the city, and which the link boys found so useful in the old days. This house, which faces the Alfred Street entrance to the long Card Room, has also a fine specimen of wrought iron work, removed, together with the figure over the entrance, many years ago from the North Parade. In its original situation the figure had the Latin inscription, "*rus-in urbe*," an appropriate motto for its surroundings. Sir Thomas Lawrence resided for a number of years at No. 2, Alfred Street. Dr. Johnson's friend, Catharine Macaulay, an historian of some repute, was also a former occupant of this house. Dr. Graham, a fashionable "quack" and a remarkable character, in his residence in this street gathered around him a throng of wealthy patrons.

But let us cross to the "Rooms," that stately pile

of buildings to which "in the good old days" all the rank and fashion of Bath and the surrounding country used to make its way on Assembly nights.

It is said that two girls of high fashion going into the Assembly Rooms on one gay night met a citizen's fat wife quitting it. "Ah," said one of them pretty loudly, "there is beef *à la mode* going out." "Yes," answered the lady, "and there is game going in."

When the "New" or "Upper Assembly Rooms" were opened, they immediately became the fashionable resort for concerts and balls. Even the celebrated Miss Linley—"Dick" Sheridan's first love—deserted the rooms on the Lower Walk to sing here to the "gaping throng" attending concerts then held in the Octagon. In these rooms, like unto the Lower Rooms, elaborate rules were instituted for the better regulation of the company attending. At the time we speak of, balls were of much more frequent occurrence than now.

The Master of Ceremonies was an autocrat in the matter of these rules. "The ladies," said he, "who intend to dance must be dressed in a suite of clothes, a full trimmed sacque, or full trimmed Italian night-gown or petticoat, with lappets and dressed hoops." "N.B.," he goes on, "Hoops of the smallest size, commonly called pocket hoops, are by no means proper to be worn with lappets: it is therefore expected that every lady who chooses to dance a minuet will wear a hoop suitable to the fashion and proper for the occasion. It is also expected that no lady will appear in an apron at the Monday balls."

The rooms were patronised by young and old—young beauties and "aged angels."

But lo! here comes Mr. Pickwick, the searcher after the antique, and in making up a rubber of whist in the Card Room later on, Dowager Lady Snuphanuph and her two friends, Mrs. Colonel Wugsby and Miss Bolo,

perhaps, in their "ancient and whist-like appearance," in some way realised his antiquarian ideas.

On his entry to the Rooms, Pickwick is introduced to the *élite* of Bath. Dowler tells him to stop in the Tea Room. "Take your sixpenn'orth," he says. "They lay on hot water and call it tea. Drink it," said Mr. Dowler, in a loud voice, directing Mr. Pickwick, who advanced at the head of the little party with Mrs. Dowler on his arm. Into the Tea Room Mr. Pickwick turned, and, catching sight of him, Mr. Angelo Cyrus Bantam, Esquire, the Master of Ceremonies, resplendent in his bright blue coat, with a white silk lining, black tights, black silk stockings and pumps, and a white waistcoat, fragrant with scent, cork-screwed his way through the crowd and welcomed Mr. Pickwick with ecstasy.

"My dear sir, I am highly honoured. Ba-ath is favoured. Mrs. Dowler, you embellish the rooms. I congratulate you on your feathers. Re-markable!"

"Anybody here?" inquired Dowler suspiciously.

"Anybody! The *élite* of Ba-ath. Mr. Pickwick, do you see the lady in the gauze turban?"

"The fat old lady?" inquired Mr. Pickwick innocently.

"Hush, my dear sir; nobody's fat or old in Ba-ath. That is Dowager Lady Snuphanuph."

"Is it, indeed?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"No less a person, I assure you," said the Master of the Ceremonies. "Hush! draw a little nearer, Mr. Pickwick. You see the splendidly-dressed young man coming this way?"

"The one with the long hair and the particularly small forehead?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"The same. The richest young man in Ba-ath at this moment. Young Lord Mutanhed."

"You don't say so?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes. *You'll hear his voice in a moment, Mr. Pickwick. He'll speak to me.*"

But unfortunately for Mr. Pickwick, as we all know, the conversation was not of a very intellectual character.

Mr. Pickwick is later neatly trapped by Lady Snuphanuph and her ancient friends, and to his own undoing takes a hand in a rubber of whist.

We have it on the authority of Dickens that in the season, Bath being full, the company poured into the rooms "in shoals." He says "in the ballroom, the long card-room, the octagon card-room, the staircase, and the passages, the hum of many voices, and the sound of many feet, were perfectly bewildering."

We have only to look at one of Rowlandson's caricatures depicting "the lame, halt and blind" going a "full bust" in the historic "Roger de Coverley" in the ballroom on a public ball night to gather an estimate of the scene. In the words of our local classic Anstey :—

"And who at the ball on that night did appear,
Who danced in the van, who limp'd in the rear,
What dukes and what drapers, what barbers and peers,
What marquises, earls, and what knights of the shears.
What cook and what countess, what nymphs of the brooms,
What mop-sceptr'd queens, came that night to the Rooms."

It was during the press days of Dickens, and while chief of a reporting party following Lord John Russell in the spring of 1835, that he made his elaborate notes of Bath social life and doings, which later found a resting-place in "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club." During this brief visit to the city he stayed at the "Saracen's Head." At the old Inn memorials of his visit have since been shown, even to the chair he sat in, the jug he drank out of, and the room in which he slept. It is said "that on one occasion a party of trippers visited the Saracen's

Head, and one espying a comfortable chair, and hearing it described as "Charles Dickens' favourite seat," exclaimed: "Well, I am going to sit here a bit, and if Dickens comes in he can have his favourite seat."

THE PARADES OF BATH

LACOCK ABBEY AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS

THE Talbots of Lacock are said to owe their grand old inheritance to a very romantic incident. Dame Olive, the young daughter and heiress of Sir Henry Sharington, of Lacock, being in love with John Talbot, a great-grandson of John, second Earl of Shrewsbury, contrary to her father's wishes, discoursing with him one night from the battlements of the abbey, said: "I will leap downe to you." Her sweetheart replied that he would catch her then, he not believing she would do it. However, she leaped down, "and the wind, which was then high, came under her coates, and did something to break her fall." Mr. Talbot caught her in his arms, but was struck with so much force that he fell as if dead. She cried for help, and he was with great difficulty brought to life again. Her father thereon told her that since she had made such a leap she "should e'en marrie him." The heroine of the tale in due course married her indefatigable lover.

Olive Sharington inherited the Lacock estate from her father, and it has ever since remained the property of that branch of the Talbot family.

The abbey itself has a legend of even greater antiquity. But first let us show how this ancient relic of religious life may be approached. It is in the North-Western (or Chippenham) Division of the county of Wiltshire, and can be reached by road from Bath by way of Batheaston, Box and Corsham, in a journey of about thirteen miles. But, lest such a walk would by chance tire the ordinary visitor, who may also be only

THE SOUTH EAST VIEW OF LACOCK NUNNERY, IN THE COUNTY OF WILTS.
To John Talbot Esq.
Knight of the Shire for the County of Wilts
present Owner of this Nunnery
This Prospect is most gratefully inscribed by
his much Obliged & very humble Servts

LACOCK ABBEY

From an Old Print by BUCK

an ordinary walker, an alternative way for him will be by electric road car or train (G.W.R.) to Corsham, from whence, turning to the right on exit from the station, he walks, in the local vernacular, "up to the public" (The Methuen Arms) and, turning again to the right, a walk of about three and a half miles, brings him to Lacock.

For a change the return journey can be made by way of Chippenham, a walk of about four miles from Lacock. It may be a convenience also to the visitor that he will be able to obtain a more frequent service of trains from this latter place than from Corsham.

Lacock itself is an interesting old-world village, having a very quaint and characteristic appearance. Its name, written "Lacoc" in Domesday, signifies the "place of lakes."

The manor of Lacock anciently belonged to the Earls of Salisbury; the first Earl being created by the Empress Maud.

His son William, who died 17th of April 1196, left a daughter and heiress, Ela, who married William Longespee, the son of "Fair Rosamund." Towards the close of an adventurous life he founded the Carthusian priory of Hatherop, which later his widow transferred to Hinton Charterhouse. Her years of widowhood were spent, as far as the administration of her vast estate gave her the time, in deeds of good work and creating comprehensive schemes for the promotion of piety and the religious life. For a time she was in residence in the ancient castle of Sarum, and held the office (hereditary in her family) of Sheriff of Wiltshire. According to the "Book of Lacock," Ela had survived her husband for seven years, during which period she had frequently cherished the project of founding a nunnery, as her husband had founded a monastery, "for the salvation of her soul and that of her husband, and those of all her ancestors."

Accordingly, on the 16th of April 1232, she laid the foundation of the abbey "in honour of St. Mary and St. Bernard, in the meadow called Snails' Mead, near Lacock," where "holy canonesses might dwell, continually and most devoutly serving God." The period from the foundation in 1232, until the foundress took the veil in 1238, is supposed to be that in which the principal buildings were erected. Ela, the first Abbess of Lacock, retired into the rigid seclusion from the world prescribed by the rules of the Order of Black Canons, strictly governing the convent that had been committed to her, "most devoutly serving God, in a life of strict seclusion, in fasting, in vigils, in holy meditation and discipline of constant strictness and other good and charitable works for eighteen years." In 1241, Ela obtained a royal charter conceding the right to hold a weekly market on Tuesday, also the privilege of obtaining wood from the forest of Melksham, and later a grant of a certain portion of the forest itself. Stone was obtained, by exchange, from a quarry at Haselbury. The evidence of the durability of the Bath stone used is now manifest in the fine range of buildings still existing at Lacock Abbey, and also in the immense trough, made from one huge piece of stone, which used to preserve the fish fresh, a useful adjunct to the kitchen of such an establishment. Ela died on the 24th August 1261, and was buried in the choir of the Abbey Church. The inscribed stone that once covered her mortal remains is preserved in the pavement of the cloisters.

In the reign of Henry VIII., on 21st January 1539, after a brief reprieve as one of the lesser religious houses, the abbey was surrendered to the king. The following year it was sold to Sir William Sharington, who adapted the buildings to form a residence for himself. Dying without issue, his estates passed to his brother, Sir Henry Sharington, from whom, through

the marriage of his daughter, Olive, Lacock came into the possession of the Talbot family.

During the Rebellion the abbey espoused the cause of Charles I., and was fortified and garrisoned on his behalf, but in 1645 surrendered to a detachment of Fairfax's army at the first summons, the garrison being alarmed by the fall of Bristol and Devizes.

The last survivor of the male line of the Talbots of Lacock was Sir John Talbot, the great-grandson of Olive. He was a strong Royalist, and was succeeded by his grandson, John Ivory Talbot, who made many structural alterations in the house. A later member of the family, William Henry Fox Talbot (1800–1877) is known to fame as one of the inventors of photography. In the early thirties he invented a process of obtaining pictures upon paper by the action of light, called at first the Talbotype, but which was afterwards, together with other inventions, merged in the general term of photography.

Lacock Abbey, though at times adapted by various owners for domestic requirements, still presents one of the most perfect remaining examples of conventual arrangement in existence in this country. The Cloisters surround three sides of the court, *i.e.* east, north, and south, and are very fine examples of perpendicular groining. They are still very complete, and the bosses of the roof are decorated with elaborate and grotesque heads.

On the East Side of the Cloisters are the Sacristy and Chapter House, and these have early English vaulting, supported by central pillars. In the Chapter House Sir William Sharington introduced a very fine Renascence fireplace, which in late years suffered destruction.

Sharington formed a long gallery, in the style of his period, from the Dormitory, this and other work by him being all of an excellent character. The Octagonal

Tower at the corner of the east front was erected by him, and contains three very interesting and characteristic rooms, in which are richly-carved tables.

The Base Court is very picturesque, with a fine Clock Tower and Bell Turret. Adjoining the gallery to the south is the Library. One of the chambers is supposed to have sheltered Queen Elizabeth when she stayed at Lacock in 1574, on which occasion she knighted her host, Sir Henry Sharington. In the more private portions of the building are some excellent specimens of carving, both in wood and stone, as well as choice designs in architecture. The "Slype" and Day Room have been recently restored, and the Day Room is now approached by a passage, leading from the Cloister, which was the original entrance. In fact, the original arrangement, which was destroyed in the eighteenth century, has been replaced. The restoration in the Day Room consists principally in the reintroduction of windows. This work was done in the early part of 1905.

In the grounds were once fish-ponds, or "stews," well stocked to supply the needs of the establishment, but of these only one now remains. In the Day Room at Lacock is preserved a huge vessel called the Nun's Cauldron, or boiler, a remarkable piece of work in bronze or gun-metal, cast at Mechlin in 1500, and estimated to hold sixty-seven gallons. Until recently its position was just beyond the pond in the grounds. It is in splendid preservation, although marks are upon it, said to have been made by some depredators who, after filling it with earth to deaden the sound, tried to break it up for removal.

A considerable portion of the grounds and premises are open to the inspection of visitors, who are conducted round in charge of a guide, who seems to have a wonderfully intelligent knowledge of the ancient and modern history of the place.

The charge for admission, which one is pleased to see is obtainable any day in the week, is, for parties, sixpence each; a single visitor is charged a shilling. This amount goes towards a restoration fund. The village of Lacock has risen to the modern requirements of tourists, even to the extent of an elaborate display of "Pictorial Post-Cards" of the Abbey from every possible point of view.

There is much of interest in the old village Church of St. Cyriac. It was here Bishop Jewell, in 1571, preached his last sermon, going hence to Monkton Farleigh, where within a few days he died. In the village is a restored Market Cross, one of those quaint survivals of open-air meeting-places. A very pleasant bit of country lies behind Lacock by Bowden Hill to Spye Park, and Bowood beyond. But Lacock and all its surroundings, if properly "done," will be a sufficient day's pleasure for any ardent antiquary; enough and more will be found to engage his time

> ". . . . where Ela lay,
> The widowed founder of these ancient walls,
> Where fancy still on meek devotion calls,
> Marking the ivied arch, and turret gray."

THE PUMP-ROOM AND A FORGOTTEN BATH ARCHITECT

THE Bath Pump-Room, above all other places in the city, has an immediate interest for the visitor, whether he comes here to take the "Bath cure," or for the historic or literary associations of the place. If it be for the latter reason, the Jane Austen associations alone will give him full employment. It was in the Pump-Room, with the ever-flowing hot spring familiar to the Romans, that Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Thorpe conversed, if that can be called conversation where there is no interchange of ideas, and rarely any community of subject, for Mrs. Thorpe talked chiefly of her children, and Mrs. Allen of her gowns. It was here that Catherine Morland improved her acquaintance with Miss Tilney. The Pump-Room she had already found "so favourable for the discovery of female excellence, and the completion of female intimacy." Facing the Pump-Room is that quaint little archway leading into Cheap Street, the difficulties of crossing which, while the crowd of incoming coaches were making their way into the old Bear yard, Miss Austen graphically depicts.

The Pump-Room has also its Dickens associations. One can easily picture the genial old Pickwick, who had been staying at the White Hart close by, promenading about under the direction of Bantam, the M.C. Here he drank the waters with the utmost assiduity. Mr. Pickwick took them systematically. He drank a quarter of a pint before breakfast, and then walked up a hill; and another quarter of a pint after breakfast, and

THE PUMP-ROOM, BATH

then walked down a hill; and after every fresh quarter of a pint, Mr. Pickwick declared, in the most solemn and emphatic terms, that he felt a great deal better, though his friends had not been previously aware that there was anything the matter with him.

"A View from the Pump-Room," a caricature portrait of General Donkin, is the title of one of Dighton's well-known series of Bath caricatures. Another caricature published with the Pump-Room as a groundwork, is that issued by Fores in 1818, entitled "A Peep into the Pump-Room; or The Zomersetshire Folks in a Mase." In this is shown a singularly ugly old woman habited in a wonderful bonnet, and clothes of antiquated make and fashion, drinking the Bath waters in the midst of a circle of deeply interested and curious gazers.

This poor old woman, who, in the caricature, looks very like an old nurse, is no less a person than Charlotte, Queen of George the Third, who, in failing health and rapidly drawing towards the close of her earthly pilgrimage, had been recommended by her physicians to try the effect of the Bath waters.

Queen Charlotte had always been, if not ugly, at least ordinary, but in her latter years her want of personal charms became of course less observable, and it used to be said she was growing better looking. Mr. Croker one day said something to this effect to Colonel Disbrowe, her chamberlain. "Yes," replied he, "I think the bloom of her ugliness is going off."

Robert Cruikshank, George Cruikshank's elder brother, also found matter for a caricature in the Bath Pump-Room, but, curious to say, this also had the old Queen as a central figure.

In considering the Pump-Room from a structural point of view, it is interesting to know something of its varying fortunes and architects.

It is a curious fact that, although the present

building is not a very ancient one, very little reliable information is obtainable from published sources as to its actual history, or with reference to its architect. Beyond the bald statement that the Pump-Room was built in 1796, from the plans of T. Baldwin, two questionable statements of fact, the local Guides give us no groundwork of information.

Within the compass of this short article we propose to summarise the facts obtainable from official and other sources, so that one may better understand something of its origin.

In none of the local publications do we find any credit given to Willey Reveley, an architect whose designs for a new Pump-Room of great beauty and elegance were so sadly transformed by those called in to complete the building.

Reveley, who died in 1799, was a man of great attainments in his profession. He had added much to the brilliance of his all too brief career by a tuition under the immediate eye of Sir William Chambers, the most successful architect of the latter half of the eighteenth century. Fergusson considered Somerset House, designed by Chambers, as "the greatest architectural work of the reign of George III."

Reveley accompanied Sir Richard Worsley, as architect and draftsman, in his tour through Italy, Greece, and Egypt, in 1784–89. He availed himself of all the advantages which might be derived from visiting the architectural remains in Greece, and a residence at Athens. He returned to this country with a valuable collection of drawings, which he afterwards exhibited to his particular friends. These drawings included designs drawn with great force and judicious colouring of the more important temples, monuments, and public buildings seen during his travels. His journal of this tour is now in the library of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and the draw-

ings of the Pyramids, made from actual measurement, are at New College, Oxford.

Within a few years of his return from his foreign travels he was negotiating with the Bath Corporation, with the flattering expectation of being employed in erecting a magnificent suite of buildings on the site of the present Pump-Room.

One of the earliest local records referring to any building in the neighbourhood of the King's Bath, is that in which it is said that in 1697 a black marble slab was erected in the south wall of this Bath, recording the fact that Sir Francis Stoner, receiving great benefit from the bath, whereby he lived after well in health to the age of near ninety, in memory thereof he caused to be erected "the stone raile about ye bath in the yeare 1697." This inscription was so cut, with his coat of arms thereon above the same.

In the following year £1, 4s. was paid John Robins, for drawing forty-eight loads of stone for building Sir Francis Stoner's railing. In 1699 the statue that has ever since done duty for King Bladud was set up in the south wall of the King's Bath.

Towards the close of the year 1705 the Corporation began to purchase property in the neighbourhood, "in order to make a pump for drinking the Bath waters." The house of one John Amour was purchased by the Corporation for the sum of £380. John Amour was made a freeman of the city "by general consent," and it was resolved to take up under the City Seal a sum of money to make the said pump and buildings and alterations thereabout.

It was also agreed that the purchase money and charges in making the said purchase be paid out of the profits of the Pumper's place.

In the same year further property—a certain small tenement lying to the east of the houses purchased from Amour—was also acquired for the purpose of

making an enlargement of the intended building. About this time Dr. Bettenson generously gave £100 towards the intended new Pump-Room. In 1706 the building was completed, the first of the series of buildings of its kind on this spot, and Beau Nash, who was now the reigning M.C., duly presided at the opening ceremony. The "very ingenious" John Harvey, who died 20th October 1742, has the credit of having designed our first Pump-Room.

In 1751 the room was much enlarged, and much property purchased in the neighbourhood for the better convenience of the users of the Pump-Room. In January 1753 the Corporation had before them for serious consideration the fixing of alternate days for men and women to bathe in the King and Queen's baths, for in respect of the Cross and Hot Baths "in regard their bathing together is deemed inconvenient." But though the new rules had been agreed to in January, three months later, by twenty votes to three, it was decided that "the late law made to restrain men and women bathing together shall be repealed, but no person to swim at the time of bathing."

By 1761 the Corporation was receiving from the "Pumper" an annual rent of £300, though a little later complaint was raised that the then "Pumper" had raised the price of the water from 3s. to 7s. per dozen. In 1778 the Pumper was paying as much as £650 as annual rent.

In 1786 the very much altered Pump-Room was embellished with the addition of a portico stretching from it in a northern direction. This, as well as other alterations, were made from the designs, and under the direction of, Thomas Baldwin, who about this period became responsible for much of the architecture erected in the Bathwick fields.

In 1790 Baldwin was made architect to the Bath

Improvement Commissioners, and on the 3rd of October of the following year he was elected architect and surveyor of all the City Estates and Waterworks, at a salary of £105. But by the 26th of the same month it was decreed that "Mr. T. Baldwin be ordered to give up all books, &c., in his custody, or to have a bill in Chancery filed against him."

Apparently Baldwin was not amenable to Corporation reason, for on the 10th of July 1792, it was further "resolved that T. Baldwin, of this city, surveyor, be discharged from any future employment under this Corporation, and the Town Clerk to file a bill in Chancery against him to deliver up all books, papers, writings, belonging to this city in his possession." Under such associations ended the brief connection between the Corporation and Baldwin.

Twelve months later, that is in August 1793, the Corporation were engaged in an investigation of the state and condition of the Hot Baths, and to consider proposals for the better comfort and requirements of the increasing number of visitors to the city.

It was now that Willey Reveley, who was in the city, rose to the necessities of the occasion, and produced plans and elevations for a new Pump-Room and Baths worthy of the place. He was tantalised with the flattering expectation of being employed by the Corporation in erecting this suite of buildings. He consequently made designs which were described by a contemporary London journal as "replete with convenience, full of rare contrivance, and disposed in an original style of accommodation." But after a temporary employment he was doomed to a disappointing series of circumstances. Like Baldwin, he was soon in conflict with the Corporation. The consideration of his offer of services as an architect to the Corporation, and his demand for expenses for drawing plans of the new Pump-Room and Baths was adjourned from month

to month. Ultimately his admirable design was reduced to the dimensions of the building now existing. The sum of £27, 9s. 6d. was voted to Reveley for drawing plans, and John Palmer, afterwards the City Architect, was called in to complete the scheme.

Palmer, who was, after all, no mean hand, did the best possible with the limited expenditure allowed him. The building is 85 feet in length, 46 feet wide, and 34 feet high. The inside of the room is adorned with three-quarter columns of the Corinthian order, converted by an entablature. The room is terminated at each end by a semicircular recess, in which at the eastern end there is an excellent clock, presented by the maker, Tompion, "the father of English watchmakers." The statue of Beau Nash, in the same recess, is by Prince Hoare. The Greek motto over the outside façade literally means "Water! of elements the best."

Reveley's beautiful fragment, at the lower west end of his Pump-Room, that towards Stall Street, was executed prior to Palmer being called in, on the 10th of December 1793, to generally superintend the work.

The drawing of the original design of the upper portion of the above-mentioned west end is preserved among the collections of the late Alderman Thomas Washbourne Gibbs. The study of the fragment existing and this drawing would give some idea of the character of the full scheme of a beautiful piece of architecture.

The dispersal of Reveley's collection of classical drawings, in May 1801, produced a great amount of interest in art circles, and obtained a long notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Reveley's most promising career was cut short while yet in the prime of life on the 6th July 1799.

NUNNEY CASTLE

THE more we contemplate the ruins of former greatness in the county of Somerset, the more are we impressed with the vast amount of historic interest therein.

Somerset certainly deserves a topographical and genealogical description of at least equal volume to that which her sister county of Wiltshire can boast; yet Collinson's account of the "cider county" is insignificant when placed against Hoare's monumental work.

The subject of Nunney and its Castle alone is worthy of something more than it can obtain in the brief space of this article. Here, indeed, is much scope for historical research and genealogical inquiry.

The remains of ancient castles in the county are, perhaps, not numerous, but their history is nevertheless of importance. Tradition tells of a fortress at Montacute, and the site of a Norman keep has, in recent years, been excavated at Castle Cary. At Farleigh, on the borders of Wiltshire, we have already described the ruins of the mansion of the Hungerfords, which, according to the antiquary, was turned into a castle after Agincourt, the expense being defrayed by the ransom of Charles of Orleans, "whom Sir Walter Hungerford had taken prisoner."

At Nunney, a large parish situated about three miles from Frome, and an equal distance from Witham Station, are the remains of a building that may not come strictly within the technical definition of a castle. It belonged to Sir John Delamare as a "manse," before he obtained license in 1373 to add the towers and

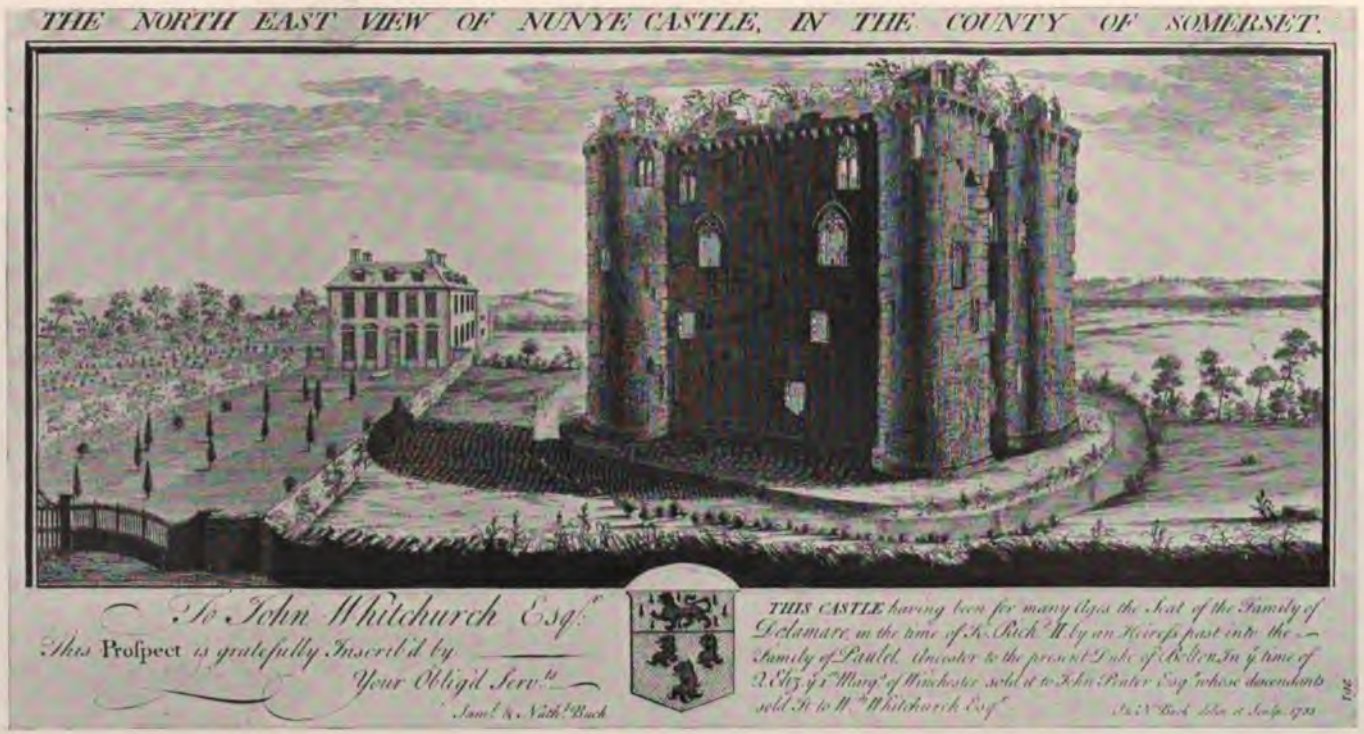
embattle the walls. It afterwards consisted of an oblong building of four storeys, with a pair of towers at each end; and it appears, from a sketch made in the Civil War, that these towers had conical roofs in the French style, the main portion of the roof being remarkably high-pitched. At this period the castle was defended by a moat, with gate-house and drawbridge, and a high wall outside the moat, the structure being "four-square, a long square, very narrow," with rounded towers at either end.

One of the earliest records of Nunney is in 1259, when the King granted Henry de Montefort and his heirs for ever the right of holding one market every week on Wednesday at his manor of Nunney, and one fair in each year to last for three days. In 1279 an attempt was made by the lord of the hundred of Frome to stop the holding of such markets, because of their supposed injury to the free market at Frome, and of injury to the said lord to the extent of the amount of twenty pounds. The answer of the lord of Nunney was that as his market was held on Wednesday, and that of Frome on Saturday, and Nunney being two miles or more away from Frome, no injury could arise.

De Montefort had also to suffer an attack on his prerogatives on behalf of the King. He was summoned to show by what warrant he held an Assize of Bread and Ale and a market at Nunney, to the injury of the King.

The reply to this supposed disloyal action on his part contained the statements that Nunney was in the hundred of Frome, that there was no injury to the King, and he produced his charter granted by Henry III. conceding him his privileges.

The name of Delamare first occurs in connection with Nunney about the year 1273, and in 1297 among those from Somerset having £20 in lands, and sum-


THE NORTH EAST VIEW OF NUNYE CASTLE, IN THE COUNTY OF SOMERSET.
To John Whitchurch Esqr
This Prospect is gratefully Inscribd by
Your Obligd Servts
Saml & Nathl Buck
THIS CASTLE having been for many Ages the Seat of the Family of
Delamare, in the time of K. Rich.d II. by an Heiress past into the
Family of Paulet, Ancestor to the present Duke of Bolton. In y time of
Q. Eliz. y.r Marq.s of Winchester sold it to John Pinter Esq. whose descendants
sold it to M.r Whitchurch Esq.r
S. & N. Buck delin. et Sculp. 1733

NUNNEY CASTLE

From an Old Print by Buck

moned by the King to muster with horses and arms in London, so that they might accompany him beyond the seas, occur the names of Nicholas Delamare and Alexander and Henri de Montefort.

Soon after the De Montforts disappear as associated with Nunney, and in 1372 it is scheduled among the vast possessions of Humfrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, who died in that year.

John Delamare held one knight's fee, valued at £5, under him, and later the Delamares seem to be in full possession of Nunney manor.

According to Collinson, Elias Delamare, a great warrior, "was the first projector of the castle, which was finished by his successors," and was "embellished" with the spoils of war obtained in France. But though these statements are possible, the references, where given, are doubtful.

Here are certainly the remains of a strongly-fortified manor-house, or "manse," of the fourteenth century, built probably about the time of Edward II. The corbels running round the top of the tower once upheld wooden galleries from which stones could be hurled upon invaders.

It is a small building for an Edwardian castle, but full of interest. It was once divided into four storeys. The two lower storeys contained the kitchen, the servants' rooms and domestic offices and the dining-hall; the two upper were devoted to the family and state apartments. At one end of the building, in one of the towers, can be traced a sacrarium and a little oratory. It is probable that, when necessary, the room adjoining was used as a chapel, and that the sacrarium was at other times curtained off. Several windows and one of the fireplaces are of the time of Henry VII. It had a moat all round, the drawbridge being on the side facing the village.

Leland visited Nunney twice. On the first occa-

sion, about 1540, coming from Frome, he says: "There is a praty castle at the weste ende of the Paroche Churche, havynge at eche end by northe and southe 2 praty round towres, gatheryd by Cumpace to joyne into one. The waulls be very stronge and thykke, the stayres narrow, the lodginge with in is some what darke. It standithe on the lyfte Ripe of the ryver devidithe it from the Churche Yarde. The castell is motyd about, and this mote is servid by watar conveyed into it owte of the ryver. There is a stronge waulle withe owt the mote rounde about, savinge at the est part of the castell, where it is defendyd by the brooke. The castell longed to the Delamares, syns to Powlett, Lord St. John."

An interesting series of names are associated with Nunney and its Castle, among others, besides those mentioned, various members of the Delamare family, the Pouletts, and the Praters, one of whom, Colonel Richard Prater, held it for the King against an attack by Sir Thomas Fairfax and General Cromwell. To save the destruction of his property he changed his allegiance to the Parliamentarians.

An inspection of the castle is obtainable on payment of a small fee.

Nunney Church is an ancient building of the Early English style. The north transept, formerly the burial-place of the lords of the manor, contains several altar-tombs with recumbent figures of various members of the Delamare family. The chancel was rebuilt in 1874, and the interior restored and reseated with open benches. In 1896 further improvements were made for the comfort of the congregation. The interior "restorations" of the old church have not met with the unanimous approval of lovers of ancient ecclesiastical edifices.

The register dates from the year 1548.

THE ABBEY CHURCH AND THE MONKS OF BATH

FROM the heights of Bath in the old days, and notably to such as came hence from Wells by way of the rough and steep lane of Holloway, no more striking object was to be discerned in the distance than the great church dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. Now perhaps, only it may be for a brief space of time, viewed from the same height, the visitor may see two major buildings in the centre of the city, in close juxtaposition to one another. A second inspection and he satisfies himself that one is the famed sacred edifice of Bath, and the other is another place of a more modern creation.

The Bath Abbey was founded as a house of nuns by King Osric in 676. The legend that attributes the foundation of a monastery at Bath to St. David in 596 arose, probably, from the misreading of the name of some Welsh prince.

The Saxon chieftain Osric was king of the Hwiccii, the people inhabiting the Gloucestershire and Worcestershire of to-day, about 691, and his founding of the first structure dedicated to the Christian Religion in Bath rests upon evidence which there seems no reason for refusing to accept.

What the fate of the Bath nunnery was we have no means of knowing, as there are but two or three records belonging to this period of its existence, and two at least of these are of doubtful authority. Our next notice is about 758, when we find Bath had become a house of monks, to whom Cenulf, king of the West

Saxons, granted five *mansiones* of land at Southstoke. This grant was confirmed by Offa of Mercia. There was now a dependence on the see of Worcester, which was a curious anticipation of a future phase of Bath's ecclesiastical history.

During the reign of Athelstan (925–940), the king of the English, certain lands at Priston and Cold Ashton were given to the convent. These lands are said to have belonged to the Etheling Alfred, who, having been accused of treason, was sent to Rome to clear himself of the charge by oath before the Pope. He, however, swore falsely, and fell dead before the altar of St. Peter. The legend, true or false, does not interfere with the genuineness of the grant, which receives confirmation from a charter of a later date. King Edmund (940–946) further enriched the possessions of the Bath house by granting to it Tidenham, Bathford, Corston, Bathampton, and five hides of land at Weston. The fortunes of the house at this time varied, and lands were lost and regained; indeed, some little confusion arises as to what lands were really in possession of the monastery, for we find the young king Edwy making a grant of land at Corston, to one of the ladies of his court, that we were led to suppose was already in possession of the monastery.

The head of the Bath monastery during Edwy's reign was one Wulfag, the king's *sacerdos*, or mass priest.

From the time of Offa the Bath Abbey had been a royal possession, and on a vacancy the king would, at least in the tenth century, appoint the new abbot, irrespective of the will of the house itself.

The reign of King Edgar (944–975) saw a restoration to the Bath Abbey of some of its lost property, including the lands at Corston, and perhaps at Southstoke, together with grants of lands at Stanton Prior, Cumpton and Clifton. About 965–970 the house was

BATH ABBEY CHURCH

under an abbot named Æscwig. He is credited with a share in the reformation brought about at Bath.

Edgar, "the Peaceable," who was a zealous monastic reformer, quite fittingly selected the Bath Abbey for that picturesque Coronation on Whitsun Day, May 11th, 973, in which Archbishop Dunstan, and Oswald, the Archbishop of York, with a vast crowd of great men from every part of England, took part.

This imposing ceremony we have already described and illustrated in a previous article, so that it needs no detailed reference here. We only pause to say the records of that day must make us wonder what the church in which such a coronation was held must have been like. In the tenth century it was described as of "wondrous workmanship." It was of a certainty built of stone, for the monastic builders had an abundance of already squared and worked stone from the Roman ruins around, besides the natural supply to be obtained in the neighbourhood.

It is suggested it was of basilican shape, with massive piers, low round arches, and small and narrow windows.

Now came to Bath St. Elphege, who, intent on an ascetic life, built himself a hut here, and lived a hermit's life. The fame of his sanctity brought him a crowd of disciples, many of noble birth, and ultimately he succeeded to the abbacy of Bath. This good man was followed by a long line of abbots of varying notoriety.

One abbot, Wulfwold, in 1061, received Ashwick from Edward the Confessor as private property, with power of bequest. The abbot gave his estate to the monastery.

The Conqueror granted the monks land at Charlcombe, and this land, about 1084, was granted with ten oxen, sixty sheep, and an acre's seed, to a William Hosett, at a yearly rent to the abbey of £2.

In 1088 John of Tours, called De Villulâ, an eminent physician, was consecrated Bishop of Wells, but by the help of a friendly archbishop and other means, he obtained from Rufus a grant of the Bath monastery, the grant being confirmed in January 1091. He removed the see of the Somerset bishopric from Wells to Bath, and succeeded to the abbacy in due course. The now "Bishop of Bath" had the monks of Bath as the Bishop's Chapter, and their church became the mother church of the diocese. Deserted Wells ultimately sank to the level of a simple collegiate church belonging to the bishop.

The city and church at this time were more or less in ruins. The new bishop purchased the ruins of the city from the King, with its mint and all that pertained to it, for five hundred pounds of silver. He built a new church from its foundations, on a more magnificent scale than the churches of Offa and Edgar. Its dimensions may be judged when we consider that the present church stands only on the ground covered by its nave.

Some fragments of John de Villulâ's church are still to be seen in the present building. He gathered round him a society of men of letters, and under him the monastery became a seat of learning. The English Adelard, the famous philosopher, was one of its most distinguished scholars. Bishop John of Bath died on the 29th December, 1122, and was buried in his cathedral church.

On the 29th of July, 1137, the abbey church was burnt, apparently by an accident. Considerable damage was done by the fire to the church and the adjacent conventual buildings.

In 1204 the monastery received from King John the estate on the north-west of the city called the Barton of Bath, with rights of jurisdiction at a fee-farm rent of £20. In 1209, 1212, and 1213, King

John made three separate visits to Bath, on each of which occasions considerable profit accrued to his Majesty, who looked not unkindly on the wealth of the Bath monks. Another visit was on the 28th of August, 1216, during his devastating march from Worcester into Dorsetshire. By the Pope's decree, dated 3rd January, 1245, the hitherto "Bishop of Bath," or "Bath and Glastonbury," was henceforth to be known as of "Bath and Wells," and the Bishop of the see has ever since been so styled. Notable names are associated with the latter period of the monastic life in Bath, and include the now familiar names in all local annals of Bishop Joceline, Prior John Cantilow, who built a house on the monk's manor at St. Catherine's, and the chapel in Holloway, founding by it a small hospital for lunatics, and notably Bishop Oliver King who, with Prior William Birde (died 1525), did so much towards building a new church for Bath, the one which with later restoration is still standing.

The last prior of Bath was Prior William Holloway, and the life of the Priory came to an end when Prior Holloway surrendered the monastery to the Crown on the 27th of January, 1539.

The later history of the abbey is common knowledge, the period from the Reformation being that on which the local guides and annals more frequently dwell, and consequently we have not thought it necessary to include it in this already lengthy article.

CORSHAM COURT AND THE METHUENS

ORIGINALLY of German extraction, the ancient family of Methuen, or Methven, may nevertheless be traced back as settlers in Scotland for no less than seven hundred years. Malcolm III., called Caen Mohr, King of Scotland from 1056 to 1098, is said to have bestowed on the first settler from Germany the Barony of Methven in Perthshire, as an acknowledgment of services rendered to the Princess Margaret, afterwards his Queen. She, together with her brother Edgar, "the Atheling," were accompanied by him from Hungary, where brother and sister had both been born during the exile of their father Edward, the son of Edmund Ironside, and nephew of Edward the Confessor.

To keep in remembrance their German origin, the Methuen family carry their arms blazoned on the breast of an imperial eagle. The family name is found written in different ways; besides those mentioned, Paul, the first settler in Wiltshire, wrote his name Methwin. Sir Paul, his grandson, adopted the form which is now the usual mode of spelling the name.

Members of the family occupied high offices in Scotland, and in the reign of Alexander II. (1214–1248) we find Galfred, William, and Robert Methven mentioned in this way.

The immediate ancestor of the Methuens with which we are more concerned was Patrick de Methven, who was the proprietor of the lands and Barony of Methven, and lived in the reign of Alexander III. (*circa* 1260). His son, Sir Roger, is mentioned as a man of distinction

CORSHAM COURT

in the reign of Robert Bruce. He was lord of the same barony as his father, and, with many other Scotchmen of the first rank, was compelled to submit to Edward I. in 1296.

Sir Roger was succeeded by his eldest son Paul, who acted as one of the ambassadors extraordinary appointed to treat concerning a peace with England in 1363. A similar appointment was not long afterwards filled by the grandson of this Paul, one John de Methven, who in 1397 rendered valuable services to the state. Other members of the family were about this time in constant employment on behalf of their king and country.

A few generations pass away, and towards the middle of the sixteenth century two brothers arise in the records of the family, John and Andrew de Methven, both of whom took a prominent part in zealously promoting the Reformation. John de Methven, we are told, dreading the persecution of the times, fled to England and was kindly received by Queen Elizabeth, who took his son Paul under her special protection. The latter was presented to a stall in Wells Cathedral, and to other preferments in the county of Somerset. He was also, it is believed, chaplain to John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells, the supposed author of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," one of the earliest comedies extant in the English language, as well as the composer of the well-known drinking song associated with his name.

By Paul de Methven's marriage with a member of the Rogers family, of Cannington, in Somerset, he became possessed of property at Bradford-on-Avon. Their residence in that town is still called "Methuen's" by the older inhabitants of the place.

The son of this last-named Paul, by name Anthony, was also an ecclesiastic.

He was Prebendary of Wells and Lichfield, and

held the Vicarage of Frome from 1609 to 1640. He married a daughter of Thomas Taylor, of the city of Bristol, and with her obtained a large accession to his fortune. A costly monument to their memory is in the vestry of the Parish Church of Frome.

Their eldest son was Paul Methwin "of Bradford," from whom descends the present family of Methuen of Corsham Court. Paul married Grace, daughter of John Ashe, of Freshford, and took over the business of his father-in-law, as clothier at Bradford. He greatly improved the property, became in the words of his acquaintance, John Aubrey, "the greatest cloathier of his time," and amassed a large fortune. Hitherto only a coarse kind of cloth, a sort of drugget, had been made in Bradford, but in 1659 Paul Methwin obtained from Holland some "alien" spinners for the purpose of obtaining through them the secrets of manufacturing the finer kinds of cloth.

Before, however, the foreigners had been long in Bradford, the parochial officials required a bond of indemnity in the sum of £100 to be entered into by Paul Methwin, lest they should become chargeable to the parish. The reason for such bond being in the fact that he did bring into Bradford "for his own gain and profit" certain persons from Holland, and lest such persons, as, it is intimated, was not unlikely, should become a burden on the inhabitants of the parish, this bond was required as security from Paul Methwin.

The location of these men from Holland is still known as Dutch Barton, and is situated at the west end of Church Street at Bradford.

The Flemish or Nuremberg tokens, which they introduced into the town, as well as the Paul Methwen trade tokens, are still frequently met with.

Paul Methwin's eldest son, John, who preferred to spell his name Methven, was a man of some ability, and was much employed in affairs of State. He became

Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and represented Devizes in five Parliaments. Ignorant of the principles of equity, Methven made an inefficient judge. He seems to have signally failed in his attempt to manage the Irish Parliament. He had taken his seat as Speaker of the Irish House of Lords on the 15th June, 1697. He was frequently absent from Ireland, and after the winter of 1701, on his return to this country, he never resumed his duties.

In 1703 he concluded with the Court of Lisbon a treaty which bears his name, whereby the woollen manufactures of England were to be admitted into Portugal, while differential duties were allowed in favour of Portuguese wines imported into this country. It was owing to this treaty that port gradually took the place of Burgundy, which had hitherto been the favourite wine in England. He died abroad, but his remains were brought to this country and buried in Westminster Abbey, where there is a memorial to him and his son Paul, by Rysbrack.

He is described by Macky as "a man of intrigue, but very muddy in his conceptions, and not quickly understood in anything. In his complexion and manner much of a Spaniard, a tall black man."

Swift adds he was a "profligate rogue without religion or morals, but cunning enough; yet without abilities of any kind." One of his sons was killed in a brawl abroad in 1694.

His son, Sir Paul Methuen, was perhaps the more distinguished of the two. For some years he was ambassador at Madrid. He also acted as envoy at various times to the Emperor of Morocco and the Duke of Savoy. In 1706 he was appointed one of the Lords of the Admiralty, in 1714 he became a Lord of the Treasury and a Privy Councillor. He rose later to a Principal Secretary of State, later still to Comptroller of the King's Household, and in 1725

became Treasurer of the Household. It was of Sir Paul Methuen, who did not die till 1757, of whom it is said he had a passion for reading the weary, dreary novels of his time. Queen Caroline loved to rally him on his weakness, and one day asked him what he had been reading. "May it please your Majesty," said Paul, "I have been reading a poor book on a poor subject, the Kings and Queens of England," which showed a "pretty wit," if true. But another authority describes him as "a dull, formal, romantic braggadocio . . . . who passed for the finest gentleman of the age, by telling extravagant stories of his own valour and gallantry and generosity, though he was sordidly penurious. He had crossed over to Africa, vaunted of having killed lions, and of flinging a fine ruby into the sea because a lady he was walking with would not accept it." Lord Chesterfield, so Walpole says, took many opportunities of turning this fictitious knight-errant into ridicule.

In him ended the male line of John, the eldest son of "Paul Methwin of Bradford."

He bequeathed his valuable collection of pictures, and considerable estates, to Paul (the son of his first cousin, Thomas Methuen), the purchaser of Corsham House.

The modern history of the Methuens is mostly told in the military annals of the country. The present representative of the family, Paul Sanford, third Baron Methuen's principal military achievements have been obtained in South Africa during the Boer War. It is said of Lord Methuen that from early days he had sporting and athletic tastes strongly developed. "You wouldn't talk to me like that if I was on the pavement," said a cabby once to young Methuen. "Wouldn't I?" was the reply; "come down and see." The cabby came, with a result that he did not forget for some time.

Corsham Court, the beautiful Wiltshire home of

the Methuens, lies a little to the east of Corsham Village (G.W.R.), and is about four miles west of Chippenham. It can also be reached from Bath by electric road cars.

The south front of the mansion shows a charming example of the Elizabethan style of architecture.

It was built by "Customer Smythe," so called from being a "farmer of the customs," and bears the date 1582.

The north front and other portions of the mansion have undergone various changes and alterations, in which Nash and Charles Bellamy contributed to the remodelling or reconstruction. During the Civil War it was one of the Wiltshire residences of the Hungerford family, of Farleigh Castle.

A very fine collection of pictures is arranged in the state-rooms, built by Lancelot, or "Capability" Brown, and include some examples by such well-known painters as Lely, Kneller, Jansen, Vandyck, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and others.

The public are admitted at stated times in the week by making previous arrangements with the housekeeper.

GENERAL WOLFE, "OF QUEBEC," AND HIS BATH ASSOCIATIONS

TO the American visiting Bath nothing attracts his interest more than the Major André and General Wolfe associations of the old city. The former we have already dealt with, and it is now for us to see wherein lie the associations between General Wolfe, "of Quebec," and the City of Healing Waters.

Of the many illustrious names that fill up the page of British military history, there is not, perhaps, one to which a stronger, a more romantic, or more melancholy interest attaches than that of Wolfe. His prominent appearance on the stage of public life at a moment when the arms of England were everywhere suffering reverses; the good fortune as well as gallantry with which he succeeded in retrieving the somewhat tarnished honour of his country; his death, in the very prime of manhood, on a well-fought field, just as the shout of victory began to be raised by his followers —all these circumstances have combined to establish for him a lasting renown.

James Wolfe, the eldest son of General Edward Wolfe, who had served under the "Great Marlborough," was born on the 2nd of January 1727. Educated privately, at the early age of fourteen he entered the Army, and soon after embarked for Flanders.

From about this time to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, Wolfe took part in almost every Continental operation in which the British army was engaged.

GENERAL WOLFE

He was present at the battle of Dettingen in 1742, and witnessed the ill-judged and dilatory movements that followed. He lingered with the Allies behind the Scheldt in 1743; followed Wade in his futile campaign of 1744; was under the command of the Duke of Cumberland at Fontenoy, but took no part in that engagement, and was on the staff at Culloden. On each of these occasions he omitted no opportunity of seeking "the bubble reputation e'en in the cannon's mouth." He received honourable mention in despatches, and his courage and conduct at the battle of Laffeldt, in 1747, obtained for him the public thanks of his general.

He was thus early marked out for promotion, and at the conclusion of hostilities, though barely two-and-twenty years of age, he had obtained by his own merit, and not by favour, the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

He was soon in command of troops in Scotland, and proved fully equal to the responsibilities of his new honours.

His men adored while they profoundly respected him; his officers esteemed his approbation as much as they dreaded his displeasure; while a frank and open manner, with a large stock of general information, rendered him an acceptable guest in the families among whom he was thrown. His letters breathe a spirit of gentleness and affection over which ambition could not always triumph; indeed, it may be doubted whether the success of his military ambitions ought not, in part at least, to be attributed to a disappointment from which about this time he suffered.

In December 1757 his father and mother were staying at Bath, and during that stay Wolfe, broken down in health, joined them. It was during this sojourn at Bath that Wolfe was supposed to have made the acquaintance of Miss Lowther, the daughter of Robert Lowther, who had been for some time Governor

of Barbadoes; her elder brother being the Sir James Lowther who was afterwards raised to the peerage as Earl of Lonsdale. His military calls to duty made his first acquaintance with Miss Lowther but of a brief character.

Though away from his command, his keenness and interest in all that appertained to the welfare and good being of a soldier prompted him to write many sheets of letters from Bath in furtherance of his views on Army Reform. Disaster abroad and Army mismanagement at home obtained his utter disgust. On the 17th of July 1756, he had written from Devizes, where he had been temporarily stationed: "We are the most egregious blunderers in war that ever took the hatchet in hand." Wolfe had the credit of introducing a system of military manœuvres which continued in use long after his death.

It was not in Europe only that incompetency and mismanagement produced futile results, and in some cases disaster, to British arms.

In America the campaign then in progress was no less inglorious, and far more disastrous. The French dominion in North America, which was originally confined to Cape Breton and Canada, had been pushed by the activity of the Marquis of Montcalm along the great chain of lakes towards the Ohio and the Mississippi. Montcalm had succeeded in attaching to his aid the bulk of the Indian tribes from Canada as far as the banks of the Mississippi, and the value of their aid had been shown in the rout of the British force under Colonel Braddock.

When intelligence of the full measure of the disasters that had overtaken the British arms reached this country, Pitt applied the undivided powers of his great mind to remedy the evils arising out of them.

Lord Loudoun was recalled, the command of the

troops already in America was entrusted to General Abercrombie, while a new expedition, under the command of General Amherst and Admiral Boscawen, was immediately organised, and to Brevet-Colonel Wolfe was given the command of a brigade.

"Wolfe's House," No. 5, Trim Street, now a furniture warehouse, has, by tradition, been associated with his name, but it is more than probable that this house was the one occupied by the family during its prolonged visits to the city, and in any case if occupied by Wolfe himself his stay here could only have been for brief periods. The Trim Street house has a small but striking façade, with pilasters surmounted with well-carved Corinthian caps. Over the entrance is a carved military trophy, supposed to have been added later.

After spending a reasonable time with his parents at Bath, he writes to his mother from Exeter, on the 7th of January, 1758, to inform her he had received a letter from London that hurried him back to town, for Amherst's regiment had received orders for departure to America.

On the following day, remarkable to note, he is inditing a letter from London, for the long distance of 170 miles, from Exeter to London, had been done in the wonderfully quick time of thirty-two hours. It may here be noted, as a commentary on this journey, that in the summer of 1774, after the Bath Road had been improved, Burke travelled from London to Bristol in twenty-four hours, but his biographer takes care to remark that he travelled with "incredible speed." London to Bristol can now be done in two hours.

Wolfe in his chaise journey to town passed Amherst's regiment upon the march towards Portsmouth. "It was a pretty dark night," says Wolfe, "and I was obliged to have lights all over Salisbury Plain. About midway our candle went out, and we

seemed at a stand, when the provident François provided a tinder-box, struck a light, and we proceeded happily to our journey's end."

On the 19th of February, 1757, the expedition to which Wolfe was attached sailed for its destination. History records the deeds of that expedition. The courage and enthusiasm Wolfe was possessed of, and could convey to others, is well depicted in Thackeray's "Virginians." Louisberg was captured, and the Colony of Cape Breton, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, reduced, vigorous support of the American militia was obtained, and a force from Philadelphia made itself master of Duquesne. Out of compliment to Pitt the name of Louisberg was changed to that of Pittsburg.

Wolfe, having accomplished his point in the transatlantic drama, had returned to Europe, whither an engagement of a more tender character perhaps led him.

In December 1758 he writes from Salisbury "My health is mightily impaired by the long confinement at sea. I am going directly to Bath, to re for another campaign." The same month sees him Bath, from whence, writing to his father, he sa "This is my third day at Bath. My continuance h will be no longer than is pleasant, and as long a is either useful or convenient. I have got in Square [Queen Square?], to be more at leisure, r in the air, and nearer the country. The women not remarkable, nor the men neither; however, a must be hard to please if he does not find some will suit him."

During his sojourn at Bath he renewed h quaintance with Miss Lowther, whose name l tradition been so closely linked with his. courtship of Miss Lowther was exceedingly ra persistent, and although there is nothing in his letters confirmatory of the tradition as t

betrothment, suffice it to say that he carried her portrait with him to America, and wore it next his heart until the eve of his death.

But neither the calls of love nor the rest which his health required made him unmindful of his public duty, as appears from his letters written to Pitt at this time from Bath, or his ready response when called upon in a crisis of our American history.

Wolfe had not been long in Bath when he was summoned to London by Pitt, in association with the memorable event of his life. By Christmas 1758 it was settled that he should command the force to be sent up the river St. Lawrence against Quebec. It was the dotard Duke of Newcastle who ran to inform the King that Cape Breton was an island, who also endeavoured to persuade his Majesty that Wolfe was mad. "Mad, is he?" replied the more sagacious monarch; "then I hope he will bite some others of my Generals!"

Wolfe, the young soldier of thirty-three, was chosen for the crowning exploit of the war. No effort could draw Montcalm from the long line of inaccessible cliffs at Quebec, which at this point borders the river. Wolfe, after a period of indefinite actions and results, in a long line of boats, allowed his army to drop down the St. Lawrence to a point at the base of the Heights of Abraham, where a narrow path to the summit had been discovered. Not a voice broke the silence of the night save that of Wolfe himself, as he quietly repeated the stanzas of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," remarking as he closed: "I had rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec."

He was the first to leap on shore and to scale the narrow path; his men followed, and at daybreak the whole army stood in orderly array before Quebec. Wolfe headed the charge, but a musket ball pierced his breast in the moment of victory.

"They run," cried an officer who held the dying leader, "I protest they run."

Wolfe rallied sufficiently to ask who were they that ran.

"The French," replied the officer.

"Now God be praised," Wolfe murmured; "I die happy."

The fall of Montcalm put an end to the dream of a French Empire in America.

Thus, in his three-and-thirtieth year, died—

"Wolfe, upon the lap
Of smiling Victory that moment won."

WILTON AND THE PEMBROKE FAMILY

WILTON HOUSE, in the county of Wilts, stands in a beautiful park at the entrance of the borough town of Wilton, about three miles from Salisbury. It is almost the only great house in England with an Inigo Jones front to it. The great architect is mostly associated with ecclesiastical architecture. Wilton certainly had ecclesiastical beginnings. It started as a priory, grew into a monastery, and when Bluff King Hal had no further use for such, it was presented to William Herbert, the first Earl of Pembroke, who was born in 1501, and who became in 1543 his sovereign's brother-in-law. The King made his brother-in-law Baron Herbert of Cardiff one day, and Earl of Pembroke on the following day.

Wilton House is surrounded by a level country, and accordingly the seat is not, like many other noble mansions, distinguished for its commanding position. But the solid magnificence of the house, the serene beauty of its grounds, its extensive lake, and, above all, the inestimable treasures of art for which Wilton is so deservedly famous, give to it a deeper interest than many more happily situated edifices can inspire.

Among its many almost priceless paintings by Reynolds, Rubens, and Vandyck (and its art collection is perhaps more renowned for what it possesses by the latter artist), Wilton can show one of the few existing portraits of "Fred," sometime Prince of Wales, of whom we were told there was "no more to be said, but that

he was alive and is dead." But who can imagine, say we, a more curious death? A French dancing-master playing the fiddle at his bedside, and thus "supporting him in his last moments."

A recent Earl of Pembroke, the 13th of that ilk, is perhaps best remembered for his share in that brilliantly-written little travel-book, "South Sea Bubbles; or, The Earl and the Doctor." The "Doctor" was Kingsley; and the Earl was accused of writing, with too realistic freedom, some of the descriptive portions of the work. He was partly excused for that because he was then in his minority. He has, however, another claim to distinction. He was one of Lord Houghton's "Three Great Disappointments." The other two were Henry Charles Keith, fifth Marquis of Lansdowne, and—the present Lord Rosebery.

The approach by the principal entrance to Wilton House is through a Triumphal Arch surmounted by an equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. The house, as we have already said, stands on the site of the once noble monastery of Wilton, which was so distinguished as to give the rank of baroness to the abbess, a right enjoyed by only three other establishments of the same kind. There are no remains of the ancient edifice.

Wilton House was begun in the reign of Henry VIII. and finished in the reign of Edward VI., from designs by the eminent artist Holbein. A portion having been burnt was subsequently rebuilt by Inigo Jones in a markedly different manner; but the genius of Jones could reconcile such apparent incongruities where an inferior artist would lamentably fail. In the early part of the nineteenth century James Wyatt made many alterations, and, in the opinion of some critics, produced a decided deterioration of the general architectural effect. Hoare, the Wiltshire antiquarian, has some very sarcastic remarks on the result of Wyatt's innovations and alterations. He says, in effect, "We now pass

WILTON, THE SEAT OF THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF PEMBROKE

through a Roman arch to an Italian building with a Gothic front."

The interior of Wilton is literally crowded with marble busts, statues, and pictures. The Pembroke Marbles, arranged in the hall, were collected by the eighth Earl of Pembroke, of whom Pope said :—

"For Pembroke, statues, dirty gods, and coins."

In the house are to be found, besides the well-known Arundel Collection, considerable portions of the collections of Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin, and busts from the Valetta Gallery at Naples.

Here are also preserved various family trophies and memorials, particularly some French suits of armour from the battle of St. Quentin, one of them belonging to Montmorency, Constable of France.

The paintings include fine examples, besides those mentioned, of Albert Dürer, Holbein, and Titian, while in the Great Room are the famous Vandyck paintings, the pride and boast of the Wilton collection.

The earlier members of the family were distinguished equally in arts, arms, and literature. They were the patrons of the best names associated with painting and the other arts. Shakespeare acted here with his company of players before James I. in 1603, and his first folio collection of plays was dedicated to William, the third Earl of Pembroke, and to his brother, Philip, Earl of Montgomery (died 1655). At Wilton, Massinger, whose father was a retainer in the family, first saw the light; and here Sir Philip Sidney wrote his "Arcadia," at the request of his sister, whose beautiful epitaph, generally attributed to Ben Jonson, was really written by William Browne, author of the "Pastorals,"

"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
Death ere thou hast slain another
Wise, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

In Wilton Church there is the following poetical epitaph on Charlotte, daughter of the tenth Earl :—

"Lie still, sweet maid, and wait th' Almighty's will,
Then rise unchanged, and be an angel still."

In 1573 Wilton House entertained Queen Elizabeth right royally for three days, "during all which time her Majesty was boeth merry and pleasant." A lock of her Majesty's hair is still preserved here in an old copy of Sidney's "Arcadia," to the author of whom she was pleased to present the same "with her owne fair hands," in honour of which Sidney composed certain verses "and gave them to the Queen on his bended knee."

The poet Spenser, on the introduction of Sir Philip Sidney, was entertained here as an honoured guest and friend.

The Grounds and Gardens, though flat, are exceedingly beautiful. The Palladian Bridge, over the Nadder, was designed by Robert Morris, and formed the study for a similar bridge erected over the lake in the grounds at Prior Park, Bath.

The Italian Garden, tastefully arranged with balustrades and vases, terminates in a Pavilion, once a vestibule of the house, and designed by Holbein.

There is much to attract and obtain admiration in—

"Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bowers;
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble start."

THE ABBEY HOUSE AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS

THE ABBEY HOUSE, or "Royal Lodgings," demolished in 1755, stood a little to the south of the Abbey Church, to which it was probably attached, forming a right angle from that building, with a "Gallery" at its west end overlooking the King's Bath, to which there was a convenient approach.

It stood on the site of a more ancient structure, which suffered the usual fate of monastic buildings when sacking and burning were considered to be their proper end. The original building was possessed of a valuable collection of manuscripts and books, including the works of the famous philosopher Adelard, whose presence and learning contributed considerably to the fame of the Bath establishment.

On the demolition of the later building in 1755, "One of the apartments," says Collinson, "which had been walled-up, presented a very curious and interesting sight. Round the walls upon pegs were hung, as in a vestry-room, which the place undoubtedly was, the copes, albs, chesibles, and other garments of the religious, which, on the admission of the air, became so rotten as to crumble into powder." There was also found the handle of a crozier; and on the floor lay two large chests without any contents, as it was alleged by the workmen, one of whom, however, grew rich upon the occasion, and retired from business.

In sinking for foundations for new buildings, to be erected on the site of the old one, discovery was made

of a considerable portion of the magnificent Roman Baths since uncovered in greater detail. The discoveries made in 1755 are shown in plans published by Lucas (1756), Sutherland (1763), and Spry (1822).

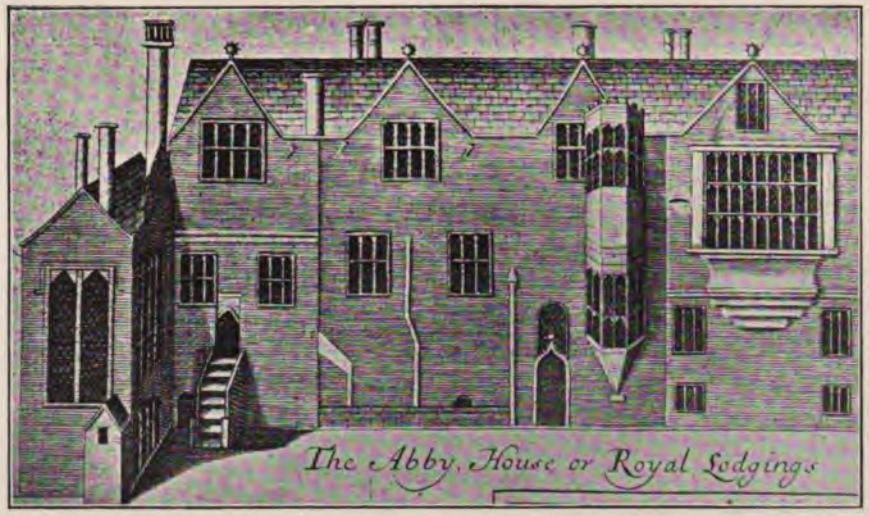
Lucas describes the Abbey House as being "a rude, irregular Gothic building founded upon the ruins of very magnificent, elegant Roman baths and sudatories." He speaks of it as "two stories high, adorned with great projecting windows, now revived into mode, to the reproach of our taste, and annoyance of the streets of our cities."

For a long series of years its most notable occupant was Dr. Robert Pierce. This physician, whose name is also spelt Peirce, was the son of a clergyman in Somerset, and was born in the same county in 1622. His early education was obtained at a preparatory school at Bath, from whence he was sent to Winchester, and later to Lincoln College, Oxford. He graduated B.A., M.A., M.B., and finally M.D. on 12th September, 1661. He had a weakly childhood, for at ten he had general dropsy, at twelve small-pox, at fourteen tertian ague, and at twenty-one measles.

After a short residence in Bristol he settled in a marshy part of Somerset, where, in 1652, being seized with an epidemic fever, on recovery he removed from the district. He settled in Bath in 1653, the climatic conditions of the place suiting him best, and the assistance of the baths and Bath waters being useful.

Though there were, as he described, "three well reputed physicians" constantly residing in the city, besides several "interlopers" from Oxford, London, and other parts of the country, Pierce soon had what was then called "a riding practice" or frequent calls to consultations at from ten to thirty miles from Bath. On 15th April, 1660, he was elected to the office of physician to poor strangers frequenting the city.

As the elder physicians died off he gradually became



THE ABBEY HOUSE, DEMOLISHED IN 1755

a regular Bath physician. His health having also benefited by his stay in the city, here he remained for a period of nearly sixty years. In his "Bath Memoirs" he records the fact that he was then, in 1697, "at the age of seventy-five, without gout, stone, asthma, dropsie, or any other great disease, incident to old age, and not without some considerable success as to the health and recovery of others."

At his Bath residence, the Abbey House, he lodged, as was then the custom, many patients of distinction. Its proximity to the baths gave it a great advantage over other lodgings in the city. In fact, with the exception of the Royal Apartments on the West Gate, and the Bath residence of the Hungerford family (later known as Hetling House), the Abbey House was the only one sufficiently capacious to entertain royal or distinguished visitors.

Here Pierce accommodated and attended to Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, for five weeks, from April 1686, who "was given Quercetanus's tartar pills for several nights, followed by two quarts of the King's Bath water in the morning for several days, as severe measures were needed to fit him within two or three months to take his Irish Government."

The Duke of Hamilton, the Duchess of Ormonde, the Marchioness of Antrim, Lord Stafford, and General Talmash (Tollemache), afterwards mortally wounded at Brest, were among his patients, and he cured Captain Harrison, son-in-law of Bishop Jeremy Taylor, of lead palsy.

Most of the famous physicians of London sent patients to him.

Lord Stafford, viewing the King's Bath from the gallery at the west end of the Abbey House one hot July day, it being then the fashion to make Bath a summer resort, asked his physician what was done with the baths in the winter. Pierce records with a

quaint wit he replied: "That we of the city have then only leisure to use them ourselves."

In 1663 Charles II., accompanied by his Queen, Katherine of Braganza, visited Bath, and was housed and professionally attended to by Pierce at the Abbey House.

The Queen hoped to find the warm waters of Bath remedial in sterility. Her Majesty's physicians having duly weighed and considered that the cold waters of Tunbridge had not succeeded in the previous year, concluded that it would be advisable for her to try the warm baths at Bath. This excursion would have afforded her much pleasure, if the most dangerous of her rivals had not been one of the first that was appointed to attend the Court. Miss Stewart, more handsome than ever, made magnificent preparations for the journey: "The poor queen," says Count de Grammont, "durst say nothing against it; but all hopes of success immediately forsook her." The Count himself, who accompanied the Court hither, counted the pleasures to be found in Bath but insipid without the presence of Miss Hamilton, who stayed in London.

The King delighted too much in his conversation to leave him behind; and however pleasing his company might have been in the solitude occasioned by the absence of the Court, Miss Hamilton did not think it right to accept his offer of staying in town because she was obliged to remain there; she, however, granted him the permission of writing her an account of any news that might occur upon the journey.

"He failed not to make use of this permission," says his chronicler, "in such a manner as one may imagine; and his own concerns took up so much space in his letters that there was very little room left for other subjects during his stay at the baths."

Sir Alexander Fraser, the chief physician to Charles II., while the Court was at Bath, made several inquiries concerning the waters, and on his return to town continued his inquiries in a correspondence with Pierce, to such good effect, that finding the Bath waters contained similar properties to that of the Bourbon waters, thenceforth sent all his patients to Bath, thus saving them the expense, and, as Pierce says, "the hazard of a voyage by sea, and a long journey afterwards by land." In 1689 Pierce was admitted a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. He was thus honoured for his many original observations. He is, probably, the first English writer who noted the now well-known occurrence of acute rheumatism as a sequel to scarlet fever, and in other important medical matters he is credited with original discoveries. Pierce married a daughter of David Pryme, of Wookey, Somerset. In 1697 he published his "Bath Memoirs," a second edition of which appeared in 1713. He died in June 1710. An interesting book of quaint medical prescriptions, entirely in his autograph, is in the Guildhall Reference Library at Bath.

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